THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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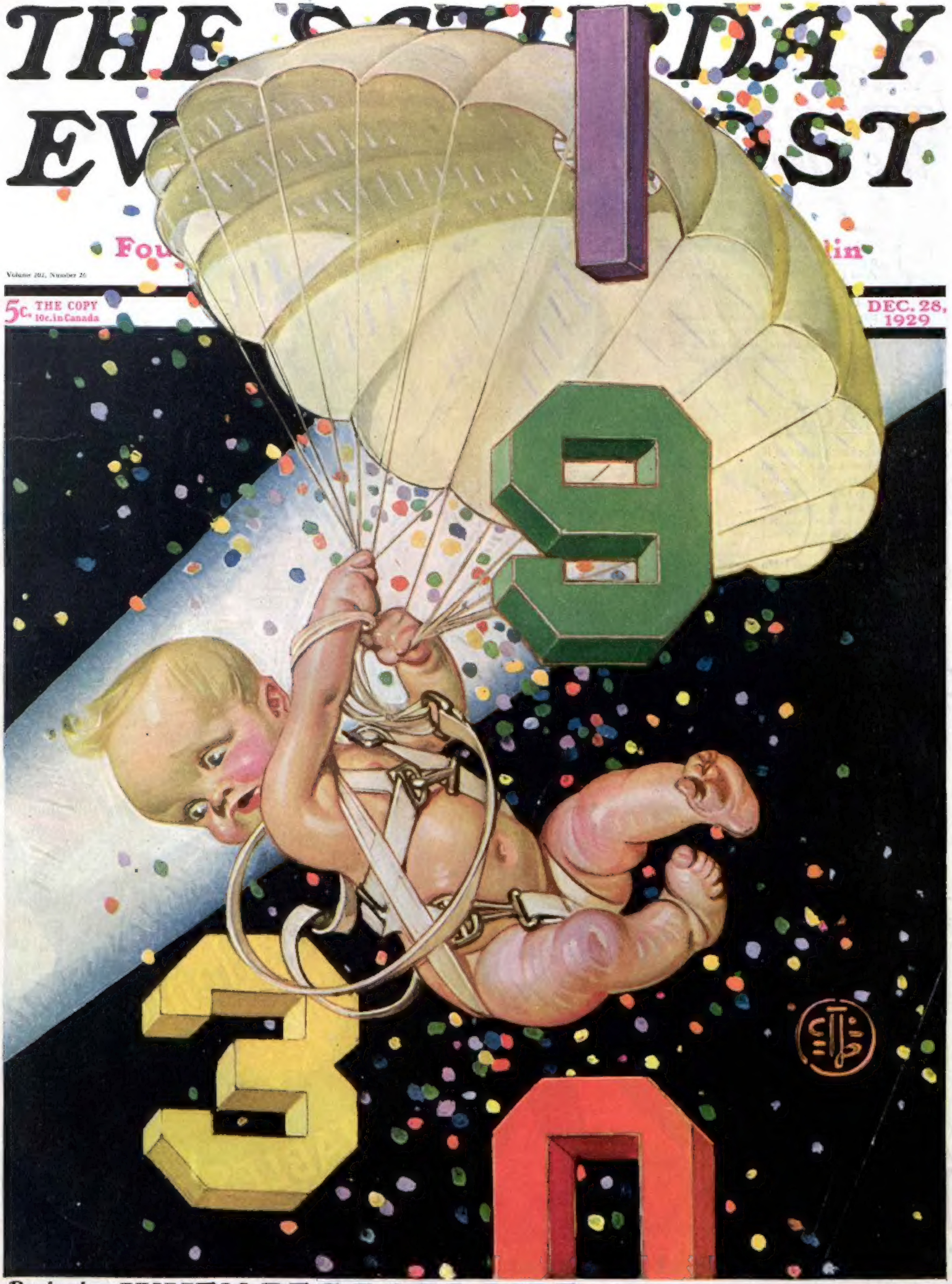
Volume 202, Number 26

5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada

DEC. 28, 1929



Beginning **WHEN BEGGARS RIDE**—By George Agnew Chamberlain

They keep the promise the label makes

After all, that's what the label *is*—a promise of quality inside the can! And DEL MONTE keeps its promise—on vegetables as well as fruits!

The five popular varieties on this page are only five of many equally dependable DEL MONTE Products. Different in flavor, different in appeal—but each the finest of its kind!

SPINACH

The favorite health vegetable in millions of homes—the best all 'round health vegetable you can serve! Helps to keep the digestive system active and free of impurities—supplies iron for rich, red blood—vitamins for growth and body strength.

And what a convenience! No washing—no cleaning—yet absolutely free from grit. DEL MONTE Spinach is always ready for healthful enjoyment at a moment's notice. Just heat and serve.

TOMATOES

With their unusually high vitamin content and their natural alkaline reaction in the body, tomatoes, too, are one of the most healthful of all vegetable foods.

Under the DEL MONTE label you are always sure of them at their best—firm, clean, perfect fruit—vine-ripened for flavor—hand-selected for quality—all meat and juice without a bit of waste.

PEAS

Fresh from the vine—young and sweet! Only the greatest experience and care can produce peas as fine and tender as these!

A new, distinctive grading, too—DEL MONTE Early Garden Sugar Peas. Not one size, but a blend in one can, of several sizes—close, in appearance, to the peas you shell yourself; in taste, a new achievement in natural delicacy and flavor.

CORN

Real corn flavor—all the tender goodness of young kernels—all the rich, natural flavor of the finest sweet corn.

Canned two ways—the usual Cream Style; and Whole Kernel Style, a new DEL MONTE pack, bringing you separate, whole kernels, in a light brine. Just as if you had cooked fresh garden corn and cut the kernels from the cob.

ASPARAGUS

And where flavor is most important, see how DEL MONTE holds it for you—at its finest! All DEL MONTE Asparagus, whether tips or long spears, is cut just as it peeps above the ground—then canned at once, before its fibre can toughen or its delicate flavor vanish. Different sizes of cans—different sizes of spears—but always the same uniform, dependable quality you expect under this label!

Just be sure you say

DEL MONTE

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST

Is "safety first" the only rule in baking?

Is the elimination of failures the only thing to be considered in baking? Isn't there something else, just as necessary?

Of course, avoiding failures is extremely important. That's the reason Pillsbury's Best Flour is constantly tested, by daily baking, by every scientific method known — to make sure that it will never fail you, that every sack will work perfectly for any baking purpose — bread, biscuits or pastry.

But after all, really successful baking is more than this. You've heard one woman say to another, "Why do the things you bake always taste better than mine — although mine look just as good?" She is asking for the secret of the real baking artist — *perfect flavor*. It isn't a mystery — simply choose ingredients (flavorings, shortening, etc.) with greatest care, and use a flour that is *rich* as well as dependable—Pillsbury's Best. For Pillsbury's baking chemists have found one reason for this finer flavor. They have found that there are certain blends of wheat that make a richer flour — and that foods made from this richer flour have a better flavor. Pillsbury's Best Flour is made only from this carefully selected, plump, full-flavored wheat. It gives you double value — dependability, plus finer flavor.

It's a wonderfully comfortable feeling, to know that your flour will never fail you — and, more than that, to know that all your foods will have that delicate, unmistakably richer flavor that is the mark of finest baking. All good grocers have Pillsbury's Best Flour — ask for it by name — for better flavor and more certain success in all your baking!

BRIDGE COOKIES

½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
4 egg yolks
1 teaspoon vanilla
1¼ cups Pillsbury's Best Flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt

Cream the shortening and sugar together; add the egg yolks, well beaten, and the vanilla. Sift the dry ingredients together; and add to the first mixture. Transfer to a board dusted lightly with Pillsbury's Best Flour; and roll the dough to one-fourth inch thickness. Cut in fancy shapes with a bridge cookie cutter set; and decorate with halved candied cherries, chopped nuts, colored sugar and silver candies. Transfer to an oiled cookie sheet; and bake in a moderate oven, 375 degrees F., about twelve minutes.

Recipe furnished by Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, President of the National Radio Home Makers' Club.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY
General Offices: Minneapolis, Minn.
Millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour, Pancake Flour, Wheat Bran, Farina, Cake Flour, Rye, Whole Wheat and Durum Flours

Pillsbury's Best Flour

milled for richer flavor in breads, biscuits, pastry

Complexion history was made when 73 eminent American dermatologists★ unanimously approved Camay

I DON'T believe it's any longer much of a secret that the only complexion soap to which eminent American dermatologists have given their scientific approval is—Camay. I'm sure I've done all *I* could to spread the news!

And how good that news is! Letters come pouring in, telling me about it. And, within these few short months, Camay is well on the way to becoming the most popular complexion soap in all America!

I'm sure the dermatologists who examined Camay's formula so carefully and made so many tests of its effect on delicate complexions, are as pleased as I am. It's quite wonderful to know that girls are eager for really authoritative advice on how to take care of their skins.

Many of you already realize how authoritative that advice is. But, even at the risk of repeating, I must be sure that *all* of you know:

The 73 American dermatologists who have put their official seal of approval on Camay as a gentle and unusually mild complexion soap are all leaders in their profession.

Fifty-six are professors of dermatology in great medical schools. Seventeen are consultants at metropolitan hospitals and clinics. All are leading practitioners of dermatology in their respective communities.

Good for New England winters

I think you'll be as interested as I was in some of the personal comments these physicians made, besides their formal approval.

One of the foremost dermatologists practising in New England writes:

"My own hands are apt to chap badly after repeated washings in the winter—I have had no trouble with them in this particular, while using Camay."

Another who is consulting dermatologist at two of the largest Southern hospitals says:

"A remarkable soap! And especially good in hard water. It leaves the skin soft and clean."

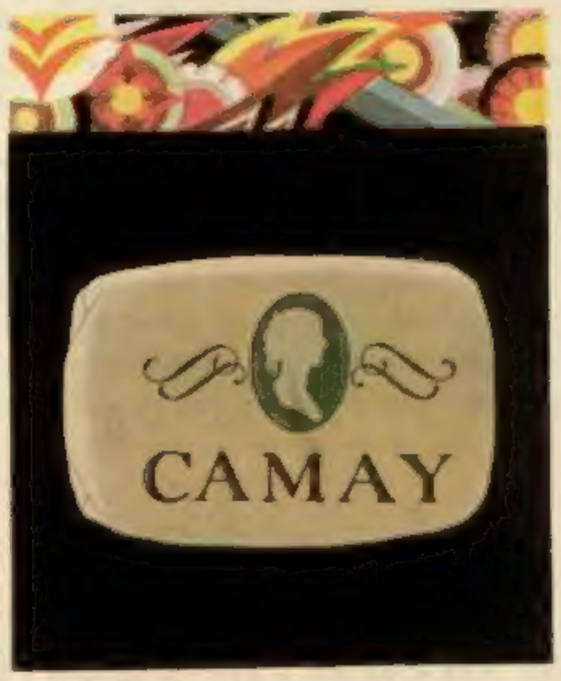
But nothing anybody can tell you about Camay is half as exciting as what you're going to find out yourself, from your own complexion. I can say that firmly, because it's not only been my experience but that of hundreds of girls I've talked to. We all seem to agree—there just never *was* such a lovely soap as Camay before!

Helen Chase

Face Your World with Loveliness—Free

From the 73 skin specialists I consulted I learned a lot of things about complexions that there isn't room for here. So I've put everything into a little booklet called "Face Your World with Loveliness." Dry skins; oily skins; care with hard water and soft, are all discussed. Also diet; exercise; the way to use cosmetics; and other things so important to beauty. I asked a physician to edit this booklet before I sent it to the printer, so you can *know* the advice is authoritative. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YS-129, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

CAMAY IS 10¢ A CAKE



★What is a dermatologist?

The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

Camay is a Procter & Gamble soap [called Calay in Canada]

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

George H. Lorimer, First Vice-President
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Fred A. Healy, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR
Thomas B. Costain, A. W. Neall,
Wesley Stout, B. Y. Riddell,
Merritt Hulburd, W. Thornton Martin.
Associate Editors

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Entered as Second-Class Matter November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., and Los Angeles, Cal.

Volume 202 *5c. THE COPY* *PHILADELPHIA, PA., DECEMBER 28, 1929* *$2.00 By Subscription (52 issues)* *Number 26*

WHEN BEGGARS RIDE

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

MRS. BRENT had dressed early because it was for her own dinner party. She stood planted before the cheval glass in the alcove off the tasteful boudoir of her Paris house. To look at her, nobody would say she was forty-seven; and yet, nowadays, perhaps they would. Perhaps they would say she was sixty. Take Elizabeth Tracy. She made a joke of approaching the three-score mark and bragged that with three hours' notice she could still pass for a girl in her twenties.

But Mrs. Brent's youth was not made; it was merely aided. The essence of youth was in her. Not exactly the essence of youth, either, but that enduring vitality whose presence bespeaks the heart of an oak and whose absence is apt to indicate the soft core of a tallow tree. Her short hair, though tinted, shone with a natural gloss, her eyes were brilliant with their own fire, and the smoothness of her skin was due to nothing more artificial than proper and constant care.

She was a handsome woman, and she knew it; furthermore, she was aware of the exact points that made her handsome, and took full advantage of them. No silliness, mind you. But if your neck was good, you showed it. If your back was a flat expanse of creamy flesh, it went naked to the limit. The contrary held for anything bad. To withdraw emphasis from a fault was to utilize ugliness itself for a foil.

She knew her arms were too thin and her legs too thick, but even in these days there were flowing models that helped that sort of thing. If you were clever enough—if you went to the one right place—you could veil emaciation and give to ponderosity the borrowed suggestion of drapings of gossamer. At the worst you could stand boldly on your two legs with the same detachment you sat on a chair. As far as she was concerned, whoever once looked into her eyes seldom bothered to go much lower. As for dodging a full-grown daughter, that subterfuge was not only childish but *passé*. Since they showed in different classes, she didn't rival Nona any more than a hackney rivals a polo pony.

Mrs. Brent had come up from nothing, but she had come fast. Born in the oil zone of the American Southwest, she had married Zep Brent when he made his first strike. She would have married him anyway, strike or no strike, though only because the native shrewdness which was a fixed underlay to all her emotions told her he was the kind who would surely make a strike. She stood by him while he lost his first stake and three more, each larger than the last; but before his fifth could burn a hole in his

"Don't be Cross, and Please Do Listen. Will You Listen for Just a Minute—One Whole Minute?"

capacious pockets, she moved him to New York.

Zep did not know he was being moved; he never did. He was too bulky, too ponderous in his surging movements, ever to guess he might be guided from without. But he went, and Molly, sizing him up with narrowed eyes, perceived that he was more than any Daniel; he was one of the lions. By the hidden leverage of her own inimitable touch she pushed him into the den of the Stock Exchange and stood back to watch him fight.

In some marriages of the head a woman attaches herself to a mere prop; then again there are others where she happens to marry a man, in which case there are almost sure to occur hours, days—sometimes months—when she loves her mate. Consciously. She can look back and pick them out as definitely as an unforgettable sunset, a breathless mountain top or the warmth of a hearth through a record blizzard.

So it had happened to Molly. She could never think of the hectic years in New York without feeling a stinging brilliance in her eyes, a rush of color to her cheeks, and a sudden swelling of the heart. Poor Zep—Play-the-Air Brent—how he could roar, and how he could fight!

Before the revivified vision her own full-length image faded out of the mirror and the high ceiling of the boudoir melted to the sky. Peaks and valleys became leveled. The battles of months telescoped into one titanic struggle, with Zep's tousled head in the middle of the fray. She could hear his voice, his monotonously recurring roar in the face of mockery: "Play the air! Buy wireless! Buy wings and fly! Play the air!" His peers jeered back at him, but lovingly: "Play-the-Air Brent!" He would have been nothing if he hadn't been a joke—a huge, good-natured joke.

He took a licking once; he took it twice, and Molly had stood by him, with him. But when he rode for his third fall and got it, she raised a mildly protesting voice and he had come back with a rising, crashing rumble that had made her love him—at least while its reverberations echoed from the apartment's narrow walls.

"Wildcat stocks, Molly? They don't pay dividends, they don't earn, and the banks won't loan on 'em? What of it? Use your bean, old girl—use your bean. Advertise! Advertise! Don't you ever read the papers? Wherever type is set, from New York to San Francisco, from London around the world and back again, they're handing us a billion dollars' worth a day! For nothing, and on the front page! To the devil with all old-timers, fogies and the know-it-all banks.

I'll buy the air with all I can borrow or steal, and stay with it out through the roof and up into the deep blue sky! Buy the air, the pet of every front page on earth! Play the air!"

No sooner was he solidly on his feet once more than it happened. Not slowly, not with the sedate upward march of the market leaders, but with the tearing rush of a rocket. The world in its sleep had been hearing, reading and talking wireless and flying without absorbing what it heard, saw or said. Then it rolled over, it grunted, it awoke! Eyes were given to the blind, ears to the deaf, and clamoring tongues to the dumb. Those cabalistic symbols CUZ, WAC and RAC came into their own beyond the most avid hopes of Play-the-Air Brent himself. The first pushed through its high to the tune of a hundred and fifty points, the second doubled that performance, and as for the third, it climbed with the fantastic jumps of a kangaroo from a low of forty-one to the stupendous price of four hundred and twenty dollars a share.

On that day Brent came home dead drunk, though without a single drink under his belt. Six months before he had been down and out, scraping the scraps from the bottom of every bowl of credit. But on this evening, at closing prices, RAC alone showed him a profit of four million dollars, and he could look to his other two pet stocks to wipe out his obligations. Four million net, a quarter of a million income a year for as long as he kept his eye peeled. It had been a definite goal, set by Molly herself for reasons of her own. What those reasons were he did not quite know, but he could guess, and today he was going to find out definitely and completely.

He entered the modest apartment with a shout: "Get ready to move, Molly—get ready to move!"

For weeks they had been living in a tense silence toward each other, though in friendly contact. She had known, of course, that he was in the market for all he could carry, but never had she asked the size of the load. She might head him gently to a choice of one of two forks in the broad highway of life, but she had been uncanny in her flair for preserving his self-respect. No humdrum sharing in the daily ups and downs, no prying into the minuscular details of business. Lead him to the ring, perhaps, but never meddle in the battle.

Now she thrilled to his cry with the pent-up eagerness of long anticipation. He had made good. She had known it was coming, but had not dared to hope, even once it had started, that it would come so fast! She looked up and was startled at the things she saw in him—the things she saw first. Why should she pick this moment to notice, not his joy or triumph but the white patches over his temples, the pouches under his feverishly blazing eyes, the swollen floridness of his glistening face? Things undoubtedly seen, but never before remarked.

"Play-the-Air Brent, old girl! That's me. They'll never laugh ——"

His big voice stopped in a gurgle. A look of boyish, puzzled amazement swept up over his face and into his frightened eyes. He sagged at the knees and went down with an almost soundless thud, which yet shook the house. Molly standing still, frozen. Nona, rushing in from the next room, and standing still. A horrible enormous stillness, crying achingly, screaming aloud for the reverberation of Zep Brent's familiar roar. Nona on her knees. "Father, father! Oh, father!"

Mrs. Brent's eyes came back to her reflection in the cheval glass. She was no hypocrite and she could gaze into her own eyes without shame. It was no use saying she missed Zep. He had gone out still a lion, but he had gone out at exactly the right time. Her glance detached itself and swept the room. What would she have done with him here? What on earth could she have done with him?

Nona ran in, clothed only in briefs and a scarcely necessary *soutien gorge*, so firm were her adolescent breasts. Her hair, forming a curly nimbus about her head, yielded to none of the well-known brands of bobs. It was short hair and curly; that was all there was to it. Some days it stood out more than usual with an electric fine-spun wildness; some days it didn't. But when it did, its deep brown changed to a ruddy gold.

Her gray eyes had two ruling characteristics. One was a look of mischief in leash, and the other a disconcertingly frank stare. At times her face, a trifle too broad, was lovely; at others, empty of expression. But it always held the refreshing bloom of youth, for she was only twenty-two. Her well-formed body was a mixture of suppleness and hardness, of voluntary yielding and instinctive resistance. It functioned so perfectly that she could be genuinely unaware of its existence.

"Why, mother! Dressed already?"

Mrs. Brent turned sharply, but without displacing her feet. "Nona! How shameless of you to come in here like that!"

Nona stared down at herself blankly. "Why? What's the matter with me?"

"Oh, nothing," conceded Mrs. Brent with a shrug as she moved toward the low chair before her dressing table. "Just my old-foginess, I suppose."

"You, an old fogy!" cried Nona indignantly. "You're the smartest and handsomest woman in Paris!"

"There, there!" soothed her mother with an indulgent laugh. "Trying again to make me love you! A tomboy trying to win my love!"

Her Common Sense Told Her That Their Fiber Was Too Intimately American for Them to Find Lasting Contentment Outside Their Native Land

"I'm not a tomboy," said Nona absently, balancing herself on her left foot while she held her right leg at the exact horizontal from hip to toe. "Look, mother. Could a boy do this?"

"Stop it, Nona; please do. And by the way, you're not to wear those briefs under your evening frock."

"Why not?" demanded Nona, standing erect on both her feet to stare inquiringly. "You don't imagine they'd be seen, do you?"

"That has nothing to do with it. It isn't a matter of looks; it's a question of behavior."

Nona, her brows puckered, took two steps toward her mother. "Really, mother ——"

"I want you to behave tonight," continued Mrs. Brent, "I mean behave in a certain way. You'd know you had them on whether anybody saw them or not, wouldn't you? Those absurd pants are fetching, but they're impudent. Let me tell you something, Nona. Men may jeer at us as much as they like, and husbands rave at lingerie bills, but the fact remains that a woman always lives up to her underclothes."

"Oh, you dear!" exclaimed Nona, her face breaking into laughter. "You're not only beautiful but funnily wise! I'll wear the softest, silkiest thing I've got. I was going to anyway. You see, I haven't had my bath yet."

"Oh, Nona!"

"Why hurry? You know there won't be a soul here before nine o'clock. Who's coming?"

"I'm glad you asked. I've got the Comte de Puy for you."

"It might be worse," conceded Nona after a momentary pause.

"That's the way I feel about him," agreed Mrs. Brent. "It's a fairly good name, but you know, of course, that his sisters skimp and save to keep him in evening clothes. If you should fall in love with him, and if you felt he really fell in love with you, it would be all right. But unless you're swept off your feet I'm sure you could do much better."

Nona wiggled her bare toes. "Don't worry; my dogs are firmly planted. Who's coming for you?"

"Prince Melancours will sit on my right."

Nona's eyes grew round. "Gee," she breathed, "I saw you playing him at the château the other night, but I didn't know you'd used the landing net!"

"Then there will be Sybelle Trumbull and George Dearwater."

"Not bad. Both soft to look at, but tough inside. Who else?"

"The Jonas Sterlings are coming. You remember it was Jonas Sterling who was the first to hail your father for a leader."

"Thereby adding millions to his millions."

"Then there's Gustav Selin."

"Selin? Is he a Jew, mother, or isn't he?"

"Nobody knows or cares. He owns one of the show places of France and the finest collection of minutiæ in the world."

"What are minutiæ?"

"Carved jewels, miniatures, snuff boxes, wine-taster cups, fans—all kinds of rare bibelots. Then there'll be Tommy Ivor."

"Since he's coming, you don't have to tell me the Comtesse de Fontebello will be on hand."

"Yes; and Elizabeth Tracy." Nona made a *moue*. "Don't make a face, Nona. Miss Tracy may seem a bit common, but never forget that since her grandmother's half sister married old Peter Dumont, she and Miss Laura Dumont are actually cousins."

"Second cousins, divided by two, and I doubt if Miss Dumont has ever bothered to figure it out. Anybody else?"

"No, that's all. Now do please hurry, Nona. I'm going down to look over the table."

II

SOME women have a genius for getting others to run a house, and some for running it themselves. Mrs. Brent was one of the latter; she did no work, but she gave every order in her phrase-book French directly to the servant involved and saw personally that it was carried out. In no surroundings was she better fitted to shine than in Paris, and yet she had not leaped at Paris that she might be able to entertain the sooner, or for any other frivolous reason.

As soon as she could do so after Zep's death, she had liquidated his speculative holdings and invested the huge result in a well-balanced mixture of bonds with convertible privileges and basic stocks whose future was the future of the country at large. She was determined never to worry again about money—never so much as to look at the financial page of any paper. Then, with equal care, she chose two fiduciary banks and put all her investments into custody accounts in order that she need not even be bothered with cutting coupons.

That matter concluded, she turned deliberately to survey the field of life. What did she want for herself and for Nona, and how was she going to get it? Here again the fixed underlay of shrewdness which had led her to pick Zep as a winner, and then had enabled her to guide him through a long period of years without his knowing he was being guided, came strongly into play.

It was more than shrewdness, for shrewdness alone is like a rapier in an untutored hand. What increased Mrs. Brent's astuteness fourfold, raising it to the plane of sagacity, was her equable temperament, her fearlessness and her unfailing common sense. To the seeing eye she added the will and the power to take full advantage of the factors disclosed, and most significant of all was her faculty for disentangling the present from the past.

She studied the possibilities of New York and perceived that it was no longer vulnerable to a frontal attack by mere wealth. Once such a fortune as she controlled would have downed every barrier, granted a proper amount of patience and care. But no longer. With millionaires cropping up by the dozen and growing with the fantastic luxuriance of weeds, money had become an obese joke, a sort of public buffoon whose antics could win a condescending smile from a janitor or entertain a hodcarrier at his lunch.

The reflection that all American aristocracy could be traced back to weeds, and that she might stand preeminent in the present crop, did not help her. Her desire was not for ancestry but for present satisfaction. Contrary to the ordinary, she would rather be an accepted hen in the right run than the flamboyant cock of any vulgar walk.

She had no illusions as to what constituted the right run. There was an inner circle which under the urge of modernity had expanded, scattered itself all over the map, and yet remained paradoxically intact. Its members took up with any hobbledehoy, whether of person or the mind, for as long as amusement lasted, but there was always the retreat behind them, the inner circle, the silent conspiracy of a foundation too firm to talk about itself, too faintly adumbrated to be easily defined by others.

She was convinced that the only open way left to that inner circle was through taking proper advantage of its distant concentrics. Even the roads that led to its fringe were long and hard, and came from far away. There was the expedient of managing to place your daughter in the right school, but she was too late for that. There remained the outposts of travel, of summering in specified localities difficult of ingress, of penetrating the temporary Nirvana of the elect on the Pacific Coast, and lastly, of establishing a seasonal residence abroad.

Venice, Rome, Florence, the Riviera, Cairo, London and Paris—they each had their hour in the year, their varying possibilities in numbers and quality of clientele, their contrasting defenses and measurable rewards. Characteristically, she discarded the small fry and balanced London against Paris. She asked questions, read, talked and studied. During Zep's ups and downs she had visited London once and Paris thrice, but her head was too level to lend faith to the false perspectives of a hop, skip and a jump. She lay awake nights, pondering, and did her weighing from afar.

It seemed to her in the end that London was the more accessible goal of the two. All schoolbook tradition set down the English as conservative, glacially forbidding, but she was not deceived by the thoughtless acceptance of an age-old front. Why should she be? She stepped behind it as naturally as in her girlhood she had entered all the one-storied shops with two-storied façades of her native town.

Somewhat to her own amazement, she came to the conclusion that the British are spiritually the most affable people the world has yet produced. Embedded in the rock of an interracial personality, their power of acceptance was colossal. "Show us your stuff" was their motto. Whether they handed the reins of government to a boy of twenty-three or turned them over to the essence of Jewry, whether they admitted aliens to the House of Lords, women to the front bench, Socialists to power or foreigners to the throne, they sat back with an equal equanimity, not even bothering to boast of an overwhelming supremacy in experiment.

"Kindly Permit Yourself to be Sensible, Madame. Which is Better—an Extra Place at Table or a Vacant Chair?"

One might suspect Gargantuan laughter up the national sleeve, but one never heard it.

Wasn't it inevitable that the same tolerance should color the social attitude of London? She was convinced of it. Anybody who was sufficiently rich or witty or picturesque, or merely pertinacious, could get a hearing, a chance to "show," and to stay on for as long as they made good, but no longer. It was rich soil for transplanted aspirations, but weak as a source of credentials—and there was the rub as far as Mrs. Brent was concerned.

She had no intention of sending down roots abroad. Her common sense told her that, however adaptable she and Nona might be, their fiber was too intimately American for them to find lasting contentment outside their native land.

The right run at home was her lodestar, perhaps because it was, for her, the most difficult of attainment of all inner circles. She might use foreign soil for a forcing bed, but for nothing else; and as a forcing bed Paris offered a broader though far trickier field than London.

It is apparent that no mention has been made of marriage, the commonest of all roads to social acceptance, and the explanation is that at this time Mrs. Brent never mentioned it to herself. The reason she never mentioned it was because it was at the back of all her thoughts, waiting its time on the altar of her hopes. It was the keystone to a solid arch, and the arch was still in the building.

She had come to Paris in the tense abstraction of a general surveying the terrain upon which he is about to dispose his troops, and had taken rooms in an exclusive small hotel. The size of her bank accounts assured her of the attention of the chiefs of the local branches in person. She leaned upon their advice, employed the most conservative of law firms, and was more generous than necessary with her fees. Already a social door of a kind opened before her, merely as an incident to the business upon which she was intent.

That business was the purchase of a house in the Rue Marbeau. She had intended at first to lease, but so genuine was the interest she had aroused in her mentors that they urged her to buy outright, and the soundness of their judgment soon became evident. With the actual tearing down of the fortifications along the Boulevard Lannes, with a view to adding the leveled space to the Bois de Boulogne, the property doubled in value.

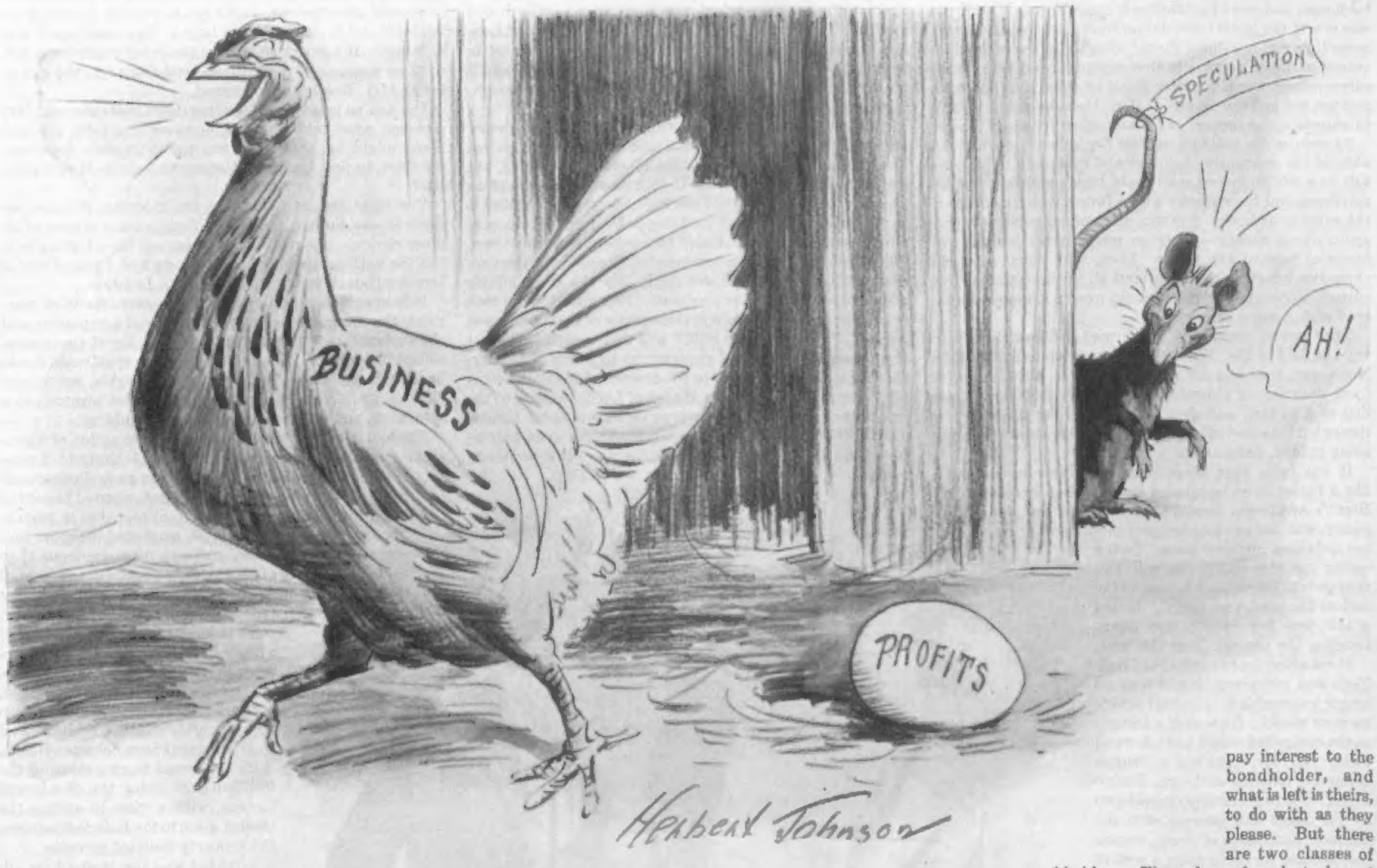
But that was the least of its advantages as far as she was concerned. It fitted her needs in every way. The house was spacious, dignified, almost austere in its withdrawal from the street behind a wrought-iron fence of massive pickets masked with clipped ivy. The great gate was flanked by a wicket, and the towering portals of solid wood which blocked the entire arch of the porte-cochère were pierced on one side by a small, familiar door.

With the gate and portals closed, the house was secretive, intimately private. But when they were thrown open on occasions of state, it immediately assumed a palatial expansiveness and a princely air of unstinted largesse. One could imagine royalty entering to the hospitality of its broad and shallow steps, to the tessellated floor of the entresol, deep and cool in its distances, and up the imposing marble staircase which held within its well the cascading brilliance of a huge crystal luster.

As for the situation, it could not have been better. The thread-worn titled aristocracy within the republic might cling desperately to the Faubourg St.-Germain, but the ultra-fashionable world would hear of nothing less than Passy or the Parc de Monceau. Here flourished the social milieu through which she hoped to gain her ends. It was neither intellectual, artistic nor moral, but it skimmed for itself the cream of intellect, art and accepted deportment. Besides, if Nona chose to keep up her riding, she was only a step from the Porte Dauphine.

(Continued on Page 42)

Wall Street and Washington



By GARET GARRETT

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

TAKE it to be a strange country. All you know about it is that, of all countries, it is the richest and most powerful, and that its people are the greatest builders. Everything else is to be observed. You see each day immense numbers of these people attending the spectacle of a fabulous tower in the building. Already higher than a tower ever was before, it is still rising.

You ask them: "What is it?"

They say: "It is the symbol of our prosperity."

"How high will it be?"

"Nobody knows."

"You mean there is no preconceived limit of height?"

"No more. All such limits have been exceeded, and, as you see, it is still rising."

"But if you just go on building it higher and higher, it will sometime fall."

"Yes."

"It is dangerous."

"Yes."

"Then why not stop?"

"If we stop, it may fall."

"Yet you know it will sometime fall, and that the higher it is, the more disastrous the fall will be."

"Yes."

"And many will be hurt."

"Yes."

"Yet you take no precautions."

"No."

"Why not?"

"If we so disbelieve in it as to take precautions, then it will surely fall."

"What is it you are doing so excitedly among yourselves, that you write on slips of paper and exchange with one another?"

"We are buying and selling the height to come. These pieces of paper increase in value as the height of the tower increases."

"Must the tower go on rising?"

"So long as people keep betting their money on the height to come, it must."

"And why do people go on doing that?"

"Because the tower goes on rising."

Would you say these people were in a mad wonderland? And having said it, what if you should find that in every way but this one their behavior was perfectly rational?

The fact is that a whole people, normally sane and realistic, may all at one time pass under the spell of a mass delusion. There is no accounting for it. Simply and historically it happens. And it has just happened again in the true manner.

The uncontrollable motive was cupidity, as, almost invariably, it is. It obsessed itself not with a far-away fantasy like the Mississippi Bubble, nor with tulips, as it once did in Holland, nor with tiny squares of ground, as in the Florida land boom, but this time with ordinary steel engravings called common stocks.

An Investor's Primer

IT SEEMS necessary, first of all, to say what common stocks really are—necessary because the elementary facts have been almost forgotten. Investment securities are principally of two kinds—namely, bonds and stocks. The relation of bondholder to a property is that of creditor; the relation of stockholder to a property is that of proprietor. So long as the bondholder regularly receives the interest specified in the bond and his principal in full when that comes due, he has nothing to say about the conduct of the business. But if he does not receive his interest and principal according to the bond, he acts precisely as the holder of a real-estate mortgage on which the interest is not paid. That is to say, he forecloses on the property, causes it to be sold at sheriff's auction, and out of the proceeds satisfies his claim as creditor. The position of the bondholder, therefore, is one of basic security, and that is why bonds are safer than stocks.

As to stockholders, who are the proprietors, they own everything above the claims of the bondholder. What they divide among themselves is the profit, called therefore dividends. First, out of the net earnings of the property, they pay interest to the bondholder, and what is left is theirs, to do with as they please. But there are two classes of stockholders. There is preferred stock and there is common stock. The preferred stockholder has a prior right in the profits, up to any rate agreed upon beforehand, and his dividend must be paid before the common stockholder gets anything. Whatever is left after the preferred stockholder gets his, belongs to the common stockholder, whose position, therefore, is last and least secure. The compensation for this lastness and insecurity is that when profits are very large the whole benefit thereof belongs to the common stockholder, because the dividend to the preferred stockholder, being of prior right, is limited. Dividends on common stocks, however, are unlimited.

It follows that common stocks are extra hazardous in hard times and extra glamorous in good times. When profits are thin, they may be cut off from dividends; the other side of it is that when profits are high, they may receive very large dividends. Strictly speaking, most common stocks are not for conservative investment. Savings banks, for example, and insurance companies, are forbidden by law to buy common stocks. They are restricted to bonds and to preferred stocks that have a long and continuous record of dividends.

You see why it is that in a period of economic adversity common stockholders fare badly. There may be nothing for them to divide. Many people remember the sight of United States Steel Common selling at less than ten dollars a share. It had been cut off entirely from dividends. The preferred stock never was.

You can see also why it is that in a period of great economic prosperity common stocks may sell very high. That same United States Steel Common sold in 1929 at $261¾ a share, with a dividend of 8 per cent, while the preferred stock at the same time went no higher than $144¼ a share, because its dividend is limited to 7 per cent.

In a given time of high prosperity you will expect to see a very active speculation in common stocks. Given a long time of unexampled prosperity, with a continuity of divisible profits at rates such as never had been imagined before, and it would be no wonder if the speculation in common stocks should become extravagant.

It is only reasonable to say in this case that the ground itself was most extraordinary. Seven years without like or

equal in the whole economic history of the country. They were seven years together of enormous production, enormous consumption, no boom in business, and therefore no depression, an unbroken rhythm, and a stability of earning power hitherto unknown. Corporation profits increased progressively, not from rising commodity prices, but from falling costs of production; and this fall in the general cost of production was owing partly to efficiency, partly to the continuity of production and exchange, and then very largely, besides, to the fact that factors of hazard and speculation had been systematically reduced in the affairs of business.

First, the benefit and then the whole ecstasy of this corporate profit making fell upon common stocks, as it was bound to do, simply for the reason that dividends upon common stocks are limited only by profits. To participate in the flood tide of profits, you had to be an owner of common stocks. As a bondholder, you did not participate, because all you could get on your bonds was a fixed rate of interest. As a preferred stockholder you did not participate, because on your preferred stock all you could get was a fixed rate of dividend. Only the common stockholder sat at this feast. All the profit above interest to the bondholder and a fixed dividend to the preferred stockholder was his to divide, and it was year by year an increasing amount.

Private capitalists first, then private banks, and then all institutions having the vision and the freedom of choice to do so, began moving money in large sums out of bonds and preferred stocks into common stocks. They were right. They saw ahead of them a time of great profit, and caught the tide when it was young.

Such was the sane beginning of a bull market that for duration in time, immensity, folly and cost of reckoning in the day thereof, has no example in the world's history of stock-exchange speculation. For six years prices advanced; and that alone—its duration in time—was beyond any experience. The rise was rational at first, warranted on the face of economic facts. Actual values were increasing. Then came the point at which prices began to rise much faster than values.

No one can say precisely where that point was. It places itself somewhere in the year 1928, when the increase in brokers' loans became so astonishing that it was news in the first-page headlines, and the Washington correspondents were told by their managing editors to ask the Secretary of the Treasury and even the President if it was not a sign of danger.

The Jump in Brokers' Loans

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE once replied that he thought it was not a sign of danger; it reflected only the idea people had of our unexampled material prosperity, which, of course, was the case. What more it meant, however, was that the public had begun to speculate heavily on borrowed money. It meant that to anyone who knew the mechanism of Wall Street.

When you buy stocks on margin at your brokers' you put up in cash, say, 20 per cent of the purchase price—less if the broker knows you well, or perhaps a little more if he is conservative. When the broker buys the stock on the exchange he adds maybe 20 per cent out of his own capital; then he takes the stock to his bank and pawns it there for 60 per cent of its market value, and so it is paid for—one-fifth by you, one-fifth by the broker, and three-fifths by a loan from the bank. You have the hope it will go up, the broker has a commission, the bank has the stock.

Well, this money loaned by the banks to brokers on pawned stocks constitutes the item that became celebrated in the popular financial news of 1928 and 1929 as brokers' loans. During 1928 brokers' loans on the New York Stock Exchange increased one and a half billions of dollars—from four billions to five and a half billions—and no such increase had ever occurred before in any bull market. Toward the end of 1928 the Federal Reserve Board at Washington began to be very uneasy about it. One of the functions of the Federal Reserve Board is to see that the country's credit resources shall not be swallowed up in speculation. It acts through twelve Federal Reserve Banks, one in each of twelve great cities. These twelve Federal Reserve Banks keep the country's gold in one liquid pool, issue paper money, and lend credit to other banks. They are bankers' banks. Other banks are their only customers. And they lend credit to other banks only for commercial purposes.

It is solemnly forbidden that the resources of the Federal Reserve System shall be employed in stock-exchange speculation. Nevertheless, the Federal Reserve Board knew that the resources of the Federal Reserve System were being so employed indirectly. Other banks were borrowing from the Federal Reserve Banks ostensibly for commercial purposes but often, in fact, in order to release more and more of their own credit reserves for loans to brokers and speculators on the stock exchange. The Federal Reserve Board tried first moral persuasion. That was no good. Brokers' loans went on increasing. Then it tried raising the rate of interest on the loans made by the Federal Reserve Banks to other banks for commercial purposes. The only effect of this was to increase the cost of credit to legitimate business borrowers. That is to say, other banks borrowing money from the Federal Reserve Banks for commercial purposes simply charged their commercial customers a higher rate of interest and went on lending more and more of their own credit reserves to stock-exchange borrowers, as before.

The Price of Credit

AT THIS point Wall Street speculators began to jeer at the Federal Reserve Board. They said its anxieties were silly. And they said that, in any case, it would not dare to make credit really dear, for if it did, it would hurt business more than it could possibly hurt speculation. And that was true. Business cannot afford to pay more than 6 per cent for credit. In a bull market, speculators can afford to pay any price for credit. So Wall Street dared the Federal Reserve Board to raise the rate again.

In February, 1929, the Federal Reserve Board, instead of raising

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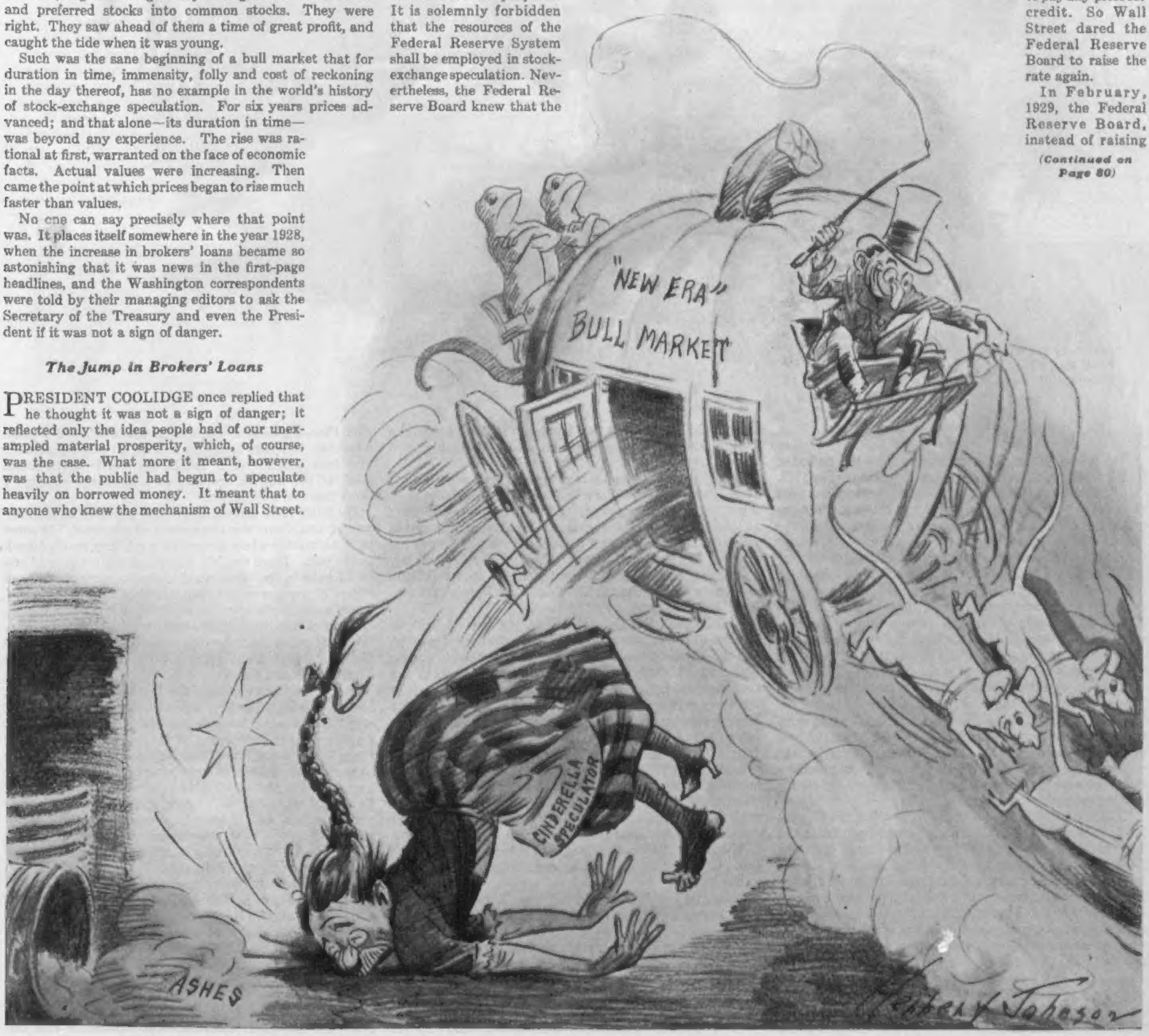

BACK FROM FAIRYLAND

JACK'S THE LAD

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"Lost Fore Topmast. Five Killed—Ten Wounded." That Was All He Wrote

For Jack's the lad, when maids are sad,
To kiss their tears away.

OUR town, from all accounts, was more like a pirates' rendezvous than a staid New England port in 1778. The list of our privateers, though incomplete, covers a dozen pages in the county records of the Revolutionary War. Their names read like the noms de plume in the patriotic prints—the Hero, the Avenger, the Spartacus, and the like; but there were softer titles also, such as the Charming This and the Lovely That. You can find the Charming Nancy with the rest. She was known chiefly because her crew, when prisoners, rose up and seized the Enterprise, of British privateering registry. She was named, one supposes, for some girl in Haven's End, and was built in one of the river yards. A sloop she was called, though the term is vague in that day of pinks and snows and other archaic rigs, and the classification of the merchant shipping is nearly impossible to follow. But however she may have looked, she was called a sloop—burden, eighty tons; master, Daniel Swale; owners, Messrs. Whistle, Scarlet and others. It is strange to think that Swales and Scarlets are walking our streets still when those other names have sailed out with the ghostly fleet, leaving at our river mouth nothing moored but memory.

That was when the Swales grew rich—when the Charming Nancy sailed. The Charming Nancy brought in the first money to Daniel Swale for the building of the brick Swale mansion house on the ridge above the river; and the Swales are guarding what is left of that fortune still, when you come to that, avariciously, fearfully, as though money could never be made again. And that was when our town grew rich, when the shipyards were full of up-country oak, when cannon lay before the warehouses, when every wharf had its prize ships, and when goods which had been seized on the high sea were up at auction almost daily. Any morning you could have heard the fife and drum calling for new crews from the idlers by the river. Mechanics went, and farmers, until the town was bare of men. Whistle and Company made a million, before they took their losses, and the Scarlets cleared four hundred thousand before the British frigates stopped the game and patriotism ceased to pay hard cash.

And even now, though it is gone like a fantastic thought, there is an echo of it still, for the same church bells are ringing that rang the prizes in, and little waves are lapping against the piling of the wharves—small sparkling waves when the sun is bright and when the sky is blue above the marshes and the sand dunes. "Money," they are saying, "money, money, money," but there's no money in blue water now—and no more, like Daniel Swale, to will it into gold.

And Haven's End is cool and empty now, chill in an autumn of threadbare meagerness. A poverty has reached the elm-lined street above the river, where the old square houses stand. It is a poverty so like the austerity of the first plantation, that it is difficult sometimes to believe that our town once was rich enough to produce a culture of its own, drawn by itself from the sea. Only the houses are left to tell of that moment of its greatness, and now and then a bit of silver or a Chippendale chair.

And yet, until very recently, John Scarlet had a pair of half-pint silver cans that were filched from a British cabin when the Charming Nancy sailed. They stood upon his sideboard beside an electric coffee percolator and two hideous silver candlesticks; and when Mrs. Scarlet had gone to bed, John Scarlet would fill them with hard cider from the farm, and would slump into an overstuffed tapestry chair in the parlor.

"Stolen goods," he would tell you, if you asked him. "Who cares for all that rubbish? It's nothing to be proud of."

But that was not the strange part. There were enough other goods of doubtful title upon the sideboards of Haven's End, if you had cared to look. The strange part was what Mr. Scarlet sometimes added, when his cider was sound and strong.

"No," he said, "I'm not proud of stealing—and why put on airs about it? But there's one man in this town—not that I'm using names—there's one man who's such a sanctimonious fool that he thinks he's all git-out, because his ancestors were robbers. It's in the blood—that's what. Look at the way he squeezes on a mortgage—though I don't mention any names."

He must have known there was no need to mention names, and there was the essence of our town. In some way, no matter where the words went they reached back to the past. There was Mr. Scarlet, as plain a man as you could hope to see, speaking of the privateering as though letters of marque were issued as lately as a week before. There was a Scarlet speaking of a Swale with rancor, though he did not mention names—another Scarlet true to form, rebelling at an inherent difference between the Scarlets and the Swales. The Swales still lived by tenets, which a Scarlet could not grasp.

In the president's office of the Ten Cents Savings Bank, Dennis Swale used to keep a heavy, dog-eared ledger that was the Charming Nancy's log. It lay among mortgage deeds and title abstracts; its leaves, when you turned them, had the sear and melancholy rattle of leaves which blew along the gutters of an autumn afternoon. Upon the battered calf cover was a round mark where Captain Daniel Swale had once set down his grog, and there were also little parallel cuts of a sharp knife blade where Seth Scarlet had shaved off a twist of tobacco for his pipe, when those two shared the Charming Nancy's cabin, another Scarlet and another Swale, living side by side.

There was no romantic reading in the pages. Daniel Swale, at the time he had reached his late twenties, was under no illusions. He did not confuse privateering with gallant exploits; he was working for the owners' account and not for any cause. He knew there was no romance in it, just as surely as Dennis Swale in the Ten Cents Savings Bank knew there was no romance in cash balance and per cents.

There were only a few passages worth examining, since most of them dealt formally with navigation and the weather. Nevertheless, that book still bore the traces of

the man who penned it, as all lengthy writing must. There was a reticence and terseness in it, a callous acceptance of hardship and disaster, and a contempt for weakness, almost like a sneer. Indefinably, above the harshness of that age hovered the presence of a lonely man, self-reliant and aloof; and over all that record of loss and gain and bloodshed, was a simplicity very close to greatness. By some odd contradiction there was an innocence between those lines that was almost gentle, and the vague imprint of a belief, close to the realm of mystical—the tranquil, unstained credulity of the man who dreams. Somehow the strangeness of all that happened was not so strange, when you read the book of Daniel Swale.

On a stray leaf between the pages were the crew's names, signed to the articles—the patient, trembling signatures of hard-handed illiterates; blots and scratches, crosses. Curiously enough the names were the same as those which stand on the voting lists in the inland country now—Knights, Dows, Reeves, Willings and names like that. The Christian names were like a genealogy from the Old Testament, for the old religion of another day was strong in the back-country farms. It was that strange piety of violence and godliness which no one but a Yankee could ever understand.

"The crew," wrote Daniel Swale, "is indifferent bad. They are farmers' boys, all hoping to grow rich. Those who are not sick as dogs sing hymns."

But there was another passage in that log that stood out from the everyday of licensed piracy.

"We brought aboard the chest of specie. It will run to twenty thousand pounds. Also one sack of silver, very good. Also brought aboard the Hon. Amaryllis Denby, passenger for Halifax—I deeming she would be safer on our vessel than aboard a prize."

There was no doubt, for there it was in the captain's hand, that the Charming Nancy had taken a lady from the sea; and there was his belief written on that yellowed page in his quill's defiant strokes, still standing in mute mockery.

And then there was another passage, still more amazing for a privateering log. It was written off one of those small West India islands which New Englanders in those days knew so well. "After dark," it read, "we put off in the long boat and back two hours later married. Grog rationed to the crew."

And there was all that was left that was tangible of the love of Daniel Swale, all that was left of a strange story of our town, which one may believe or not. But the pride of our town was in it and that unbridged gap between the Scarlets and the Swales. A broken heart was in it, and money that came easily and went as fast. And a secret was in it, half spoken now and half forgotten, and a man's honor and a family's honor. They all lay in the pages of the Charming Nancy's log

It happened this way, Job Willing said when he was an old man and his speech was free. And Job Willing must have known, for he was cabin boy in those days.

They had changed the name of the George Tavern to the Liberty, but the gentlemen were the same hard-drinking, genial gentlemen, ready to buy up a boy's prize share, in whole or part, before he went aboard at a price depending on the master and on the tonnage of the vessel.

Down by the river they were working by lantern light, loading the Charming Nancy by Mr. Whistle's wharf with her last supplies. There were sounds of hammering and of straining ropes, and groups of men were standing listening in the dark, for the Charming Nancy was as fast a sloop as had been built at Haven's End and Daniel was a lucky master. A misting rain was beginning to fall and the night was very dark.

"Boy," said Captain Swale, "where are you, boy? Go down to the cabin and fetch my cloak that's lying on the chest."

The cabin was in disorder because nothing was put to rights as yet; the captain's pistols and cutlass were on the table above the captain's books and papers. There were four great folios of charts with inky covers—North and South America, Africa, the British Isles and France—and then the captain's note and navigation books, and a heavy Bible and a volume of Milton's poems. Opened, where he must have read, was the seaman's Vade Mecum, London, 1744, "Shewing how to prepare a Merchant Ship for a close fight by disposing of their Bulk-heads, Leaves, Coamings, Look-holes, etc." At the foot of the companion ladder was a chest which must have just been left aboard by the new first officer, who would share the cabin. "Scarlet," Job Willing could read, in new red paint upon the broad pine cover. The lockers were covered with the captain's clothes and sea boots, but Job Willing found the cloak.

"Will you have it on, sir?" Job Willing asked.

"No," said the captain. "Follow me to the tavern, boy. It's the last you'll see of land."

He walked up the street quickly with his hat drawn over his eyes. He was a slender, nervous man, who appeared to pay no attention to the sounds and sights.

"Good evening, sir," said someone on the street. "Good luck go with you, sir." The captain did not answer; he did not turn his head.

"Damn his eyes!" said someone. "Can't he say a civil word?"

"He's one of the Swales," said someone else. "He don't speak to the likes of us."

Now what Daniel Swale was thinking you could never tell; he was as proud, the captain was, and as close-mouthed as all those other Swales, who had walked that street from the time when it was not a street but a rough track to the river.

He walked quickly toward the tavern, his hat pulled over his eyes, unconscious of the gentle rain. In the taproom it was very bright with candles; a fire of birch logs had been newly lit and the air was full of the scent of birch smoke, sweet and oily—sharper than the odors of Virginia tobacco and of spirits.

The taproom was filled with gentlemen, all talking; owners and merchants, not masters, and the social difference was very strong in those days between the master and the owner of a ship. In that august company Job Willing felt out of place, and Daniel Swale, himself, must have been conscious that he worked for wages.

"Boy," said the captain, "hold my hat."

(Continued on Page 51)

"What Have We Here?" He Had Seen Daniel Swale's Lady, But He Did Not Remove His Hat

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"I'm Your Partner. We Split the Profits, Fifty-Fifty"

HAM an' eggs an' coffee an' apple pie. An' make it snappy. I'm in a hurry."

"But certainly, sir. At once, sir."

Philippe Bissonette smiled down at the patron, and his smile was compounded of just the proper mixture of professional solicitude and approval. But in the kitchen of the Victory Restaurant he ceased to smile, and the tone in which he addressed his wife, Angèle, busy among the gleaming pans, was resigned and faintly bitter.

"Another one!" exclaimed Philippe. "The same. Fifty-nine this day! Oh, these people of this Chicago—they live in a hurry, eat in a hurry, die in a hurry. A thousand thunders, but this is a city of ham-and-eggers!"

"Stop barking, poodle," said his wife, cutting a slice of ham. "There is profit in these hams with eggs."

"But no amusement," said Philippe, with a sigh.

"But at last we are beginning to save a little." She popped two eggs into a sizzling pan.

"Miser!"

"Mooning idiot!"

"I have a soul," declared Philippe, "above ham and eggs."

"The poor cannot afford to have souls," said Angèle, eying the eggs.

"Ah, to think that I must run a ham-and-egg factory!" said Philippe.

"Is it that bills will pay themselves?" Angèle demanded. "Let me tell you, puff ball, that had I let you go on cooking your legs of frogs for uncouth ones who wanted only ham and eggs, we'd be very much in the *potage* right this minute, and you'd be back in that hotel kitchen making little cakes, and our son would be helping you, instead of being in a fine school with uniforms."

"Ah, yes, you are right, my precious Angèle," said Philippe. "Always you are right. We must give these ham-and-eggers what they want that we may save a few pennies. But, I, Philippe Auguste Louis Bissonette, cannot forget that my father was chef to the Ducs de Châteauroux, and his father before him; nor that my uncle, Camille Marie Félicien Bissonette, ruled the cuisine at the old Café Anglais and gave our name to a new sauce; nor that I served a long apprenticeship under that sublime artist, Monsieur Montagné le Traiteur; nor that I myself am an artist most gifted whose caneton à l'orange has been praised by no less a master than Frederic of the Tour d'Argent himself, and whose crêpes Suzette once made the gourmets of the Royal Gastronomical Society sob aloud from pure ecstasy."

"Go cut a piece of pie," said Angèle, "and, mind you, a small one."

As he did so, his wife asked, "Who is our client out there?"

"I do not know."

"He has a face of evil," said Angèle.

"It is from eating ham and eggs," said Philippe. "Always ham and eggs. Three nights now he has come here. He follows me with an eye most sinister, like the eye of a wolf. I feel like one little rabbit. It gives me to shudder. An Apache, that one."

"The ham and eggs are ready," said Angèle.

Philippe Bissonette, with dignity, bore the order to the table. It was near closing time, and the little restaurant was empty save for that one patron. He was a short, lean, compact man, in very new, very tight clothes, a cross between a wasp and a retired jockey. A diamond horseshoe pin, big enough to shoe a pony, glittered in a rich purple necktie—the six-dollar kind. His face, the color of an old newspaper, had no curves, only angles. Once somebody had broken his nose and he had never had it repaired. His small eyes were bright, but curiously impassive, like the eyes of a lizard. As he ate his ham and eggs a gold tooth glinted.

Philippe was about to retire to the kitchen when the man halted him with a husky, peremptory "Come here!"

Philippe raised his eyebrows, remembered he was a host, and came over to the table.

"Sit down!" said the man. It was a command.

Philippe sat down.

"Doing pretty well here, ain't you?" said the man

Philippe shrugged his shoulders.

"I Have a Soul," Declared Philippe, "Above Ham and Eggs"

"Oh, so-so," he said. "There are good days and bad days. Lately we have enjoyed many good days, thank you."

"Yeah," said the man. "I been noticin'. You got a good location here. Nice little place too. You know how to treat ham-and."

Philippe was affable, expansive, ready to respond to one friendly gesture with another.

"We have many other excellent dishes," he said.

"I stick to ham-and," said the man. "They don't know how to cook anything else well in this town."

"I believe you," said Philippe.

"I like grub," said the man. "But it's got to be just right."

"Monsieur is no doubt a connoisseur," said Philippe. "I wish you could taste my caneton à l'orange."

"Whatever that is."

"Young duckling, tender as a baby's kiss, melting as a maiden in love, cooked just so, with oranges, so that through the meat is an exquisite, subtle flavor of oranges."

"Sounds oke," said the man. "I'll give it a try sometime."

"I hope so."

The man's manner grew more businesslike.

"Where'd you come from?" he asked.

"Paris."

"Been here long?"

"Eight years—at the New Thornleigh Hotel."

"Opened this joint about a year ago, didn't you?"

"Yes, monsieur," said Philippe. "You see, I hoped in this place to practice my art."

"What d'ye mean—your art? Are you a painter?"

"Ah, no, monsieur. A culinary artist—a chef. My crêpes Suzette have caused amateurs of cooking to weep, but I brag, I boast ——"

"I had a heart named Suzette once," said the man.

"My congratulations. But, monsieur, my dream of a perfect restaurant where I could create little masterpieces for a few persons of taste was not to be. You are in too great a rush, you people of Chicago. To cook well, one must cook to order. One cannot have a tournedo waiting on a steam table for two or three hours and then, zip, zip, serve it. Ah, no. It loses its nuances of flavor. I found few patrons who had time; so I turned to the ham and eggs, the hamburgers; though, if you will pardon me for saying it, to ask me, Philippe Auguste Louis Bissonette, to cook ham and eggs is like asking Fragonard to paint a barn, Rodin to mold animal crackers. Now my restaurant grows popular. We prosper a little. It is ironic. It is even tragic. But I am a philosopher. I take what life sends and I smile, I laugh. Ha-ha-ha! You perceive I laugh."

"You're making some jack, eh?" said the man.

Philippe smiled.

"We have, as you say, turned the corner. There are profits. Not large ones, but they exist. Affairs march well."

"I'm glad to hear that," said the man.

Philippe bowed.

"My best thanks for your interest," he said.

"Because," said the man, "from now on, I'm in."

"But Certainly, Sir. At Once, Sir"

Philippe stared at him uncomprehendingly.

"And what is monsieur in?" he inquired.

"This business," said the man.

"But I do not understand ——"

"You will," said the man. "I'm your partner. We split the profits, fifty-fifty. Get it now?"

"But I have no need of a partner, thank you," said Philippe. "I can manage nicely alone."

"You can do all the managin'," said the man. "All I'm goin' to do is collect half the receipts each and every Saturday night."

"Monsieur is pleased to jest."

"Don't you believe it, frog," said the man, and his voice had turned to a growl. "I'm in—here—to stay, and if you try to hold out on me, you'll get your ears clipped off."

"It is an affair monstrous and unthinkable!" cried Philippe. "The police shall be notified!"

"Aw, come to life, frog," the man rasped. "This is Chi. Where you been hidin' your head? I'm musclin' in. Know what that means?"

Philippe Bissonette's face changed from the delicate pink of ham to the pallor of an egg.

"I have heard," he said feebly.

"Then you've heard of Diamond Belt Jake Camp."

Philippe nodded.

"The chief of the Apaches—a man formidable," he said.

"Yeah. That's Jake. He owns this town. And I'm one of his right-hand men. Little Maxie Tondorf, that's me. You've heard that name too."

Philippe's chins wabbled miserably.

"In the papers," he said, "I read of certain shootings——"

Little Maxie made a croaking sound that might have been a chuckle.

"I beat that rap," he said. "I can beat any rap in this burg. Get this: The Greek I was partners with in a sea-food joint up on Wilson Avenue turned nasty on me and took a poke at me. Next day a couple of Diamond Jake's boys paid him a little visit. There ain't no more Greek. Digest that, frog."

"Monsieur," said Philippe gravely—"monsieur, you are doing me a great dirtiness."

"Yeah? Well, you'll play ball and you'll like it. And stop lookin' at that knife and then at my neck. Let me tip you to something, frog. Jake Camp knows I'm declarin' myself in here, and if anything should happen to me, he'll send around a couple of his gorillas with a chopper and make sausages out of you."

"Sausages?" said Philippe dismally.

For some minutes he sat staring down at the tablecloth. Then he raised his head and said quietly:

"So be it, Monsieur Little Maxie. A philosopher accepts life. Fate sends you to me as a partner. I bow to fate. For me to be of a blueness about this affair would gain me nothing. Only goats butt their heads against walls of stone. I shall not scowl and growl. My wife may, but that is her manner, even with me at times. Do not let her make you uncomfortable. As for me, I shall meet the situation with grace."

"That's sense," said Little Maxie. "Well, I got to push along. I'll be droppin' in here two or three times a week for a meal and to see how our business is gettin' along. Remember, frog, no tricks."

Philippe helped him into his tight, new, blue overcoat and bowed him into the November night. Then Philippe went slowly back to the kitchen, sat down by the immaculate chopping block, put his head on his arms and wept. So Angèle found him. He told her the news.

"Oh, the monster!" she stormed. "The assassin! The offspring of a camel! The badly bred type! We are ruined."

"There is nothing we can do about it, my Angèle," said Philippe. "Nothing at all we can do."

"Jellyfish!" cried his wife. "Sort of a Punch-and-Judy show! Stir yourself. Do something. Shall this tyrant trample on us? Remember Verdun, and the Croix de Guerre you won."

"What would you?" said Philippe. "He is strong. We are weak. He is without scruple. We are civilized. He has with him the gendarmerie and this Diamond Belted Jake, a brigand most ferocious. We have nothing but our souls. Can the rabbit defy the wolf? No, my good Angèle, that is not logic. We must make the best of it."

"Bah; you have the spirit of a noodle," snorted Angèle. "Me, I shall grind up certain bottles and put them in his hash. There will be poison for rats in the *petite marmite* of that one. I shall ——"

"Calm yourself, I beg you," said Philippe. "Be prudent. Not one whisker of this Monsieur Little Maxie must be harmed."

"He is a savage."

"No matter. Consider: Would you care some morning to be eating sausages and find in one of them my wedding ring? Ah, you grow pale! You are distressed; I am touched. Yet such would be my unhappy fate if he came to any injury at our hands. No, Angèle, we must meet this situation with diplomacy and wit."

"How, now, will we meet our bills?" said Angèle. "How now can we keep our little Marcel in his fine school with uniforms? Must we permit this tiger to devour us?"

The sigh of Philippe Bissonette was prodigious.

"*Hélas*, yes. In this world there are wolves and lambs, and we are lambs, my poor Angèle. But let us go to bed. One can sleep. Dreams at night are pleasant. It is only in the day that they are dangerous and lead to despair."

When Little Maxie Tondorf came into the restaurant the following night, Philippe greeted him with a smile and a warm handclasp.

"It has been a day most favorable for us, Monsieur Little Maxie," Philippe said. "Seventy-three hams and eggs. Twenty-six hamburgers. Some steaks and omelets."

"There is Nothing We Can Do, My Angèle," Said Philippe. "Nothing at All"

"Good," said Little Maxie. "Make mine ham-and. Coffee. Apple pie."

"Ah, no," said Philippe. "I have something rather better than that to offer you. Now that I have accepted you as my partner, I could not permit that you dine on ordinary fare. Ah, no. I have prepared a little surprise for you with my own hands. Will you do me the honor of following me to the small private dining room?"

"Sure," said Maxie, but suspicion was in his sharp face, and his hand was not far from his hip pocket. In the back room, a table had been set.

"You shall not eat tonight," said Philippe. "You shall feast."

"I'm hungry," said Little Maxie. "I could gulp down a mess of boiled weasels."

"A small cocktail first, perhaps?" said Philippe.

Little Maxie tucked his napkin over his five-dollar, orange-and-green tie.

"I ain't had a decent cocktail in years," he said. "Only shellac and lemon juice. What you got?"

"My own invention, monsieur. The Inspiration Royal, and of a purity incomparable, I assure you; for it is my good fortune to have still a small cellar for my own use, brought from France."

"M-m-m," exclaimed Little Maxie as he drank. "Smooth as silk. And, boy, what a wallop. What's in it, frog? What's in it?"

"It is my secret, but you shall know. It is half rum, ancient and veritable, and half cherry brandy, with the merest sprinkling of orange bitters."

"Frog," declared Little Maxie in tones of conviction, "this is the elephant's overcoat."

"Shall I serve the first course?"

"I'm ready for anything," stated Little Maxie.

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"It Gives Me Pleasure to Place Before You My Own Interpretation of Faisan Truffé"

THE DOOR KEY

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY HUBERT MATHIEU

"Come!" He Cried With a Sudden Ferocity, and He Seized the Man by Both Arms and Dragged Him to His Feet. "Come! Let Me Show You!"

JASON had been cutting down apple trees in the pasture all afternoon, and corded them up to haul in on the first snow. There is no fuel for an open fire like apple. He was felling the trees not because he couldn't take cider or leave it alone himself, but to put teeth in the Eighteenth Amendment as it applied to his cattle. It was the only form of prohibition that really prohibited among his cows. So long as they had any hope of getting it, they stood around all day at this time of year, waiting for an apple to fall; and when it fell, they rushed pell-mell and fought over it. Thus they were not only adding injury to indolence but actually making cider—a lacteal form of it, at least—when they were supposed to be making milk. Even after the later frosts had finished the orchards, they wandered from tree to tree and waited, with a sort of acquired barroom patience, a kind of drunkard's hope. So, no more apple trees in his pasture after today.

He shut the kitchen door and set down his ax. There was an old wrought-iron key on the kitchen table. Someone had left it during the afternoon. He picked it up, puzzled. It was a beautiful thing, ward, stem and bow, wrought lovingly by an ancient smith before the days of beauty as a cult. What his eye saw was not so much the æsthetic as the armorial significance of the key. Whose was it? Somebody among his neighbors had gone away, turned the key in its lock, and left it in Jason's keeping. It was such an uncommon thing for a key to be turned in a lock, that anyone could tell him who it was that had gone away. But he was annoyed not to identify it by the scroll of the bow—one was supposed to know his neighbor's key. He would recollect. He opened the stove and fed it clean hard maple as heavy as coal, and gave it a long drink of kerosene from the can. The flames leaped and roared in the chimney. If his mother had been home, she would have hurried in, crying, "Jason, are you using kerosene on the fire again?" and Jason would have replied, "There was a big motor truck just went by, back-firing. Maybe that's what you smell so strong."

He filled the kettle, pushed back the setting of cheese, and lighted the lamp. He took down the nested milk buckets from the rack behind the stove, and at the rattle of the bails, Tom, the kitchen cat, came down off his chair with a soft thump and stood, looking up lovingly and rubbing his back against Jason's boot buckle. Tom hadn't missed a milking since he was weaned. The pet coon, George, in the wood box, lifted a periscopic nose, but seeing nothing on the horizon as yet to write home about, submerged without a rustle. This coon early in life had consolidated the wild and tame, retained the best points of each. For instance, George accepted cooked food from the kitchen, but still, taking no chances, he washed every mouthful he ate in the brook. George slept with Jason on cold nights, which was all right with Jason, excepting when George got hungry during the night and went fishing, and then came crawling back up the kitchen roof through the window and into bed, cold and wet, and more often than not fetching along a live fish to play with.

Jason was shaking open his lantern when he turned to listen. The door opened and Oliver Armiston came in. Oliver had been watching for the light across the long meadow. Parr, the police deputy, had telephoned that he was coming up on the late train, which meant cooning, eeling or bullheading. The great man hunter craved such diversions when brain-weary. Probably he had just brought to a successful termination another of those sleepless vigils which the papers report naïvely as "the police have obtained a confession," and wanted something to make him dog-tired, so he could remember how to go to sleep again.

It couldn't be cooning—the only coon dog in town belonged to Percy Manchester, the local bad man, and Percy was in jail; they might borrow Percy for the night, but they would have to put him back before daylight, which might be inconvenient. There would be too much moon, also too much water, for spearing eels. All of which meant bullheading at Messenger Pond. This was a matter of sitting up all night in a leaky boat, incased, for warmth, in a none-too-particular horse blanket; and whiling away the gooseflesh hours persuading frozen worms to conform their outlines to the curvature of a No. 6 bass hook, and then arguing with a horned bullhead which would, of course, swallow the hook before consenting to be dragged into the boat. It didn't impress Oliver as art, but he was loyal, and he would stand by; at least to the extent of holding the lantern while Jason dug bait. Jason, however, was delighted. Parr was one of those unfortunates who never relaxed, no matter how much he prided himself on so doing; and to sit up all night with the man hunter on a lonely pond was, to Jason, an inestimable privilege.

"As soon as I get my chores done," said Jason—his eyes swung around to the key on the table, and he said suddenly, "I got to do his too!"

"Whose?" asked Oliver, picking up the key. He hadn't heard of anyone's front door being locked. One usually did hear of a thing like that almost before the key was turned. He balanced it on his fingers—he didn't place the key. During his several summers up here he had acquired an almost heraldic knowledge of his neighbors' door keys.

"Ensign Belding's," said Jason, his eyes narrowing.

Oliver looked up, surprised. He put down the key.

"I thought Ensign Belding lived off the country," he said with a dry smile. "I didn't know he soiled his hands with chores."

Jason held open the door for Oliver and the cat to go out.

"He's milking one cow lately," said Jason vaguely. "She comes over here sometimes. I send her back home with Shep."

"Since when have you two asked favors of each other?" asked Armiston.

"Never," said Jason laconically. He moved across the dooryard to the bars where Shep had the cows waiting; cattle that regarded their approach with looks of gentle reproof. "But that's his key," said Jason. "He must have gone off again." He let down the bars, and the cattle filed in, counted by Shep. "He must have gone in a hurry," said Jason, scratching his head, "else he wouldn't have left his key with me."

There was something inviolable about a key. It meant creatures to be cared for, not petty human differences to be raked over. Ensign Belding didn't spend much time here. It was only the neap tides that brought him back home. But even at these low ebbs of fortune, he still thought himself too much of a gentleman for his old neighbors. One meets out in the world now and then some very devil of a small-town fellow, one wonders what he was as a boy in a country community, and how, amid his cattle and rustics, he acquired his slick sophistication. One wonders more what he still is when he goes creeping back home to lick his wounds. This Ensign Belding would be gone for months, for years. Usually, when he came back, it happened at night; and smoke issuing from the chimney of the stone house on the hill back of the tannery would first apprise the countryside that the owner was in residence, so to speak.

"Has he been alone this time?" asked Oliver, with the rather meticulous intonation of one ashamed to find himself prying into the affairs of a man apart. Oliver sat in the doorway, watching the gorgeousness of coming evening: the iridescent first stars breaking through the purple of the sky, and the deepening sepia of the shadows at the edge of the wood. The moon would rise early.

"I don't know," said Jason softly. He drove milk tumultuously into the resounding bucket. The cows nosed their grain, pulled at wisps of hay, danced little solo steps in the litter; the ties clattered musically and the air hung

heavy with the aroma of warm milk. Outside, the maidens and far matrons listened wistfully as they chewed on dry cuds.

"Where does he get the cash to get away with?" asked Armiston. "He's always stony broke when he comes home. That's the only reason he comes back, isn't it?"

"I'll show you, if you'll come over with me," said Jason mysteriously. He moved methodically through the milking, not straight down the line, but in an irregular way, like the firing order of an eight-cylinder engine—there is a certain prestige in a herd, rank must be observed. Soon the separator was whining and pigs squealing and the barn calves thumping buckets, and the cows who had given up their rich burdens sedately withdrew and joined their barren sisters in the barnyard. It was dark in the shadows when they started down the lane to short-cut across the Belding meadow. Shep suddenly ran ahead. It was the little heifer, come over to visit again, standing wistful and lonesome against the bars.

"Here's part of his chores right here!" laughed Jason. "Leave her be, Shep. I'll milk her out on the grass."

He squatted beside the timid creature, but arose at once, muttering angrily. Her quarters were badly caked; she flinched when he touched her. He put her in the barn, stancheled her, and fed and watered and made friends with her; and carefully kneading the udder, he managed to strip her.

"There ought to be a law!" muttered Jason as they started down the lane again. They climbed the wall and went around the hill through the woods, Shep pattering at heel and the swinging lantern calling up a troupe of shadows. They came on the stone house from the rear. There was a light in the kitchen window.

"I won't go in," said Oliver, hanging back.

"Wait for me here," said Jason.

Shortly Jason returned.

"There is no one there," he said. "Come on; I want to show you something."

It had been a pretentious house, and it still wore the air. The long living room, almost empty of even makeshift furniture, was in an advanced stage of deliberate destruction. The mantel had been taken out entire, and only the yawning chimney hole remained to stare accusingly on the desolation. It had been a quaint old piece, that mantel, with carved awning to which clung sooty cupids ardently climbing upward through vines and fig leaves to a shaky temple of love built not on a rock, nor yet on sand, but on a swaying bough. The whole had been brought bit by bit from the Cape by ox cart by one of the early Beldings, who, feeling the oats of prosperity, had bethought himself to go back to Hyannis for the old lares and penates which had been left behind as too bulky to swim the Connecticut River withal.

"Ensign knows his onions," remarked Jason with a smile. He nodded at the wrecked chimney and the fresh plaster on the floor. "You'll find that in some Madison Avenue antique shop before the winter."

He paused, staring down at the print of a high-heeled sandal in the dust. Then he hadn't been alone this time.

The same tale was told all over the house. First the furniture had gone, bit by bit, probably skimmed from the top down. Then an informed vandal, learned in the wants of antiques for the trade, had taken the interior to pieces. Worn threshold sills, hewn beams, door-post capitals, heaven-help-us hinges and escutcheon plates, lintels, pilasters, paneling, mopboard moldings, stair rails, even the odd bevel of a window box. It had all been picked out carefully by someone who, as Jason said, knew his onions. This fellow hadn't come creeping back to lick his wounds; he had come back for nuggets, to dig deeper and deeper into this storehouse of unconsidered trifles of Colonial utility, which, through the ironic orientation of taste that feeds the antique trade, had become, in the eyes of beholders, *objets de vertu*. Door sills worn hollow, with polished nail heads protruding—it was the tread of vanished feet that left the veneer of cost for the collector. The door sill must be hollow, or you are distinctly parvenu.

There was a note on the kitchen table, held down by the lamp. It read:

My dear Jason: I can't imagine myself ever chasing this cow again for her milk. Take her, my boy, as a gift from me, in appreciation of your thoughtfulness in keeping off the place while I am in residence. Please blow out the lamp. E. B.

Jason put down the note, puzzled.

"I wonder what he wants," he pondered. He looked about the kitchen. He touched the stove. It was chilled, and already damp with the dew of evening; it hadn't held a fire for hours.

"Why didn't he leave that note with the key?" asked Jason. "There are no chores. Why bring me over here?"

"To blow out the lamp," suggested Oliver, with a smile.

"Why light the lamp?"

"To bring you over here to blow it out," said Oliver. "Do your duty, and let's dig bait."

"Look about, first," urged Jason. "There is something he wants me to see; else he wouldn't have worked about in a circle. You don't know Ensign. The only thing he'd give me is a pestilence," he explained, his lip curling.

They moved from room to room, Shep casually sniffing at rat holes, but not otherwise interested. It was certain the place was deserted. Jason blew out the lamp and turned the key in the lock.

"Did you ever do him a favor before?" asked Armiston. These people at times had such singular ways.

"No," said Jason shortly. He looked back in perplexity. "I'm inclined to think I've done him one now—but for the life of me I can't figure out what it is."

They found tire tracks in the drive, with the print of a woman's high-heeled sandal to show where she had stepped into the car. The tracks were lost in the hard road, and it was impossible to tell which way Belding had gone.

■

IT WAS nearing midnight. The three fishermen sat hunched in their horse blankets in that attitude of dogged expectation which only their tribe can achieve. Talk, the hushed, guarded interchange of conspirators who fear eavesdroppers, had for the moment died down. Pipes glowed, but there was no movement. The wind was gone, and there was no sense of mobile water. Parr was conscious of a pleasing languor which, if not disturbed by some inquisitive bullhead, would very shortly take complete possession of his senses. After all, fishing is not for fish. It is a good deal like gazing into a crystal ball. It soothes the attention, it shuts out ulterior sights and sounds, and after a while, if persisted in religiously, it achieves perfect lethe. The great man hunter was brain-weary, too tired to sleep. The silence was lulling him. Late frosts had stilled the cicada and those other whispery voices of night which are always present as an undertone in the growing season. Now they were too far from shore to catch even the rustlings of the forest. The occasional lazy turn of some fish too near the surface was the only disturbance. Parr nodded.

"Here they come now," said Jason softly, as if speaking out of a dream.

"Who?" demanded Oliver. The boat stirred momentarily as their thoughts came to life.

"Listen," cautioned Jason from the depths of his blanket.

The prow of a canoe drifted ghostily out of the blanket of mists that clung to the surface of the pond, and came to a stop alongside, with soft thumping of gunwales.

"'Lo!"

"'Lo!"

There was a general exchange of muted grunts, like the "How" of so many chiefs in solemn council. It was Orlo Sage, the town Pooh-Bah; the second tattered figure resolved itself into none other than Uncle Charlie. The two were inseparable; especially when the town constable was exercising his official functions. Whose avuncular connection he was had long since been forgotten; the whole town, man, boy and woman, knew him by that appellation.

"What were you two doing over to Ensign's?" asked Orlo.

"Did you see our tracks?" asked Jason quickly.

"Yeah," said Orlo. Oliver tried to think what tracks they could have left that would be so readily readable by night. Another pause. Parr shifted, unhooded himself.

"Well, what of it?" demanded Jason.

"Nothing," Orlo hastened to say. "Only we didn't know Ensign had gone off again."

"Did you want him?"

"No."

"How'd you know he'd gone off?"

"We just been fishing his car out of the river."

To Armiston the essential fact was that the car had to be fished out of the river. Not so with Jason.

(Continued on Page 65)

The Door Softly Opened, and the Agitated Face of Percy, the Town Bad Man, Appeared

A ROYAL REBEL

By Madame Klepač

As Told to Helen Durham and Margaret Norris

H. R. H. Princess Louise

EVERYONE who has been in London knows Kensington Palace, where Queen Victoria was born and where she was wakened one morning to be told she was Queen of England. Here today lives Victoria's fourth daughter, Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, the fascinating Duchess of Argyll, King Edward's favorite sister.

Of all that row of nine pretty children with whom the prolific Queen filled the royal cradles, and through whom she has made every throne in Europe blood kin to her own, Princess Louise, born in 1848, is the least known, yet personally far more colorful than those whom history has starred. The average person, questioned offhand about the Duchess of Argyll, would have to consult a peerage book to find out just who she is. Yet anyone who ever came in intimate contact with her will tell you a more interesting princess never lived in any court of Europe.

The outstanding thing about her is that she has always been a royal rebel, in endless conflict with the traditions to which she, as a princess, was born. She has cared not a fig for titles. With her mother's own obstinacy of will, she has struggled to free herself from the royal red tape which she so often declared strangled her.

"I'm more interested in washing dishes than in all the functions of Windsor Palace," she used to say.

High-spirited, fiery, independent, she would have loved to be a commoner. To avoid a royal alliance, she defied her mother, the Queen, and married the man of her own choice, a handsome young Scotchman, a marquis, but not of royal blood.

"Even a princess," she flung at her mother, "has a right to live her own life!"

In the Service of Princess Louise

HAD she been forced to earn her own living, as she would have loved to do, she could have done it handsomely as sculptor or painter, for she is, in reality, a great artist. It is she who made the statue of Queen Victoria in front of Kensington Palace.

In the spring of 1908 I came to Kensington Palace as personal attendant to Princess Louise. In the capacity in which I served her, I learned to know her not only as Her Royal Highness but as a rare and wonderful woman. I was her constant companion; for four years I lived in her palace behind that closely drawn curtain which court tradition has hung to shield royalty from the curious eyes of the world; behind which one sees kings and queens as they are, off guard, not as glittering personages of the court but as men and women, stripped of the glamour and mystery which the public casts around them. The public sees its royal family only on parade, as jeweled puppets who move only as the master of ceremonies pulls the strings. I saw them as human beings and learned to know this daughter of Victoria, the beautiful Duchess of Argyll, as few in the world have known her.

Ever since I left her service I have wanted to tell the story of this remarkable princess who, hating pomp and display as she does, is so little known to the world, but so worthy of its admiration.

It was a peculiar trick of fate that brought me to Kensington Palace. At the time there was nothing I wanted less than to enter royal service, for I, too, was fed up on the red tape of courts. For years I had been its victim—not in an English but in an Austrian court, where restrictions are infinitely more rigid. Remember, this was in prewar days, when crowns glittered more formidably than now, when Europe took her kings more seriously and thrones were more secure.

I was born in Pudomeriz, in Bohemia, of the old, established Klepač family. My father was a naval officer under the Austrian régime. Money was scarce. I must earn my living. So it was with great pride and satisfaction that, at the age of eighteen, my father found me a place as attendant to Princess Toscana in the Austrian Court at Vienna. I was a young and spirited girl, and in the great massive stone pile that is Palais Toscana am Ring I was wretchedly, miserably unhappy. For to enter the household of an Austrian court in any capacity whatever, from lady in waiting to scullery maid, was to become, literally, a prisoner, shackled by the iron bands of royal etiquette—relentless formalities that made slaves of us all, with neither freedom of speech nor of action, scarcely freedom of thought. It was not until almost twelve years later, when Princess Toscana—poor dear—died at the birth of her eighth child, that I saw a chance to tear myself away, a free human being again.

I wanted to travel and see the world. Having no money of my own, I decided to go to England and seek a position as courier. In those days no English lady ever crossed the Channel alone. She must have a courier to manage her trip, buy her tickets, make hotel reservations, act as her interpreter; in fact, make traveling so painless that she would scarcely realize she had left her own English garden. For a genteel lady in reduced circumstances and with a knowledge of foreign languages, the position of courier offered an ideal way to see the world. I answered an advertisement in the London Times that read:

Lady Russell wishes a courier for Ceylon. Inquire Kensington Palace Hotel.

I took a hansom cab for that address, but with my limited knowledge of English, the driver misunderstood my directions and took me to Kensington Palace instead. It was an easy mistake to make, for the hotel is just at the end of the lane that leads to the palace.

Won by the Princess' Friendliness

EVEN after I got inside, I did not realize my error, for Kensington Palace is so unpretentious that it might easily be the home not of royalty but of any titled lady of England. A plainly dressed footman admitted me. I asked to be shown to the secretary, and to her I explained my errand and asked for Lady Russell. At the same time I gave her the credentials of my service with Princess Toscana.

"Lady Russell does not live here," she said, looking me over carefully, "but, strangely enough, it happens that Her Royal Highness wishes a courier."

Queen Victoria

"Her Royal Highness!" I gasped.

"Yes, this is the private residence of Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll."

My heart sank within me. What unkind fate had led me back again to another hotbed of royalty after my brief snatch at freedom? But as I groped for an adequate excuse to escape, I found myself being ushered into the library where the Princess sat.

To my surprise, she greeted me with: "I hear you have been with my dear cousin, Princess Toscana. How are the children?"

Then I remembered that Princess Louise was godmother to one of the younger ones.

Instead of assuming the frigid aloofness one expects from royalty, she plied me with questions of Toscana's sad death and her poor little motherless children. What would become of them? What a happy solution if the Prince would marry Toscana's lady in waiting who was so

The Marquis of Lorne

Albert, the Prince Consort

fond of the children. And so we chatted on. She treated me almost like an old friend. She took it for granted that I would come to her. I had not an opportunity to refuse.

"Can you come tomorrow?" she asked. "I expect to go to South Africa soon, and I shall need you."

In the face of this unexpected friendliness, I hadn't the courage to tell her that I was fed up with royalty in general and had come to England to escape it. When I got back to my lodgings, there was the royal contract awaiting my signature, and thinking of that kind, lovely Princess, I signed it in spite of myself. I have never regretted that I did, even though we never went to South Africa. For four years I saw nothing of the world beyond the British Isles. One week later I took up my quarters in a small suite of rooms on the third floor of Kensington Palace, overlooking the gardens, with its little secret staircase to the Princess' boudoir.

Now, Kensington Palace is an unimpressive old pile, solid and Dutch in outline, but with a history of past greatness and splendor that makes Buckingham Palace an empty shell in comparison. Although not since George II, has any reigning monarch resided here, its great claim to glory lies in the fact that here Queen Victoria was born and here she passed her girlhood under the ever vigilant eye of her domestic mother, the Duchess of Kent

The Palace In Which to Drink Tea

LATER the good Queen presented this palace to her two youngest daughters, Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice of Battenberg, the mother of the present Queen of Spain. Princess Louise occupies the wing on the right; Princess Beatrice lives in the wing at the rear; in the third wing live some of Victoria's penaionnaires, former ladies in waiting to the great Queen. All three apartments are quite distinct, with separate entrances, separate households and entirely separate régimes.

The homy, fireside atmosphere which even in the days of its magnificence characterized Kensington Palace, still dominates it today. It is the domestic side of royalty one sees here. As someone has aptly said, "Windsor Palace is a place to receive royalty; Buckingham, to see fashion, but Kensington Palace is a place to drink tea."

Her Majesty the Queen

The moment I entered it I was impressed by its friendly hominess. I was also keenly aware of the fact that its present owner is an artist. Everywhere it is filled with tapestries and paintings, fine rugs and rare old furniture, each piece of which is worthy of a museum, and yet the whole is livable. It is that rare combination, a palace and a home. Without destroying its simplicity, the Duchess of Argyll has made it beautiful by blending the pristine charm of the old with the best in modern decorations and comfort.

Princess Louise, when I came to her, was in her sixtieth year, but in her energy and youthful vigor seemed like a woman of forty. She never walked upstairs, but she ran; and I have seen her tramp for hours in the rain, or hunt all day with the Duke or the King and return as fresh as when she started. She was a natural-born horsewoman and an excellent shot. Her great love of outdoor sports and the active, wholesome life she has always lived have saved her from the comfortable *Hausfrau* physique that was her heritage.

"I'm never going to be as fat as my mother was," she used to say.

Physical fitness was her fetish, and she maintained it by a régime of exercise and diet as exacting as any athlete in training ever followed under the whip of a coach. King Edward loved to tease her about the setting-up exercises I gave her every morning.

"Never you mind," she would reply. "I'll outlive you all, and I won't be a broken-down, sick old woman either."

Long before the world went diet mad, Princess Louise was following a carefully balanced diet, worked out for her by Lord Grey, the court physician, so scientific, so minutely rationed, that it nourished her perfectly, but kept her slender as a girl. In those days when any lady was underweight who didn't weigh ten stone, Princess Louise was advocating the slim, sleek silhouette of the present era years before its vogue. Though it was still *comme il faut* to dine every day to the limit of storage capacity, no parliamentary ruling could tempt her to alter her diet or to add a bit of butter to the royal slice of bread. In fact, she didn't eat bread at all, but tiny biscuits, thin as a shilling and no larger than half a crown, specially prepared for her by an expert dietitian in Bond Street. Two of these she ate at each meal; one made of the white of the egg, one of the yolk. When dining out or traveling, she carried them with her in a tiny gold box like a cigarette case, swung on a ring from her finger. The footman would appear at the door and say, "The biscuits for Her Royal Highness."

It was my job to pack them in the little case. To forget her handkerchief might annoy her, but to forget her biscuits would ruin her day.

Every hostess in court circles knew her rigid diet habits, so didn't discharge the pastry chef when Her Royal Highness refused the iced cakes. Sometimes she would take one, fold it in her handkerchief, tuck it in her dress, and give it to me when I put her to bed, saying,

"See; I am always thinking of you." And then and there I must eat it.

Here is the régime that kept the Princess slim: Each morning at 7:30 I brought to her bed a glass of hot water and a tube of Bulgarian culture. Then came exercises, bath and breakfast—a strange breakfast for a princess. It consisted of one egg boiled thirty minutes and a cup of clear China tea made from the buds of the tea leaves. This tea cost three guineas a pound, for to gather it killed the plant. With this she nibbled the two little wafers. Only this and nothing more.

She ate only three meats—chicken, lamb and squab. Her luncheon consisted of one of these, one vegetable simply cooked, no potatoes and of course no puddings, ices or sweets. Dessert was fresh fruit stewed with only enough sugar to make it palatable. For dinner she allowed herself the additional course of a cup of clear soup.

Always exercise in the morning, always a rest before dinner, always to bed before midnight unless some special function prevented it. She lived by clockwork. Perhaps that is why collecting clocks was one of her hobbies. She had twenty or more in her bedroom, all ticking in different rhythms and tunes, and registering different times. When I entered her room in the morning I would stare at them, bewildered.

"*Was gucken Sie?*" she would ask laughingly. ["What are you staring at?"]

"*Es hört sich an wie ein Uhrmacher geschäft,*" I would reply. ["It sounds like a clock shop."]

At her request, we always spoke German together, since she said it kept her in practice. All Queen Victoria's children learned German in their infancy, and spoke it beautifully, but with the deep, guttural Prussian accent acquired from their father, the Prince Consort. When Albert had left Germany to marry the Queen of England, he had sworn to remain forever "*ein treuer Deutscher*" and, as concerns his speech at least, he kept his vow. He and the Queen always spoke German, and it was only natural that all their little princes and princesses should grow up bilingual. But as the years passed it was not strange that Princess Louise forgot how to write it and she often called on me to help her with her German correspondence.

Those Dreadful Victorian Fashions

MOST of the palace attendants were German; the Princess' personal maids invariably were. It seemed to require Teutonic patience to get along with my temperamental mistress. How Julia—placid, phlegmatic Julia—used to struggle with Her Royal Highness' hair! It was so soft and fluffy and the Princess insisted upon wearing it so loosely and carelessly, in lines that showed the shape of her head, that it was well nigh impossible to arrange it to please her. I have seen poor Julia do it over half a dozen times at one sitting.

How Princess Louise used to ridicule the pompadours, rats and stiff puffs that were the fashion then. Once at a banquet she sketched in her menu card the coiffure of a member of her family. . . . If I only dared tell which one that was!

"Doesn't it look just like a pipe organ?" she said with caustic humor as she showed it to me that night. "I'm afraid we royals sometimes look like frumps."

But Princess Louise never looked like a frump. She had definite elements of beauty that overcame the absurdities of those dreadful Victorian fashions. She was tall and beautifully proportioned, a trifle taller than her brother, the King, with a lovely, fresh, English complexion and soft, sandy-colored hair, which, even when I knew her, had scarcely a touch of gray. But her eyes were her most striking feature; they were blue as sapphires, piercingly bright, and looked you through and through. King Edward had this same kind of eyes. Between them was a strong resemblance and the two were very congenial. He often spoke of her as his "beloved sister," and all the family knew that none of his brothers or sisters had such influence with His Majesty as did she.

(*Continued on Page 77*)

SARDINES

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

He Leaned Against a Tree and Frowned. "If You Know You're Right," He Said, "the Thing to Do Is to Act as if You Were Right"

JEFFERSON McTODD, having given up voluntarily the profession of being the son of a multimillionaire, in favor of the profession of golf, threw himself into that demanding business with enthusiasm mitigated by discretion. Your golf professional must be discreet. He is a sort of physician, and if he finds favor in the eyes of the members of his club, he will be the recipient of confidences which have nothing whatever to do with slices and hooks.

For some occult reason, men and women will talk to a first-class golf pro as they will talk to no other created form of human animal.

Perhaps this is because your golfer knows his game is the most important activity of his life, and if he is willing to intrust this to an instructor, he certainly will not hold back when it comes to such minor matters as business problems, domestic difficulties or the choice of cravats.

A golf professional can, and does, use language to his lady patients which, if coming from the lips of a husband or a father, would bring on an attack of hysterics or a trial for homicide. Hence, after she has submitted to sharp correction once or twice, she forms the habit of looking up to him as a master, and is more than likely to disclose to him whose husband she is planning to elope with, or how much she has overdrawn her allowance, or what is the matter with matrimony.

Jefferson McTodd had known and observed the *primo tenore* of his profession, and during his amateur days had laughed at the foibles of student humanity. Now, having become a professional himself, he was well instructed in the tricks of the trade and the most efficient methods of using them. And because, in addition to this equipment, he had known the advantages of such an education as is considered essential to create a gentleman, plus broadening travel and credit with the correct tailor, he possessed a slight handicap over the best Scotch-bred pro.

Besides which, he was handsome as a Gaelic god—if Scottish deities are handsome—and had the sort of manner which made gentlemen wish to buy him drinks, old ladies desire to talk about their youth, and young ladies attempt hazardous experiments. But for all that, he was scrupulous in keeping to his place; and the one secret he would have fought to keep inviolate was the name and importance of his irascible male parent.

Jefferson was a young man who seemed to do everything but think, but who, actually, did nothing until he had thought a great deal. But in all his planning and adroit contriving there was one element which he had neglected to take into consideration, and that element came to be represented in his equation by Abigail Vance, daughter of the president of the Lark Meadow Country Club.

Jeff faced facts. He put the thing to himself starkly in its most revolting descriptive terms. "Dog-gone," he exclaimed privately, "I'm in love with the brat!"

Which created a situation. Hampstead, as represented by the membership of the club, was an aristocratic town which bore down upon lineage of distinction more heavily than upon the possession of wealth. You could be poor and proud there with impunity, but everybody admitted it was nicer to be rich and proud. So it was apparent to a weaker intelligence than Jeff's that the mere suggestion of a sentimental attachment between a golf professional and the sole daughter of the First Family would discover him to the world as a young man without a job and no place to go.

When Jeff made a bet with his father that he could step out of his office and, with golf as a springboard, leap to an income of twenty-five thousand dollars a year within three years, he had failed to see this particular trap waiting for his drive, just over the hill.

"I'd have been all right," he said to himself, "if her mouth hadn't been a little too large and her teeth so darned even. Big mouths always did ruin me. And high cheek bones. And slanty eyes. Why in thunder wasn't she beautiful? I've got the beautiful ones licked."

Now, it was unjust to call Abigail Vance a brat, and it was doubtless pique that denied her beauty; but, then, the young man was in a state of mind. He considered declining to give her further golf instruction and turning her over to his assistant, but that would give rise to a question for which it would not be easy to find the right answer. Therefore, at ten o'clock, he stooped over to tee up a ball at Abigail's feet.

"Do you know," said Abigail in an elfin, calculating way she possessed, "that you look more like a member than any of the members?"

"Stand a little farther behind your ball," said Jeff. "Your right hand under the club—'under' was the word."

"It just occurred to me," she said, "that golf professionals do something besides play and give lessons. I don't know what made me think of it, unless it was the set of your coat. What else do you do?"

"We eat," said Jeff. . . . "Wrists in unison, back slowly."

"I mean you must have a social life. You must know people and go to parties and dance and get married. I wonder I never thought of it before. What do you do with your leisure?"

"I sit in a silent, dark room," said Jeff, "recovering my reason after a day of teaching."

"I suppose we are exasperating. But really I'm curious. I often grow curious. Who, for instance, do golf professionals marry?"

"Cooks," said Jeff. . . . "If you will please pay attention!"

"But tell me ——" commenced Abigail, when Jeff interrupted peremptorily.

"Either," he said, "you are taking a golf lesson or you are not. If you are, I am at your service. If you are not, you will doubtless find members to chat with in the clubhouse."

"Ouch!" exclaimed Abigail. "That had all the component parts of a snub. It was kind of fun. Do it again." She frowned a little. "Perhaps you have taken a dislike to me," she suggested.

"To like or to dislike you implies that I have considered you as an individual," he said.

"And as what, pray, have you considered me?" she asked.

"When I have thought of you at all," he said, "it has been as raw material from which I am having difficulty in making a golfer."

With mock gravity she imitated the referee at a prize fight and counted up to ten. "Out!" she said.

"Let me give you an idea which is, perhaps, new to you," said Jeff. "You would resent an inferior's—a butler, say, or a golf professional—presuming or failing to know his place. The butler or golf professional resents equally if his superior presumes or fails to know his place."

"As you are presuming," she said with flashing eyes, "to give me a lesson in manners!"

"As I am claiming my inalienable right to maintain my self-respect," he said.

Abigail bit her lip. "Let us go on with the golf lesson," she said coldly.

Thereafter, golf lessons were on a basis of strict formality. Abigail was the pupil, coldly distant; Jeff the instructor, as impersonal as a chess-playing automaton. It was a situation loaded with high explosive.

"I think," she said a couple of days later, "we will play a round today, instead of working on the tee."

"Very well," Jeff replied, and watched her drive off with some satisfaction, for she had made rapid strides since she had put her mind to the business.

They exchanged scarcely a word until Abigail played her second shot on the elbow hole; slicing the ball in a manner highly regrettable to an instructor. It disappeared in the trees and thick growth on the right-hand side of the course, and Jeff, with the two caddies, went in to retrieve it. It was an unpleasant tangle of wild berry bushes underneath the oaks, where a golf ball might well disappear forever, and Abigail called impatiently as the minutes passed.

"Just a moment, please," she heard Jeff reply in an odd tone; but he did not reappear in a moment, so she walked to the edge of the woods and looked over the undergrowth. A couple of rods in she saw his plaid cap, motionless. He seemed to be standing with bent head, peering at something not in her view.

"What is it?" she asked.

"A golf bag," said Jeff.

"What a droll place to leave a golf bag. Maybe someone was disgusted and threw his clubs away"

"It is Mr. Du Charme's bag," said Jeff.

"He," said Abigail, "wouldn't throw away a button."

"No," said Jeff, "he wouldn't throw away a button. He certainly would not throw away a set of matched clubs and a leather bag."

"Here," shouted a caddy, "is somebody's cap!"

"Bring it here," Jeff directed, and then to Abigail: "It is Mr. Du Charme's cap."

He emerged from the bushes with the cap in his hand. "I saw him go out on the course yesterday afternoon," he said.

"Alone, as usual?"

"Alone," said Jeff. "He always plays alone, and usually without a caddy. I saw him go out, but I do not remember seeing him come back."

Abigail stood silent, suddenly frightened by the stillness. She looked apprehensively into the tangle, as if expecting to see something malignant staring out at her.

"I think," said Jeff, "you had better go back to the clubhouse, Miss Vance. I'll send a boy with you. . . . You, Mario, go with Miss Vance. Ask the caddy master what time Mr. Du Charme came in last night. If he does not know, go to the secretary and ask him to call Mr. Du Charme's house."

"What do you think?" asked Abigail in a small voice.

"I have not commenced to think," said Jeff.

"Can—can anything have happened to him?"

"A man does not leave his golf bag and cap in the woods without a reason," said Jeff. "Still, Mr. Du Charme was an odd, eccentric little man. He might have had a reason which would not be the same as other men's reasons."

"He might have been called away suddenly."

"It would be a sudden call, indeed, that required a man to leave his cap behind. But even that might have been necessary. There might have been a reason for the cap."

"What possible reason?" asked Abigail

"To create an atmosphere," said Jeff softly. "I might go away and leave my bag and cap. One reason would be that I did not go voluntarily and that my cap fell off as I was being carried; another would be that I left of my own will and desired it to appear that my cap fell off as I was being carried. It would depend upon whether something was being done to me or whether I was doing something to someone else."

"I don't like it here," said Abigail. "I feel as if I was being stared at. I feel as if something wicked lurked under the trees."

"I am inclined to believe something wicked did lurk under the trees," said Jeff. "The boy will go with you."

"Shall I notify the police?"

"Please mention this to no one until I return."

He did not watch her as she retraced her steps up the fairway, but plunged again into the undergrowth, quartering it as a setter dog might have done, throughout its length and breadth. But no other possession of Mr. Du Charme's rewarded his search. Presently Mario came running back.

"The caddy master didn't see Mr. Du Charme come in last night," he said. "The secretary called his house and no one was home but the butler. He said Mr. Du Charme was expected for dinner last night, but he never showed up."

"In which case," Jeff said, "I guess we'll have to do this and that, and pick our choice, and look in the woodpile for niggers. Come along, boys, and if I hear of either of you letting out a peep about this till I give you permission, the only comfortable thing for you to sit on will be a pillow of eiderdown. Am I clear?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. McTodd," said Mario. "We keep our mout' shut."

Jeff, not trusting to telephones, was driven in the club's station wagon to the bank, where he entered Mr. Vance's office.

"We seem," he said by way of introduction, "to have broken out in a mystery."

"Eh? What? What sort of mystery?"

"I found Mr. Du Charme's golf bag and cap in the woods by the second fairway. Mr. Du Charme has not been seen since he went out to play alone yesterday afternoon."

"Great heavens! Du Charme! But his caddy—what does the boy say?"

"He usually goes out without a caddy; he had none yesterday."

"He may have been taken ill and cut cross lots to his home."

"He has not been home."

"Then you think ——?"

"Club employes tell me Mr. Du Charme always carried a large sum of money. I understand he refused to sign slips for anything at the club, but always paid cash."

"It was an eccentricity of his. He always paid cash for everything. He could not bear to owe a penny, even for an hour. So he always kept a considerable amount of currency on his person."

"A fact generally known"'

"It was common property," said Mr. Vance.

"Then," said Jeff, "we have a possible explanation."

"You—found nothing else in the woods?"

(Continued on Page 40)

He Emerged From the Bushes With the Cap in His Hand. "I Saw Him Go Out on the Course Yesterday Afternoon," He Said

The Princess and the Plumber

By ALICE DUER MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

III

IT WAS the first day Bowers had attempted to shoot since his accident. He went out on a pony and came home about six, to find the afternoon mail neatly ranged on the hall table.

Each man took his little packet and went off to his room to bathe and dress, and perhaps sleep a little before dinner-time.

Bowers got himself into a warm dressing gown, settled down by his fire and began opening his letters. He read all the others before the prince's, for he knew the handwriting, and supposed it was an answer to one he had written in the first days of his arrival, complaining about the disordered condition in which he had found the drawing-room.

These are the words his astonished eyes read:

My dear sir As an American you will be prepared to admit that there are some crimes of which the law cannot take adequate cognizance. I wish you to know that your disgraceful treatment of my daughter is being discussed in every club in Paris. Five hundred years ago I should have had you beaten to death by hired bravos, or perhaps starved in the dungeons of the castle. A hundred years ago I might have done you the honor of running you through myself. But under the gentler conditions of modern civilization, I offer you an alternative—an immediate marriage with a young, beautiful and heretofore innocent girl. I must add that any delay or hesitation will be followed by one of those shooting accidents which, in the mountains of Daritzia, have not been unknown. The shock of this disgrace has made me too ill to rise from bed, but within twenty-four hours after you receive this letter, I shall be at the castle and shall expect to find the arrangements for an immediate marriage. . . .

A Pale Large Face With its Mouth Open and its Eyes Shut

Bowers looked up, his face white with conflicting emotions, and rang the bell with an unsteady hand.

"Ask Lord Malvers and Mr. Druce-Grant to come here at once," he said to the servant. "At once; do you understand? Say it is urgent."

But the earl was, as usual, dozing in his bath, and Druce-Grant arrived alone.

He was in his undershirt, with the collar of his coat turned up to protect his throat from the drafts of the long corridors.

"What do you think of that?" said Bowers, handing him the princely missive.

Druce-Grant read it rather lightly and then said he thought it was blackmail.

"Blackmail!" cried Bowers. "But it was all innocent—perfectly innocent!"

Druce-Grant laughed. "Ah, my dear fellow," he said, "it always is."

"But that sweet young girl!"

"Yes, aren't you lucky!" said Druce-Grant. "If most blackmailers were like that, the lawyers would have fewer cases."

Bowers was plunged in a dark reverie. "Did you notice that sentence about shooting accidents?" he said. "You don't take that seriously?"

"I think I should if I were you."

"You mean he could get away with murder?"

"I mean there isn't a huntsman on these mountains who would not be delighted to take a shot at you in order to oblige the prince."

"Great heavens!" cried Bowers, more in protest at such a condition of civilization than in alarm.

"I gather," said Druce-Grant, "that you are not eager to marry the young lady."

Not eager. Poor Bowers. It was the opening of heaven to him. Stephanie would be an asset almost as valuable as Frosty-foam. He could see himself registering in grand hotels, "The Princess Stephanie of Daritzia and Mr. Bowers," receiving invitations from those who had never been able to remember his existence. Besides, as Druce-Grant had so clearly recognized, he was already a good deal in love with her—with her or the idea of her.

"I should ask nothing better," he answered, "only—only ——"

"I see," said Druce-Grant; "only you don't want to be kicked into it."

"Only," said Bowers, "I cannot imagine that she would consent."

"No, poor girl, she probably doesn't think that part of it will be much fun," returned Druce-Grant candidly. "But after all, it's better than starving to death, and the Daritzias are starving. If I were you, Bowers, I'd either send a nice cordial telegram to the prince accepting his suggestion or else I'd make a bolt for the U. S. A. tonight, leaving a check for ten or fifteen thousand pounds as a little *douceur* to the prince's honor."

"I shall certainly not run away from a situation in which I am entirely innocent," said Bowers formally.

"They are great luxuries—fine feelings like that," answered his friend, and at this moment the door opened and Malvers entered, blinking, in a long black dressing gown.

"You wanted to see me, Bowers," he said in a slightly aggrieved tone.

He was given the letter, and read it through slowly and several times, always saying "hah" at the end, as if this were a useful and original comment.

Then he gave his verdict. "It's black business, Bowers—a very black business. Of course, it's that dirty little scoundrel Perrain Latour, who could not keep his mouth shut, even about his host."

"But there was nothing to tell!" cried Bowers. "Nothing happened! I wasn't a minute in the lodge! I am entirely innocent!"

"Ah," said the earl noncommittally.

"What do you think about that threat to my life?"

"I think it's outrageous," answered the earl; "especially to put it in writing. It's a thing a fellow might say in hot blood, but to write it ——"

"It shows how sure he feels of his position," said Druce-Grant, who was enjoying himself immensely.

"It's actionable—that letter is actionable!" cried Bowers.

"Undoubtedly," replied the earl, "you could bring suit if if "

"If," interrupted Druce-Grant gayly, "the poor fellow were alive to bring it."

Bowers struck the mantelpiece with his fist. "I cannot believe it," he said. "I cannot take such a threat seriously."

"Oh, we must take it seriously," said the earl. "You don't know how primitive these people are in their feudal devotion to their prince. They are not really civilized, Bowers; not at all Anglo-Saxon."

"And of course they all adore the girl," said Druce-Grant.

"Yes," agreed the earl, "that's the bad feature. You really should not have gone messing about with the girl, Bowers."

"But I didn't!" cried Bowers angrily. "I wouldn't think of such a thing! I respect—I admire the princess!"

"Don't apologize to me, my dear fellow," said the earl; "I'm not her father."

"I'm not apologizing to you," said Bowers, naturally annoyed. "I don't care what you think. I'm merely telling you ——"

"I'm glad to hear it," answered Malvers, "for I was about to say that I am leaving tonight—an urgent call, illness in my family at home. So sorry to go, but ——"

"You haven't had any call at all," said Bowers, suddenly losing his temper entirely. "You are deserting me in trouble, like a rat, you dirty quitter!"

The earl was unruffled. "Well, I may tell you," he said, "that I am going to avoid an awkward situation. My sympathies are entirely with Daritzia. I hope he does pot you on a mountain. He may be a blackmailer, but at least he is a gentleman." And the earl stalked away to make his arrangements for immediate departure.

"Well, I won't leave you, Bowers," said Druce-Grant. "I'll see you through and be your best man—if the worst comes to the worst, that is."

The earl had left the door open behind him, and hearing footsteps in the hall, Bowers went to the door and called.

"Petres—is that you, Petres?"

What he wanted was a fellow countryman.

IV

PETRES, still in his working clothes, was just coming upstairs to dress when he heard his host's call. He was almost as ignorant as Bowers of all the talk and excitement. He had learned, on coming in from a night on the mountains, that Stephanie had returned, and sometime in the course of the next day Herr Potzi had told him that she had been delayed by piloting Bowers home with a sprained ankle.

He now read the prince's letter, which Bowers gave him without comment, and looking up, said: "Is this genuine? Is this Prince Conrad's writing?"

Druce-Grant laughed. "Your doubt is not flattering to our host. Do you think such a marriage unbelievable?"

"It's his handwriting, all right. I know it," said Bowers.

"I don't understand it at all," said Petres.

"It's that Frenchman—that skunk!" said Bowers. "He wishes to revenge himself on the princess because she would not let him paw her."

"Paw her!" cried Oswald.

"His real hatred is for Daritzia, who kept him out of the best club in Paris," said Druce-Grant.

"Will you tell me what happened?"

"Nothing happened," answered Bowers.

"I'll tell you what Perrain Latour says happened," said Druce-Grant—"not, of course, the same thing. He says he surprised an appointment between our host and the princess in the lower lodge. He came home and told that story, and when he left for his midnight train, neither Bowers nor the princess had returned, and when they did, they came together."

"We were not in the lodge two minutes!"

"Oh, shut up," said Oswald. "I beg your pardon; only I really don't need reassurance on that point."

"Ah, my dear fellow, you're not her father, or you would," said Druce-Grant. "It seems, according to the count, she was waiting there, beckoning him in—beckoning someone in—and he went; only to discover that she had mistaken him for Bowers. Naturally, he was annoyed."

"I had no appointment. I did not know the girl was there," said Bowers.

Petres rapped the letter. "This reads to me like farce," he said.

The Scotchman smiled. "It reads to me like blackmail."

They were talking now as if Bowers were not there, but even so, Petres had some difficulty in framing his next sentence. "I cannot believe," he said—"I really cannot believe that the prince would wish to marry his daughter so far beneath what he must consider her position in the world"—and he glanced at his host with some distaste.

"Oh, rank!" cried Druce-Grant—"that's pretty well gone to the wall nowadays! Poor old Daritzia; he hasn't a penny in the world, you know, except a few jewels, that won't last forever—and his tastes are extravagant. Someone said he had lost one hundred thousand francs at *chemin de fer* last month. Bowers is a very rich man—richer than anyone Daritzia has ever seen. Of course, he wants marriage; he'd give his eyeteeth for it."

"Are there not rich men of title who ——"

"Well, not likely; not after this scandal, you know. Perrain Latour has taken care of that, I fancy."

Petres tossed the letter contemptuously on the table and gave judgment. "It doesn't seem very complicated to my crude notion," he said. "To my mind, it all depends on the princess. If she wants to marry Bowers, he must marry her, however insulting her father has been; and if she doesn't want to, he can't; whether the prince shoots him or not."

"But, oddly enough," replied Druce-Grant, "the little fellar doesn't seem to want to marry her."

"I do—I do," answered Bowers. "I'd give all my fortune to, but ——"

"Yes, I notice there's always a but," said Druce-Grant.

"But I'm married already," exclaimed Bowers in a kind of frenzy of despair. Oh, he said to himself, what a mistake it was ever to be loyal and kind; for kindness and loyalty were the motives he ascribed to himself in not having divorced his wife. Twenty years ago he had married her when she was a pretty blond waitress in his father's restaurant, dimpling at him over her shoulder as she turned the spigot of the great nickel coffee urn. Now she was a dull, fat, forgotten woman in a Midwestern town, and for her he was to lose a princess! Not that she would oppose him—he felt almost sure that Gertrude would see, understand and help him—only at the best it would take several months.

"I shall get a divorce," he said, "at once; only it takes time, and the prince is so impetuous."

(Continued on Page 73)

"You See, I Have Loved You Since the First Day I Saw You"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

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In the United States and Possessions, Five Cents the Copy; $2.00 the Year—52 issues. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 28, 1929

A Great Weapon

PROMOTION of the material welfare and prosperity of a people always requires effort. It has ever since the first settlers landed on the American continent, and similar exertions will be required in the future. But the greatest possible weapon in the warfare upon such enemies of man as unemployment and want has not yet been employed with any regularity or continuity. We refer to an intelligent pulling together or correlation of effort. During the war such agencies as the Council of National Defense and the War Industries Board showed the way for the time being, but after peace came, there was no desire to continue such centralized and semidictatorial activities.

It is clear, however, that the cooperative spirit and a sense of general responsibility have been developing in the business world. The large business units are less inclined than formerly to maintain what they once would have called their independence of action. Isolation and aloofness are less prized as the country grows, and there is more inclination for business and the Government to work together rather than at cross-purposes. In this respect we have reached no millennium as yet. Sections of business are still greedy at times, just as some politicians are still demagogic and futile. But, speaking generally, business recognizes more than it once did the value of government's representative function, while government realizes that the leaders of industry must, from the very nature of modern life, constitute a sort of third house whose operations are at times even more essential than those of Congress itself.

The business conferences which were called by President Hoover, though not based upon a wholly new principle, mark its growth and increasing recognition. The strength of a bundle of sticks is proverbial. If large and representative groups of leaders agree upon an idea and decide to work in one direction, wonders can be accomplished. Formal agreements are not necessarily to be desired. Declarations of general principle may prove just as effective, and with less likelihood of a break-up afterward.

There is no occasion to idealize the leaders of business or to exaggerate their public spirit. But simple common sense dictates a more general use of their undoubted ability to accomplish desirable ends by concert of action, not only when particular situations arise but in a continuous way. If Mr. Hoover, with his peculiar experience and background, can devise a definite organization for harnessing a form of energy which has so largely gone to waste, he will, by that action alone, more than justify the suffrages accorded to him.

Central Banking Policy

ALTHOUGH the great deflation in the stock markets in October and November confirms in broad outlines the wisdom of the general attitude held so long by the Federal Reserve System, it is evident that many questions concerning central banking policy remain unanswered. Walter Bagehot said that administrators and not laws make for a good banking system. But conditions as well as men create banking problems and opportunities. It might be assumed that our Federal Reserve directors and officers could gain the requisite knowledge and precedent from the history of European banks of issue. But those banks never had a sufficient margin of gold to forget their own status and consider the financial and economic life of the country independently. With our twelve Federal Reserve banks the situation is very different, and upon them is thrust a correspondingly greater responsibility.

Yet the question of how much credit the country needs at a given moment or just how high brokers' loans in New York City should be allowed to go need not be decided wholly in the abstract. All sensible men agree that the aim of the Federal Reserve should be to level off the peaks and valleys. While the central banking system—or banks of issue—constitutes only one of many factors in credit, and credit is only one of numerous factors in business, yet these banks can stimulate dull business by helping to ease credit, and, in the same way, can check overexpansion by trying to tighten credit. The technic of restraint and stimulation is understood by them, although in any given situation there will always be dispute, in all probability, whether the action taken was fast and hard enough. For such banks to pursue a consistent policy without being charged with vacillation is extremely difficult.

One point on which all impartial students agree is that too much credit is as disastrous as too little. When industry is working at top speed, with employment from ninety-five to ninety-seven per cent, an increase in credit merely brings in its train the evils of inflation. Surely recent events indicate that an enormous expansion of brokers' loans is not so much a new method of doing business as an old method of excessive speculation. There are circumstances in which the duty of the central banking system lies not so much in stabilizing interest rates as in forcing high rates higher or low rates lower. But in doing its duty such a banking system must often run at cross-purposes to current psychology, and thus incur great unpopularity. This is regrettable, but quite unavoidable.

Whether the Federal Reserve banks would be in a more effective position to prevent crises or actually would be more helpless to do so, if they were permitted to rediscount on a greater variety of collateral, is a moot technical question. Perhaps the framers of the act envisaged rather more water-tight compartments in the money market than actually exist today. But changes in the law should not be made without the most exhaustive and dispassionate study. Possibly in time the central banking system will be given more control—to the general advantage—than it has now. Hope springs eternal in any case, and the country generally trusts that in the future the twelve central banks, with the now accumulated experience of 1921 and 1929, may be able to reduce the severity of, if they cannot prevent, these lapses into economic barbarism.

The Child-Health Conference

THE national survey of child health now being organized under a call from the White House affords an illustration of the blending of humanity and science that is characteristic of President Hoover. The direct survey will be medical and sociological. We need to know the general level of child health, the quality of our public services devoted to children, the extent to which conditions vary in the different regions and income classes. We need a score card, so to speak, of child health, and the circumstance that a census of population is to be taken in the spring makes the present a technically favorable time to conduct the survey.

The scientific values of such a survey extend further. The children of today are the workers of the next two or three decades. The stock of the future worker can to some extent be foretold from the stock of the children of today. The work of the future will be more largely with machines, less with unaided hands. Such work really requires a better physique, a better nervous system than simple manual labor. Civilization makes greater demands on each succeeding generation. The proper start in life becomes more requisite with each generation. Finally, the children of today are the parents of tomorrow. In improving the health of the present generation of children, we improve the health of the next generation of children. The survey is, therefore, almost as much for the future as for the present. It should receive support from all classes.

German Plebiscite on the Young Plan

AN EXCEPTIONALLY foolish and futile political maneuver is contained in the proposal to submit the Young Plan to vote in Germany. In Germany any proposition receiving the signatures of ten per cent of the voting population becomes the subject of a general referendum, the decision resting on a majority. The extreme nationalists raised the question of voting on the acceptance of the Young Plan by Germany and have obtained the requisite number of signatures to place the question on the ballot.

Several comments are justified at this distance, since the episode is of importance outside of Germany. In the first place, behind the vote on the Young Plan is really a vote on the Treaty of Peace, or at least on the question of war guilt. The subject is an extremely intricate one, which the voters cannot understand. There are few questions so unadapted to decision by ballot as the settlement of war reparations contained in the Young Plan. The plan was accepted by the best financial and industrial minds in Germany as an acceptable, if not the best devisable, plan. The international implications and connections remove the plan from the domain of domestic adjudication. Lastly, the referendum is in large part an inning of an internal political game—the right against the left, the city against the country, the liberal against the conservative. It is a dangerous game for Germany.

Immunity for Ships Carrying Food

PRESIDENT HOOVER has courageously set up for world-wide debate the special question of granting to ships carrying foods in time of war immunity from seizure and blockade. Evidently the President does not expect quick decision in the minds of nations; he wants consideration and discussion in time of peace. In a sense, the question is related to disarmament. Also, it is a part of the broad question of humaneness in the making of war.

Settlement of the cause of a war, quickness of decision and the safeguarding of the civilian population used to be regarded as the objectives to be sought in a conflict between nations. Knowledge in physics and chemistry, and in related sciences, has changed this in a peculiar way. The noncombatant population supports the military forces. If the workers behind the lines are to be exempted from restrictions, quick decision is less likely to be attained. The restrictions applied to the neutral countries around Germany during the late war were designed to prevent the supplying of military materials to the belligerents. There is something to be said in favor of pressure being applied to the civilian population; though it may appear directly inhumane, it may still be indirectly humane.

There is no question that food shortage contributed to terminating the World War. Perhaps unlimited blockade would tend to prevent war. Perhaps making war less terrible tends to favor its occurrence. In this sense it has been urged that poison gases ought to deter from war. Freedom of the sea for food ships is a large question, but only one question in the huge problem. It is a good thing to have the discussion made pointed and world-wide.

In the Senate—The Cherokee Strip

By George Wharton Pepper

Former United States Senator From Pennsylvania

THE Cherokee Strip is the grim designation of those seats in the Senate, on the Democratic side of the aisle, not filled by the minority party and assigned to the Republican overflow. As the newest member I was, by some mysterious process not then understood by me, given a seat on the back row of the Cherokee Strip, with Holm O. Bursum, of New Mexico; Charles A. Rawson, of Iowa; and Samuel M. Shortridge, of California. This was a point of vantage from which to make my initial survey of my colleagues and to observe the sometimes confusing operation of the senate rules. The most conspicuous figure among the senators in my immediate neighborhood at that time was Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, a curious combination of the cold practicality of the politician and the warm emotionalism of the poet. In contrast to some of his brilliant and sometimes ruthless political maneuvers and attacks on Republican leaders or policies, I remember hearing him deliver in the Senate a two-minute eulogy of a child from his state who had been burned to death in Washington. It was as exquisite and touching a tribute as it is possible to imagine. It is interesting to recall that when he died in 1922, and Senator Walter F. George had been elected to succeed him, the governor of Georgia, as an act of courtesy to a much-esteemed woman of that state, appointed Mrs. Rebecca L. Felton, who took the oath of office, made an address of greeting to the Senate, and sat for a day as a senator of the United States. The events of the next few months after this is written will determine whether another woman, Ruth Hanna McCormick, claiming her title by popular election, will also sit in the Upper House of Congress.

George Wharton Pepper

Militant Legislators

ON A LINE between me and the chair of the presiding officer sat Senator Pat Harrison, of Mississippi. My first impression of him was that he had a wicked tongue, which fairly earned him the designation of "party scold." In time I revised my judgment, however, and decided that there was far more humor than malice in the attacks which he launched upon the majority party so frequently as to acquire a reputation not unlike that of the bad boy of the school. Calvin Coolidge, then Vice President of the United States, was most conscientious in the discharge of his constitutional functions as President of the Senate. One of Pat Harrison's favorite indoor sports was to rise and comment, with sarcasm tinctured with good humor, upon some act or utterance of the Vice President as reported in the morning papers. As I recall it, an act more frequently than an utterance furnished the basis for the Harrison thrusts, for the habit of saying nothing superfluous was not one which Coolidge acquired for the first time upon his elevation to the presidency.

Among my Democratic neighbors were Senators James A. Reed of Missouri, and T. H. Caraway of Arkansas. Both these brilliant and able senators seemed to derive the keenest satisfaction from the discomfort of those whom they singled out for attack. Reed's destructive agency in verbal onslaughts might be described as chemical. It was as if he had thrown acid upon his victim, whereas Caraway's method might be compared to the use, with unerring aim, of a long-lashed whip. He could sting any part of his victim's person which was exposed. Both men were as liable to launch their attacks on members of their own party with whom they happened to disagree on a pending measure as on one of the opposition. I remember one case in which, replying to a speech made by a Democratic senator in opposition to the confirmation of a presidential appointment, Senator Caraway made a most bitter attack, but later, on the request of the victim, consented to expunge his remarks from the pages of the Congressional Record.

Senator Harrison and I were both baseball fans and soon learned that there was at least one subject on which we could agree. After a heated session in the Senate it was a refreshing experience to accompany him to a ball game and root for the Washington team. We both took a keen interest in the baseball nines organized by the senate pages, and I recall at least one game in which he and I were selected to choose and lead the opposing teams.

The able and experienced floor leader of the minority party during a part of my term in office was Senator Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama. A new senator could not do better than note with care both his bearing toward colleagues in the course of debate and his intelligent method of approach to the question under consideration. His retirement from the Senate meant the loss of one of its most effective members, and his subsequent death seemed to me a national misfortune.

Looking into the faces of my Republican colleagues across the aisle, I had a good opportunity to study them in both action and repose. Senator Lodge, at that time floor leader, was diligent in the discharge of his duties and quick to lock horns with the Democrats on any issue which seemed to him of major importance. He was, however, inclined to ignore, with something like intellectual contempt, those thrusts of debaters attempting to make political capital out of the discussion which a younger and more vigorous leader would have been quick to resent. Indeed, my observation was that the policy of silent contempt toward utterances that were really contemptible was carried too far for the good of the party by the older Republican senators. It was, therefore, with peculiar satisfaction that I watched the increasing confidence with which, after his induction, my junior colleague, Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, not merely repulsed attacks of this sort but carried the war into the enemy's country and effectively exploded bombs on the Democratic side of the aisle.

Charles Curtis, of Kansas, the present Vice President of the United States, was then Republican whip of the Senate, whose duties were to insure attendance of colleagues of his own party when important votes were to be taken, and in general to discourage straggling and maintain morale. After Senator Lodge's death Senator Curtis became Republican floor leader, and in that capacity displayed a remarkable talent for accomplishing good results for his party by what in international parlance are termed "conversations" with the other side. He was unusually adept at making deals.

A Dual Allegiance

BEFORE my appointment and subsequent election to membership, I was, of course, familiar with the characterization of the United States Senate as "the reason why desirable things don't happen." There may have been times when, impatient over the obstruction of important legislation, I subscribed to that definition. I soon learned, however, to admire the soundness of judgment which had prompted the fathers of the nation to take wisdom from history and assure the safety and perpetuity of this nation by creating such a balance wheel or regulatory device as the Senate represents. The Senate is unique in that it is a propelling force as well as a brake, originating legislation equally with the House of Representatives, except bills to raise revenue, which, under the Constitution, must have their beginning in the lower branch.

Senators, it swiftly becomes evident to the man who joins their company, should serve the nation as a whole, while at the same time conserving the special or peculiar interests of their own states. It may be noted, parenthetically, that some senators succeed in forgetting the national aspect of their responsibility, while those who disdain to be special pleaders for local interests often fail to survive the next election. The problem for a senator who wants to serve the nation as well as the state is one which only a few solve successfully. After studying for a long time his footprints on the Senate sands, I reached the conclusion that Boies Penrose had been one of these few. This problem is often discussed in terms of contrast between a delegate and a representative. The representative ideal is one that commends itself strongly to onlookers who do not themselves hold elective office. The contemporary multiplication of groups of citizens organized for all sorts of purposes affected by Federal legislation tends to make it increasingly difficult for the ideal to be realized by anyone who wants

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POST SCRIPTS

Letter to Santa Claus on Discovering That Christmas Comes on a Wednesday

I'D LIKE a Mediterranean cruise
And a sable coat
And some velvet shoes.

I'd love a couple of million dollars
And some silk nightgowns
With real lace collars.

I'd like a touch of spring in the air
And a brand-new face
And coal-black hair,

But most of all a convincing cough
That will get me Monday
And Tuesday off. —*Margaret Fishback.*

Chester Endures Success

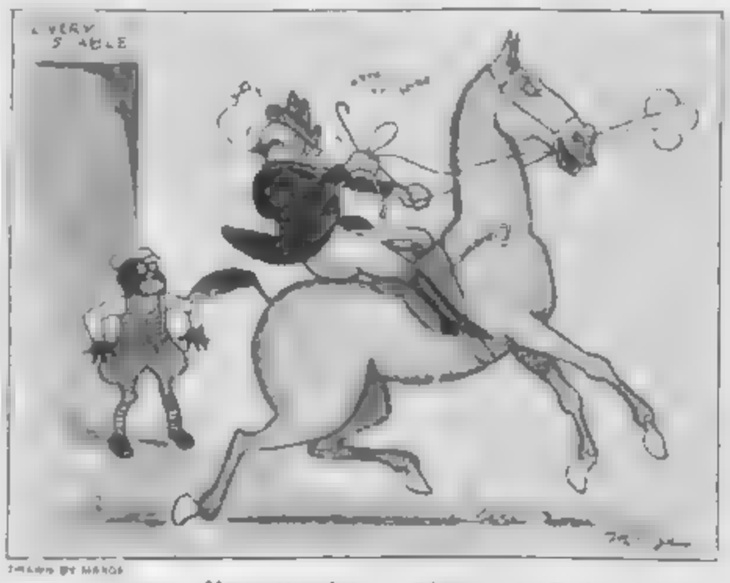
"YOU don't happen to know anybody who'd like to buy a nice little house, I suppose," said Grover Cleveland Smith, of the First, Second and Third National Bank of Jonesville, to his neighbor, at the weekly luncheon of the Kiwanis Club in the Hotel New Trianon. "My son Chester has just been promoted out at the Land-Rite Airplane factory, and now he's within ten dollars a month of the salary that'll force him to move to a three-car subdivision. We'll have to be looking out for a buyer for his present home.

"Chester has it all paid for and he's perfectly satisfied with it, and his wife likes it. It's handy to a good school. But Chester's liable to be made a junior executive any time now, and you know that means moving out beyond police and fire protection and putting up an English-style house.

"The boy tells me he'd really rather not be getting as much as he is. He says he longs for the days when he was getting half his present salary and was able to save a little money. At this rate, he'll be vice president in charge of sales at Land-Rite by the time he's thirty-five and will be making so much that he'll be head over heels in debt.

"Chester's wife says she doesn't mind seeing him succeed, but she hates to think of the day when he gets to the grade where he can't afford to let her cook and where she'll have to pretend she likes to go to the fashionable football games and sit in a box.

"Don't You Love Children? They're So Decorative"



The Horse: "Really, It's a Shame to Take Advantage of the Poor Sap, But I Just Don't Feel Like Working Today!"

"I remember when Chester first reached the salary that wouldn't let them sit in the balcony at the theater. He had to argue for a week to get her into an $8.80 orchestra seat. He tells me he dreads the time he'll have forcing her into a twenty-dollar-a-day hotel room when he's made a department head.

"I try to tell him it isn't so bad as long as Land-Rite keeps the general offices here in Jonesville. Suppose they'd move to New York and he'd have to put in three hours at lunch. Chester isn't much of a smoker and I doubt if he could fill five ash trays on a restaurant table every noon."

—McCready Huston.

A MAN with a rip in his coat, buttons off his vest and holes in his socks should get either married or divorced.

Modern Girl

BEG me to be your bride! Oh, plead,
Implore me to relent!
I do not want to marry, but
I love the compliment!

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

Dumb Motorist: "Listen, Officer—How Far Is It to New Haven?"

The Listener

"IT MAY well be," said I, "that our commercial age is merely a temporary and abnormal stage of social development."

"Yes, dear," said Maudie, looking at me with her big, fascinated, brown eyes.

"Business has always been the occupation of the merely clever, under sufferance from the strong. Now the strong are engaged in trade, in competition with the clever. But the strong may realize at any time that their best interest lies in exacting tribute, not in competing. That was the normal situation in the past; it may be normal again."

"Yes, dear," said Maudie. She reached across the table and brushed some bread crumbs from my collar.

"Already the organized gangs of big-city gunmen have discovered this fact. The next step is for some newer and greater Scarface Al, with vision, to extend his activities from the cleaning and dyeing trades and the loose-milk racket to larger and more fruitful fields. Those are only two minor lines of trade. All the business world lies open to him!"

"Yes, dear." Maudie was enthralled by my speculations. Her lips were half parted, to listen better, and her eyes sparkled with excitement. She leaned over and replaced the loose lock that falls over my forehead when I am absorbed.

"Let a new Napoleon of the gunmen arise and he will no longer be content with trifling profits from small retailers. He will give the great department stores the choice of protection, for a proper fee, or destruction. He will organize the insurance, transportation and banking rackets. And he will be honored as were the robber tyrants of medieval

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A soup a day . . . *the healthful way!*

WHEN you make daily selections from the fascinating variety of Campbell's Soups, your health is the great gainer. For soup is not only temptingly delicious. It is also splendidly tonic and invigorating to the digestion.

And when you wish a meal in one soup, what could possibly be more enticing and satisfying than Campbell's Vegetable Soup—that hearty, substantial blend of 15 different garden vegetables!

Just add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil, simmer a few minutes. And the soup is ready! 12 cents a can.

Happy and snappy and gay,
A plateful of Campbell's each day—
With that in your middle
You're fit as a fiddle—
Tuned up for your work or your play!

Your choice . . . Order any of these Campbell's Soups from your grocer

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pepper Pot
Bean	Consomme	Printanier
Beef	Julienne	Tomato
Bouillon	Mock Turtle	Tomato Okra
Celery	Mulligatawny	Vegetable
Chicken	Mutton	Vegetable Beef
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato
	Pea	

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

THE SHAGGY LEGION

"I Got This to Say"—and the Spokesman Cursed Each and Every One of His Captors—"and That's All"

By HAL G. EVARTS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XIII

COLEMAN left Fleabit and worked his way up a shallow prairie draw. A careful survey revealed the fact that he was now well within the edge of the herd. As usual, the mature bulls were scattered on the outskirts. Beyond the loosely formed aggregation of bulls, the herds stretched on and on, covering every roll of the prairie. Formerly, particularly in meat hunting, this custom of the old bulls of remaining on the outer flanks of every section of the herd had been somewhat of a handicap. The flesh of a stringy old bull was unfit for food and a hunter must work his way through the outer cordon to draw within easy range of the more closely grouped cows and calves. Now, in hide hunting, Coleman reflected, this same habit was an asset. A man came first upon the bulls, and instead of maneuvering to avoid, without alarming, them, in order to come upon the cows, he began his work at once, for a bull hide was worth half again as much as the pelt of a cow.

Sprawling prone in his retreat, he arranged a sizable array of cartridges where they would be within easy reach of his hand. Carefully he arranged a rest for his rifle. Meanwhile he had his eyes upon a tremendous bull that stood within fifty yards.

From far off to the south a heavy report drifted to his ears, another from a slightly different angle, still another from a third quarter. That would be his three sharpshooters—men picked for their unerring ability to drop their game from a stand with the deadly Sharp buffalo gun—commencing their work on the herd. He lined down the barrel at the tremendous bull, centered the sights behind the animal's shoulder and squeezed the trigger. The bull went down as if struck by lightning when the heavy bullet tore through his heart.

Even before the jar of the report had ceased ringing in Coleman's ears, the scattering detonation of three more buffalo guns hurled their distant impact against them. Another bull went down before his second shot. Near-by animals snorted and peered about them. No enemy was in sight. They pawed the sod as if to give warning of their ferocity, yet remained there in savage stupidity as one after another lurched and fell to the prairie under the swift fire of that deadly rifle which spoke from the head of the draw.

And throughout it all, those other dull reports, in rapid succession, drifted to Coleman's ears, punctuating the brief intervals between his own shots. Eventually he wounded a bull that tried to make off instead of remaining to die on the spot. A second shot knocked the animal down, but it struggled to its feet again and made off at a lumbering gallop. The others moved in the same direction, as if swayed by a sympathetic panic. A third and a fourth shot failed to drop the bull. A fifth ball finished it, and the others stopped and stared stupidly around as if they waited for leadership before making another start.

There was none within close range now, the nearest being some two hundred yards away. Again the big Sharp roared and a bull took two quick jumps and fell to the ground.

Coleman took even greater pains now, lining long and carefully before squeezing the trigger. Two of the distant guns were silent. The third still continued to sound the death knell swiftly. Four more bulls dropped to Coleman's fire. Two of them required three shots apiece before sinking to the prairie to rise no more. Then the rest of the herd moved away in a panic and disappeared over the next rise of ground.

The remaining sharpshooter who was in action fired another half dozen rounds before the reports of his buffalo gun ceased to reach Coleman's ears. Coleman retraced his way down the draw to the point where he had left Fleabit. Thirty-seven buffaloes from one stand, and every one a bull, was not bad, he reflected. He mounted and rode on to the east. Within two miles he sighted another unit of the big herd that was drifting north. The animals seemed undisturbed.

Coleman studied the lay of the land, giving utmost consideration to the direction of the wind, before making his approach. Soon he was engaged again in dropping a buffalo at every thunderous report of the big Sharp. He heard another gun open up far away shortly thereafter. Still later, he rather imagined that he caught the sound of more distant reports. His three sharpshooters would be going their best today, making the biggest possible kill. That was not always the case. When working in a big herd, the hunters sometimes ceased shooting for the reason that the skinning crews could not keep up with them. But today was the first time since the start of the present hunt that they had been able to get into action on a sizable herd.

Coleman dropped only eleven buffaloes from his second stand—all cows. He rode on in search of another undisturbed band. When he ceased operations at nightfall his total tally was seventy-nine victims for the day. It was well after dark when he rode into the main camp. Two of his sharpshooters were there ahead of him. One reported a kill of sixty-four head, the other of thirty-eight. One pair of skinners had returned with thirty-odd green skins, which they pegged out upon the sod after stowing away a ravenous meal. The remaining four pairs of skinners, each couplet with a mule-drawn wagon to transport the hides, came in shortly thereafter. The last hunter arrived to report a kill of ninety-one buffaloes, having made the best stand of the day on a big band of cows just before sundown.

The crew turned out with the first morning light. Buffaloes still were drifting up from the south in tremendous herds. Coleman made his first stand within half a mile of the main camp. The reports that drifted to his ears from other quarters afforded evidence that his three hunters also were engaged. Throughout that day and the next it was seldom that a quarter of an hour passed without being punctuated by the reports of one or another of the four buffalo guns. Frequently all of them were in action at the same time. By sundown of the third day the hunters were ahead of the skinners by some two hundred animals.

"Only the first stand of the day for each hunter tomorrow morning. After that, no shooting," Coleman decreed. "Then hunters turn skinners. We'll drag the hides off the big part of them by tomorrow night."

He killed twenty-eight buffaloes at his first stand in the morning. Then, pairing himself with another hunter, he skinned buffaloes throughout the day. The remaining two hunters, working together, were similarly engaged. With seven pairs skinning, there were but few animals remaining unpelted at nightfall. Throughout the day, Coleman's ears were alert for the sound of shooting that would show that

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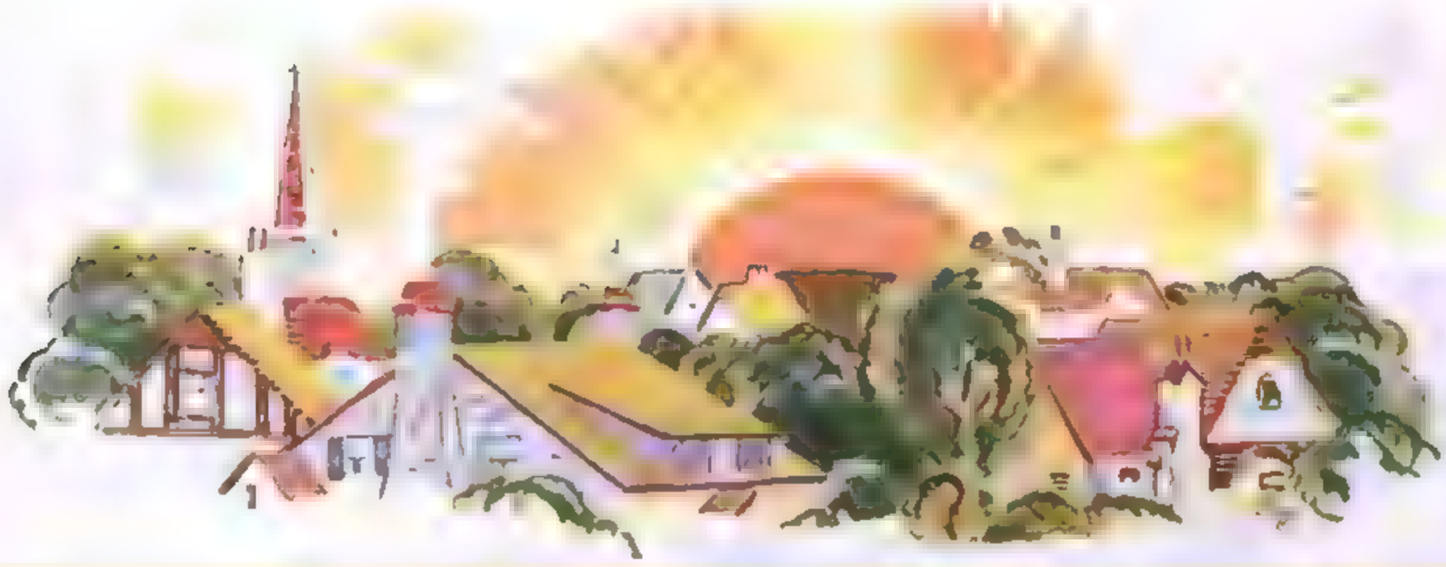

SHINING HOMES
IN THE
CITY OF SUNBRITE.

Holiday time—with its jolly, heart warming gatherings—its heavy toll of dishwashing! Sticky traces on every dish in the kitchen! Cut your dishwashing labor to the minimum with Sunbrite. Sunbrite's double powers—cleansing and *purifying*—make quick work of these messy tasks. Sprinkle your cooking utensils with Sunbrite when you "take up" your meal. It lessens grease and dirt, saves precious time. And it saves your hands! Order a supply of Sunbrite Cleanser today.

Swift & Company

Quick Arrow White Soap Chips for rainbow tinted underthings.

When the weather man says "Cold!"

your battery and engine say, "Change to Mobiloil Arctic"

Change today, and be safe!

Two of the most dangerous enemies your battery and engine can have are "summer-oil-in-winter," or a winter oil which is so light that it lacks rich lubricating value.

With too heavy a lubricant the thick oil lies, stiffened by cold, in your crankcase. After standing in the cold, your engine strains to overcome the resistance of "dry" pistons, cylinder-walls and bearings. Your battery can waste hours of its life in those few moments of terrific effort.

With too light an oil in your crankcase you get easy starting—but when your engine heats up, such oil may show a serious lack of lubricating value.

The new Mobiloil Arctic will give efficient lubrication from the first turn.

In its ability to meet your two cold-weather needs Mobiloil Arctic is unique.

1. Its correct body, and fluidity at zero assure easy starting and quick oil circulation.
2. It retains its rich lubricating value at your highest winter operating temperatures—thus assuring full protection no matter how fast or how far you drive.

Mobiloil Arctic has been tested and proved by millions of motorists in every cold country from Norway to Cape Horn.

When you change to Mobiloil Arctic you end every doubt about the correctness of your winter lubrication.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high quality lubricants for all types of machinery

Make this chart your guide

It shows the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for certain prominent cars. If your car is not listed below, see complete Mobiloil Chart at your Mobiloil dealer's.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (Freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford, Models T, TT, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine		1926 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn, 6-66	BB	Arc	BB	A	BB		A	A
" 8-cyl	A	A	A		A		A	A
" other models								
Buick	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB		A	
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB		BB	
Chandler Special Six			A	Arc	A			
other models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A		A	
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	A		A	
Chrysler, 6-cyl.			A	Arc	A		A	
Imperial 80 and Imperial	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	A	A	A
" other models	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Durant	A	A	A	Arc			A	A
Essex 8-cyl	BB	A	BB	Arc	BB		A	A
" other models	A	A	A	Arc	A		A	A
Erskine	A	A	A	Arc	A			
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A		A	
Ford, Model A	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" Model T					F	F	F	F
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB	B	BB	B
Gardner, 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc	BB		A	
" other models							A	A
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A		A	A
Hupmobile	BB	A	BB	A	A		A	
La Salle	BB	A	BB	Arc	BB			
Lincoln	BB	Arc	BB	A	BB			
Marmon 8-cyl	A	Arc	A	Arc	A		BB	
" other models			BB	A	A			
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A		A	A
Nash, Adv. & Sp. 6	BB	A	BB	A	BB		A	A
" other models	A	A	A	A	A		A	
Oakland	A	A	A	A	A		A	
Oldsmobile	A	A	A		A		A	
Packard	A	A	A		A		A	
Peerless 72, 90, 91	BB	A	BB	A	BB		BB	A
" other models	A	A	A	A	A		A	A
Pontiac	A	A	A	Arc	A		A	A
Reo	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Whippet	A	A	A	A	A		A	
Willys-Knight 4-cyl							B	A
6-cyl.	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	A	BB	A

New Ease in Gear Shifting

While your oil is being changed, have the transmission and differential drained as well. Then have them refilled with Mobiloil "CW" Gear Lubricant. The new Mobiloil "CW" remains fluid on the coldest days, and always gives rich lubrication. It makes gears easy to shift and further lightens the winter load on your engine.

the New Mobiloil ARCTIC

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other hide-hunting outfits had located the big herd. Not a report reached his ears. But such immunity would not last for long.

They would be coming, the hide hunters, hundreds of them, as soon as news of the herd's whereabouts spread. The hunters took the field again the following day. The slow northward drift of the buffaloes continued to move up from the south. Another three days and the sharpshooters found themselves ahead of the pelting crews again and left off shooting for a day to devote themselves to skinning.

The crews returned after dark to stow away a huge meal of roasted buffalo ribs, boiled potatoes and Dutch-oven bread, washed down by copious swigs of scalding coffee.

"How's the tongue business?" Coleman inquired of the cook.

"Rushing," that worthy replied

He had constructed a dipping vat of a green buffalo hide and filled it with a brine solution into which he dipped the tongues of the slain buffaloes as they were brought in by the skinners; the only portion of the animals saved except the hides. Two parallel walls of sod had been erected to serve as a smokehouse. From sticks placed six inches apart across the top of these two walls, the tongues were suspended, the top covered with buffalo hides to hold the smoke from the smudge fire that was kept smoldering on the floor of the structure.

By far the greater number of the hide-hunting crews did not trouble to save the tongues. But Coleman's crew was well organized and he was not disposed to pass up the substantial added profit afforded by smoking tongues as a sideline. He paid his cook five dollars a day flat wages. In addition, the man received a bonus of three cents for every buffalo tongue that he brined and smoke cured. Coleman's three hunters received twenty-five cents for every buffalo cow brought down by their Sharps, thirty-five cents for every bull, Coleman supplying the ammunition. On such days as they were too far ahead of the skinning crews and ceased shooting to turn their hands to skinning, they received the same rate as that paid the regular crews—forty cents for every hide removed. Usually, skinners worked in pairs and divided the proceeds of their joint efforts.

During the night two men rode into camp and reported that they had contracted to deliver forty buffalo saddles in Dodge City, the end of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, at five dollars a saddle. The following day they dressed and loaded into two wagons the saddles of the first forty cows skinned by the crews, then started for Dodge City, forty-odd miles away.

This left only three wagons in camp, which did not matter materially, as the only present use for them was that of transporting hides to camp. The two men would receive half of the price of the meat when they disposed of it in Dodge.

As Coleman resumed his shooting he could hear, in addition to the shots fired by his three hunters, the steady roll of other buffalo guns a few miles to the north. News of the big herd had spread swiftly and other outfits had rallied to the spot. A few miles to the east and on to the west, too, Coleman heard the swift reports of still more Sharps.

Already there were acres of pegged-out hides round Coleman's camp; also great stacks of hides, dried and folded once. And his crew had the cream of the hunting. The herd, on a ten-mile front, was drifting slowly up from the Indian country south of the Arkansas River. Coleman's camp was just north of that stream, in the exact center of the passing column. Every day fresh units of the big herd moved north across the river and each morning his hunters encountered no difficulty in making stands within a short distance of camp.

Lucky, other hide hunters would say of him, since he had been camped and ready to operate in the exact center of the advancing front of the herd even before the vanguard of it had crossed the river. But it had not been luck. It had been foresight. Most of the hide-hunting outfits still were operating—and none too successfully—well off to the northwest in the general vicinity of Fort Wallace, and north of that point, on the Republican and the Platte. In that general neighborhood the great hide-hunting campaign of the past two years had been waged. There had been hunting, too, of course, along the line of the Santa Fé Trail, but not to the extent to which it had been carried on in the Wallace region. Already the legend of the famous lost herd was springing up. The northern herd seemed to have been mislaid somewhere. In all that country between the Arkansas and the Platte, buffaloes had become increasingly scarce during the winter that was just now merging into spring. Now only scattered bands remained in that region. But the hide hunters persisted in scouring those parts, shifting about from spot to spot, confident that they soon would locate that great lost herd.

The herd was lost, as Coleman knew. And contrary to popular belief that the famous lost herd would reappear to repopulate the plains in former numbers, Coleman was well aware of the fact that it had passed on to join the beaver, the old mountain men of the fur brigades and the bulk of the red men, all of whom had preceded the northern herds to the happy hunting ground. It was lost—the great herd—never to return again. There were, of course, a considerable number of buffaloes still ranging the Dakotas and in Montana, where lack of transportation had retarded hide hunting. But those northern bands contained only pitiful remnants.

Aware of what was happening, Coleman had moved well to the north of the other hide-hunting outfits the preceding fall. When the slow southward drift of the northern herds had set in, he had met it north of the Republican and had profited accordingly.

And when the rearmost of the herd had passed, Coleman had traveled south with it, to find the numbers of the shaggy legion growing ever fewer, swarms of other hunters having worked upon the brown horde clear to the Arkansas River. That, Coleman was convinced, was the last great semiannual migration of buffaloes that would come down into Kansas from the north. Those central masses of the herds had made their last long pilgrimage to that region whence none return.

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"You Won't Mind Waiting Just a Little Longer, Will You, Brock?" She Asked Wistfully

The Retail Business of the Stock Exchange—By Boyden Sparkes

MY POST of observation was a glass-inclosed platform in the customers' room of a stock-brokerage house that caters to odd-lot margin traders. These are men and women, usually of small means, who buy and sell in transactions involving less than 100 shares, which is the unit of trading on the New York Stock Exchange. At the race track they would be called pikers; in a fish net they would be small fry; in Wall Street they are—odd-lot traders.

By chance, the day that I had selected to learn something about them was the first day of the big break in the market. What was happening was something that, because of their limited experience, many of these traders had believed could not happen. In every satrapy of that curious and mysterious empire called Wall Street men were huddled in crowds, as is their habit in times of trouble, but in this place I think the trouble was a little more intense.

In the front rank of the crowd facing the green quotation board was a young Chinaman wearing a soft gray hat that rested on his ears. A protruding tooth was fixed in the stump of a dead cigar. On tiptoe, to see over his shoulder, was a woman with a shiny complexion and red-rimmed, pale blue eyes. Her hat, as unbecoming as a clown's, seemed not to have been adjusted before a mirror, because lumps of untidy, reddish hair had escaped beneath its brim. On one of her fingers that clutched a savings-bank book and a broker's receipt for margin was a wedding ring. Pressing against the woman and quite unaware of her was a paunchy truck driver in a brown canvas coat, a blue flannel shirt and a cap with a patent-leather visor. In the mass it was a shabby crowd that kept its eyes focused upon the changing symbols behind that illuminated glass.

"Well," said one of the partners in this house, "last night we had 9000 accounts. I wonder how many we shall have tonight!"

As it happened, in the succeeding week his firm lost about 3000 accounts, but what sort of losses were suffered by the individuals represented cannot be measured. About 20 per cent of these unlucky speculators were women. One was a waitress. She called on the telephone soon after the market opened, to report that she would be unable to margin her account.

"We'll have to sell your stock," sympathetically explained the man to whom she talked.

"Stock?" she echoed. "What you'll be selling is my trip home to Ireland."

For others it meant things equally dear to them, a variety of dreams and needs only to be catalogued by listing everything that might be desired by 3000 human beings wanting escape from the city, wanting operations, school tuition, homes, engagement rings, furniture, or, perhaps, the money to engage in business for themselves.

Shoestrings

THEY are out of Wall Street now, and a partner in that firm with which they dealt said: "We get a new crop about every three years in place of those who lose their money."

Human nature being what it is, very likely it is futile to warn the successors of these vanished speculators that the partners of this firm have no memory of any odd-lot speculator who ever succeeded in building a shoestring account into a fortune.

"We have some customers who trade heavily," said one of the partners. "We have one customer who is operating with about $500,000. But neither he nor any of our other big clients started on a small scale."

In another commission house, which permits its customers to trade on margin in as little as twenty-share lots, a partner paused during the rush of business that was caused by the market break, to talk about shoestring speculators.

"A majority lose as they would in any gambling operation," he said. "We have about 3000 accounts, most of which are those of odd-lot traders. One of these is a man of intelligence who came to the United States from Hungary about 1921. He had $1000. He bought Consolidated Gas at 80. This stock was split two for one and has since sold at 180. That was his start, and he then branched out in odd lots. He has been conservative, a keen student of earnings and future outlooks, and is now worth about $500,000. I can think of no other case to match his.

"This man watches the ticker with the same intensity with which he might concentrate on any other business. If his judgment seems to have been wrong he runs like a scared cat. He knows enough to take a loss. The trouble with the average man or woman is a disposition to take short profits and large losses. This man still buys an occasional fifty-share lot, but sometimes he gives an order to buy or sell 1000 shares. He is the only man I ever heard of who developed into a successful market operator after a beginning in odd-lot speculating.

"On another occasion a man came in with $100 and bought ten shares of a stock selling at 7, which soon afterward went to 70. I remember him because I was not busy and talked with him for several hours that day. The commission on his trade was $1.25, but he kept on until our commissions on his trading amounted to around $500 a day. It is my recollection that he made about $40,000 and succeeded in keeping it.

"There was another who gave promise of achieving a like success. He was one of our employes—this was some years ago—and ran $600 up until he had $95,000. He had decided to buy a seat on the Stock Exchange and was $10,000 short of that goal, so he kept on. Then the market turned and he lost every cent."

Certainly there are others who have made a lot of money after starting as odd-lot speculators, but the number is slight in comparison with the numbers who lose consistently. One man whose position in Wall Street gives him an exceptional opportunity to be familiar with the beginnings of many successful traders remembers just one who started trading on margin in ten-share lots and made a fortune.

The odd-lot business, however, is a much more important element in Wall Street than the activity of what the commission houses refer to as "street-urchin speculation" would suggest. Even as the small speculative accounts were being sold, new accounts were being opened. These new accounts were opened by bargain hunters—by men and women who are, beyond any question, entitled to be classed as investors.

Buying at the Bottom, Selling at the Top

IT WAS about noon of that first day of the collapse that one of these came into one of the odd-lot commission houses to open an account. He had in his pocket $6000 in cash and a forty-share certificate of the common stock of a railroad that has paid generous dividends without interruption for nineteen years. That piece of paper was worth about $10,000. The man said he had paid $3040 for it in 1920.

"First time I've been in a brokerage office since I bought it," he said. "You better sell it for me before the price begins to crumble. I'll give you a list of the things I want to buy, because I can't be running over here or calling up on the telephone all the time. I'm a baker; work in Brooklyn."

The list the man produced was written in lead pencil on the back of an envelope. He had set down the names of half a dozen standard stocks. Opposite each name he had written the number of shares he wanted and the price he was willing to pay. These prices were in some instances many points below the prices on the tape. In no case had he undertaken to buy more than fifty shares; several of his orders were for ten-share lots.

"Six weeks ago," said the broker as he shook hands in farewell, "I'd have said your order was silly; right now, though, I expect I'll be able to execute it within the next week. How did you make up this list?"

"Well," said the baker, "I took a list of good dividend payers and figured at what price they would have to sell in order to pay 8 per cent."

"When did you do this?" asked the broker.

"About six months ago," replied the baker. "I'm never in any hurry when I spend money. It takes me too long to make it."

That baker is interesting because he is a specimen of a numerous kind of investor that is scattered all over the country—a kind that, with surprising consistency, buys at the bottom and sells at the top. People who do that over a period of years usually become rich. Most of them, to begin with, are rich in common sense.

Throughout the period of the market's deepest depression similar orders flowed into the commission houses from all over the

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One of the New Horseshoe Shaped Trading Stations That Have Replaced the Old-Fashioned Posts on the Floor of the New York Stock Exchange. Just Below the Pigeonholes in the Center is a Terminal Station of the Pneumatic Tubes Which Carry Odd Lot Orders and Acknowledgments

This famous statue—"THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS"—*which surmounts the Ward tower in Chicago, has for generations been the guiding inspiration of Montgomery Ward & Co.*

I am confident that during 1929 MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. *saved its customers at least* $35,000,000... *and to that extent contributed to the happiness and prosperity of the American people*

George B. Everitt
PRESIDENT . . . .

Operating the world's largest chain of general retail stores...a chain already numbering 550 stores throughout the nation...Montgomery Ward & Co. during 1929 sold $300,000,000 worth of quality merchandise to one-half of all the families in America.

It is estimated that these customers, by trading at Ward's, saved *at least thirty-five million dollars.* Their buying power was increased by that amount because this money was actually available to spend for other necessities.

This tremendous saving was made possible by Ward's great buying power and direct, economical plan of nation-wide distribution.

♣ ♣ ♣

During 1930, we will continue to expand this great service. The number of our stores will increase . . . and as more people become acquainted with us, wider distribution will enable us to save our customers even more money than in 1929.

If you do not know the advantages of trading with Montgomery Ward & Co. . . . *start the new year by visiting one of our 550 stores.* Make a personal inspection of our wide variety of quality merchandise. You will find courteous salespeople ready to serve you and, regardless of what you buy, you will be protected by the original Montgomery Ward guarantee..."*Satisfaction or Your Money Back.*"

If it is not convenient for you to visit one of our retail stores you can avail yourself of our regular mail order service through one of our nine mail order branches.

Once you become a customer of Montgomery Ward & Co. you will know the economy secret that already has increased the buying power of twelve million families.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

UNDER THE CORK—By Harry Jolson

I HAD some tough sledding again after Al left New York. It was evident that I was not intended to be a business man. I became acquainted with no less than four Newsboys' Homes on Manhattan Island, and in due course of time I owed all of them so much that I dared not go near any of them.

While I was in this predicament another youngster said to me, "Dere's a good place in Brooklyn; a Cath'lic boys' home. Why don't youse go dere?"

And so I did, and was provided with shelter. Perhaps they thought me an Italian or a Spaniard. Truly, the ethics of a hungry boy in his teens will not always bear looking into.

I presently drifted back to Washington—via freight train, of course—and began doing whatever I could, though singing was the job I always tried for. My vocal cords had settled down to business again. They were now producing a different quality of music, but I was happy to find that the voice was as clear, true and melodious as when it had been a tenor. I sang in beer halls, on excursion boats on the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay, at Fort Myer and other army camps during the few spring and summer months when the Spanish-American War was going on.

Harry and Lillian Jolson Entertaining a Soldier Audience in an Army Hospital

What old-timer in Washington remembers Snyder's place down near the Navy Yard, where you could get a big schooner of beer and a dish of crabs, all for a nickel? That was one of my concert halls.

The Soprano in the Gallery

AT ONE time I had a job at selling peanuts and candy in the Bijou Theater. The Bijou had been one of the fine old playhouses in the city, and in its time the best plays and greatest artists of America had been seen on its boards. But in 1898 its star had waned and it was given over to burlesque shows. One troupe which played there that season had a corking good singer—a coon shouter he was called then, whom hordes of fans know now as the famous Eddie Leonard. Eddie was featuring that season the popular song I'll Leave My Happy Home for You, and he would always urge the audience to join in the chorus with him.

One night Al was at the theater with me and, always ready and willing to sing, his clear soprano was the first voice to follow the star's into the chorus. Leonard was so impressed with its quality that he at once inquired as to the boy's identity, and, through my being employed at the theater, soon learned who he was. He made Al an offer to go with him and sing from the balcony, but he refused the offer.

A little later Aggie Beeler, burlesque queen, now the wife of Dave Marion, played the Bijou with a show called The European Sensation. Again from the gallery Al joined in the chorus of one of Miss Beeler's songs, My Jersey Lily, and made such a hit with the star that he once more received an offer to go with the troupe and sing from the gallery. This he accepted, and when the show left town Al went with it. He was then thirteen years old.

Father was very angry that time, and once more I was blamed for something which was entirely my brother's doing. I won't say that I didn't know he was going, but I certainly wasn't the cause of his going. No Puritan was ever more strait-laced than a strictly orthodox old Jewish rabbi. Notwithstanding father had once had grand-opera aspirations for himself, he was now bitterly opposed to the stage as a career for his sons. Probably he thought our aspirations and our possibilities of achievement much lower than his own had been.

Ah, well, the years have softened father's opinion of us and of our profession, and even given him a certain pride in us, though he takes care not to spoil us by praise.

I soon became restless again and went back to New York. There, as nothing better offered itself, I became a singing waiter in the restaurants of the East Side, which means that while standing idle for a moment, or even while carrying food to the tables, I warbled "the latest popular and sentimental songs" and was rewarded by tips from the gratified patrons—some of whom were too lordly to place the money in our hands, but tossed it on the floor for us to pick up. A waiter in such a job needed to become adept at slapping his foot on a rolling coin nine feet away and claiming it for his own.

Among the things we sang in those days were the coon songs which were just beginning to have such a vogue—Youse Mah Honey, My Coal-Black Lady, I Don't Care if You Never Come Back—which last, by the way, was said to have been maladroitly played by a colored band escorting the local colored company of Spanish-American War volunteers to the railway station. But the songs which seemed to hit those hard-boiled slum patrons right in the eye were the sob stuff—songs with large gobs of gooey pathos which made them feel nice and weepy—such as The Moth and the Flame, Just Tell Them That You Saw Me, Teach Our Baby That I'm Dead, and those two famous Spanish-American War songs, Just Break the News to Mother and Just as the Sun Went Down.

I was not yet seventeen and rather small, but I passed for a man. My most distinguished service was perhaps at Callahan's, on the fringe of Chinatown. Chuck Connors was then known as the mayor of Chinatown, but Mock Duck was the big Chinese boss. Steve Brodie, the Brooklyn Bridge jumper, was running his saloon on the Bowery, and around at 7 Mulberry Street was the saloon of Fatty Walsh, ward politician and father of Blanche Walsh, the actress. Big and Little Tim Sullivan, the politicians, Dry Dollar Sullivan and other picturesque characters were familiar figures seen on the East Side. Across the way from Callahan's, in the Chatham Club, was for a time another obscure singing waiter known only to the patrons as Izzy, but now known to all America and parts of the Eastern Hemisphere as Irving Berlin, millionaire song writer.

In August of 1900 I joined a burlesque show called The Brigadiers, doing a single turn, and after a season of hard work, found that I saved about $300. Now, I thought, was the time to go home and show my father what talent and perseverance would do in the theatrical profession. So I boarded a train for Washington, this time paying my fare and riding elegantly upon a plush seat instead of on the brake rods. Fancy my surprise at finding Al in Washington also, but broke, his voice gone and just walking moodily around the town. The fact is that his voice was changing; the beautiful boyish soprano was gone forever and he was destined henceforth to be a barytone. But at that moment he was confident that he would never sing again. Father was glad to see Al in that frame of mind; he thought that the stage madness—for him, at least—would now pass away and he could be induced to learn some other profession. But he was never more mistaken in his life. Al and I had theater in us plumb down to our marrow, and having had a taste of the life, we could never be content with anything else. Fingering over my $300 fortune, I suggested to Al that he and I frame up a double act for vaudeville, I to furnish the working capital.

Al was at first too discouraged to consider the idea, saying dolefully, "What can I do, now that my pipes are gone?"

"You can at least whistle and talk," I replied, "and I'll do the singing. My pipes are still good." I've forgotten to mention that Al was quite a remarkable whistler.

Another Go at New York

HE PRESENTLY took heart and we set out for New York—greatly to father's disgust—with no fears for the future, that $300 roll making us feel like millionaires. On the way we framed up our act. The publicity line we decided upon was: The Joelson Brothers—Harry and Al—in The Hebrew and the Cadet. We invested in costumes and baggage, rehearsed carefully and began making the rounds of agencies and managers, but received no encouragement. I was only nineteen, Al was sixteen, and we looked too young for managers to take a chance on. It wasn't many weeks before my $300 was gone.

The theatrical district was moving northward from Union Square then, but there around Fourteenth Street was still the Rialto. Theatrical hotels and boarding houses swarmed in the vicinity—Helen Green, in her Actors' Boarding House sketches of several years ago, drew some delightfully funny pictures of a supposed haven of the sort on Irving Place—and the benches in Union Square were always filled with actors, bragging of their successes, complaining of their wrongs or bewailing their ill luck. Sometimes a fellow's life seemed to be nothing but one continual round of borrowing and lending—usually borrowing—sweating blood to raise the money for board bills, hocking clothes, props, baggage and jewelry and then toiling and sweating to get them out again.

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APPEARANCE
PERFORMANCE
COMFORT
VALUE

133

Look for these *fundamentals* in the *New* Durant on display January *4th*

DURANT

A GOOD CAR

LIGHTER THAN AIR

Hathaway Yelled Something in Which the Words "Fire," "Flash Lights," and "Hydrogen" Were Intelligible. Stobie Vainly Shouted, "Don't, Hathaway!" Couldn't the Fool See the Wires?

By Everett H. Clark

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

TRUCKS laden with uniformed men thundered across the flat field and roared past the gigantic hangar that tomorrow would house the famous foreign Zeppelin in addition to the three American ships that already huddled forlornly in the vast interior. A half mile beyond the hangar, the trucks screeched to a stop and spewed a hundred tired marines upon the road in front of the barracks. Members of the regular detachment, in various stages of undress, poured joyously from the four flimsy buildings that had served, lo, these ten long years beyond their intended lifetime. The two factions milled noisily about the trucks in a hubbub of greetings, profanity, and frantic efforts to extricate the proper rifles, equipment and baggage.

Two second lieutenants skirted the confusion and tried not to look self-conscious as they moved toward a door placarded to advertise the presence of the officer of the day. A lean captain appeared, returned their salutes, and shook hands.

"Come inside, gentlemen," he invited. "We'll take care of your men."

He waved them past him and paused to shout over his shoulder, "Stobie! Get those new men shaken down!"

"Aye, aye, sir!"

The lanky sergeant who acknowledged the order ruined an otherwise smart appearance by removing his cap before blotting the brilliance of an innocent dandelion with precise salivary marksmanship. He thoughtfully scratched a ridiculous bald spot and then showed crooked and tobacco-stained teeth in an ill-natured snarl.

"Let 'em shake themselves down," he muttered. "What do they need—a nurse?"

Nevertheless, his sour but practiced gaze singled out the senior noncommissioned officer of the new detail, and he elbowed through a tangle of men to address that individual.

"Hello, Hathaway," he grunted.

The man spoken to jumped nervously and turned his slight frame about with a jerk. "Oh, hello, Stobie. Hello, Stobie. You here?"

"Yeah, worse luck. I gotta get you people billeted."

Hathaway immediately became indignant. "You have to billet my troops?" he demanded excitedly. "An ordinary sergeant take charge of a gunnery sergeant's detail? I should say not. I should say not. Don't bother me, you hear? I've got these men organized."

He shuffled the papers in his hands and then headed importantly into the mass of men, zigzagging here and there to shout at one man and another in haphazard fashion.

"Aw, go fry an egg," Stobie grunted after him, but Hathaway chose not to hear. A barely perceptible movement toward the formation of two lines of men began to take place. "If that's organization, I'd hate to see 'em disorganized," commented Stobie to himself. "At that rate it'll take him all night."

A hand fell on his shoulder and jerked him about into the arms of a gorillalike sergeant who hugged him and clapped him violently on the back at the same time. Stobie's snarl gave way to a delighted grin, and his tensed fist loosened as his eyes met his assailant's.

"Zarnick! You old rum hound! I thought you was in Nicaragua," he greeted, thumping the other in turn.

"Back last month," rumbled the gorilla. "How's things?"

"Rotten," returned Stobie, his grin fading. "Awful."

He stabbed Zarnick in the chest with a stiffened forefinger. "Listen, Zar. In one more month I'm through. An' this time it's goin' to be for good. Get me?"

"Yeah?" Zarnick sat down on the rail of the little rustic fence that separated the road from the barracks. "This post got you down?"

"That's part of it. Flunkyin' Zepps an' blimps for the Navy's no job for a marine. But the whole proposition has got me sore. Look at that, for instance." His long arm indicated the disorder of new men, with whom Hathaway had apparently made little progress. "It'll take that guy an hour to straighten out the mess he's made. Me, I'm supposed to billet 'em, but Hathaway won't get out of the way. An' nowadays the outfit's full of birds like him. You meet 'em every post you go."

Zarnick scratched his crooked nose. "So that's the tune."

"It ain't all of it," continued Stobie heatedly. "There's others besides the Hathaway kind. We got a squirt of a clerk named Breen in the office here. You know what he's like. One of them fresh kids that can pound a typewriter, but never heard a shot fired in his life. Spends his time makin' things miserable for everybody. I'll knock him loose from his skeleton one of these days."

Zarnick spat scornfully. "That's only local trouble, Stobie," he argued. "That's no reason for not shippin' over."

"Ain't it? Well, it pretty well is. Every post you go is the same nowadays. These 1929 recruits is runnin' the Corps."

"Afraid of your stripes?"

"Naw. Not these anyway. But the ones I got comin' to me are sure in a bad position."

Zarnich lifted his eyebrows. "The ones you got comin' to you? You been recommended for gunnery sergeant?"

"Yeah, but only recommended." Stobie scowled at the turmoil of marines still rushing about the trucks in nervous disorder. "It's this way." And he unburdened to his friend the tale of a long climb to official favor which had culminated in a recommendation for promotion. "An' then," he complained, "along come this Breen kiddo. He finds a couple mistakes in the guard book an' sells the top sergeant the idea that I'm no account. Then a couple members of the guard deserts, an' the major, thanks to Breen soundin' off, calls me in an' threatens to cancel my recommendation. As if desertions was my fault. It's a wonder they don't all desert, what with them big bags of wind over in the hangar keepin' us up all hours. The Old Man winds up by sayin' there had better not be any reports against me durin' the stay of this foreign Zepp."

A ruddy-complexioned corporal thrust his round face between the two and grinned maliciously at Stobie.

"The O. D.," he said, "wants to know if the new men are taken care of yet. I see they ain't, so I'm goin' back and tell him so." He started away, but Stobie caught him by the belt.

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THE NEW SHOW WORLD OF 1930

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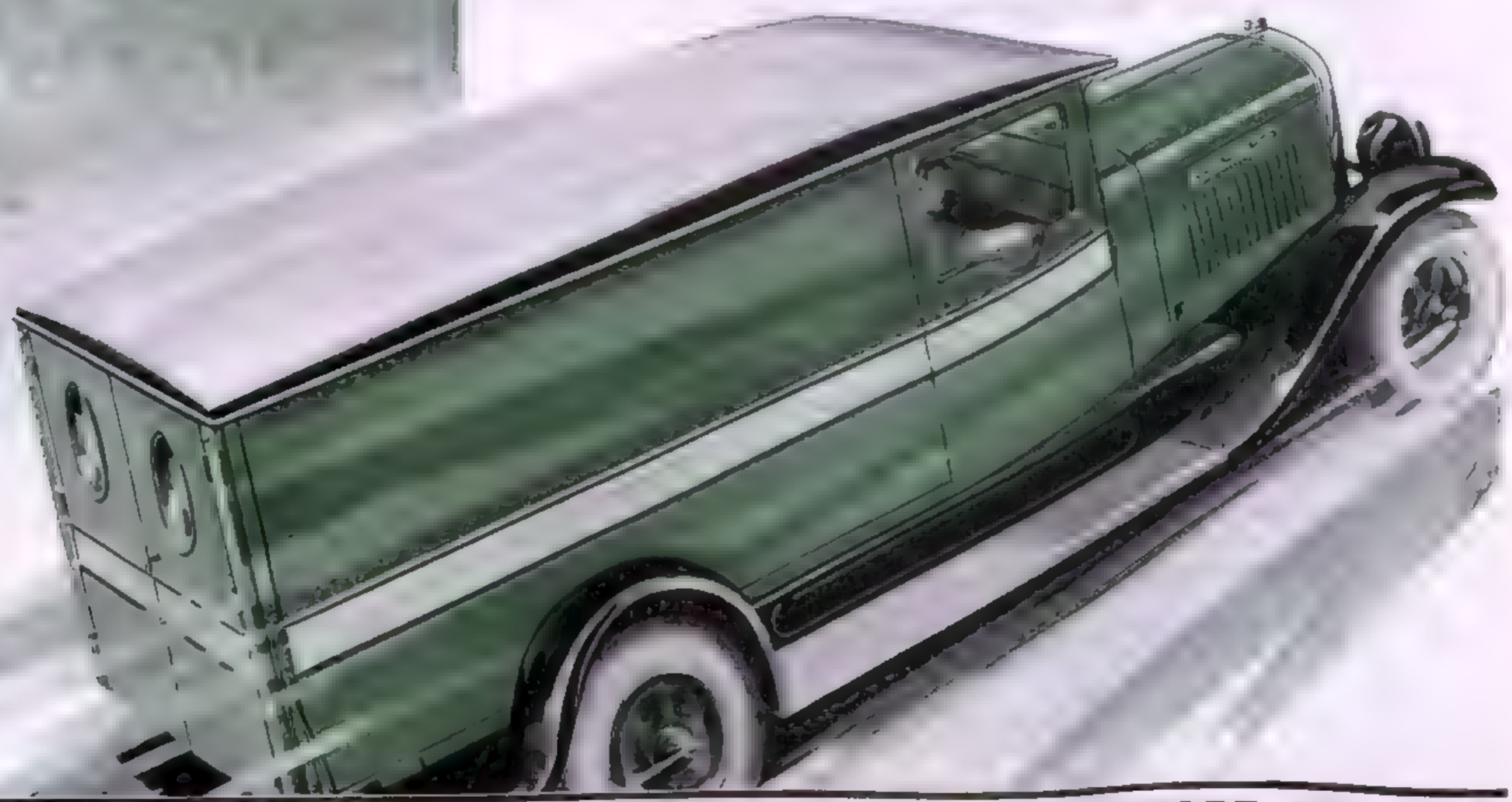

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"You'll tell him what, Breen?" he demanded.

The corporal struggled. "I'll tell him it doesn't look like they'd be settled for two hours yet, the way they're running around now."

"You'll tell him nothin', you fat-faced little dog-robber! . . . Here, Zar. Hold this pest a couple of minutes." He handed the corporal to Zarnick, strode to the nearest truck and mounted it to stand on the uncovered driver's seat. His whistle shrilled and his voice boomed authoritatively above the din of coughing motors and arguing men. "That new detail fall in in two ranks, an' fall in right now." There was a noticeable but unspirited movement toward compliance with the order. Stobie looked the laggards over carefully for a moment, until his eye fell on a husky private not too far away. Stobie leaned forward and pointed at this individual dramatically.

"You!" he yelled harshly. "Don't stand there with your mouth open. When you hear me talk, get goin', or I'll tear you in two."

Stobie hurled himself from the truck and charged violently at his victim, who waited only a second before taking hurriedly to his heels. The rest of the laggards, taking the well-staged drama to heart, scurried rapidly to their places, hesitating only to cast apprehensive glances behind them for assurance that this strange and vicious sergeant was not about to attack them too. In two minutes the entire detail was in line, and Stobie, moving parallel to their front, divided them neatly into groups and assigned each group its billet: "Topside in Barracks 4. Next detail take the lower deck in No. 3. Last detail, topside No. 3. All right. Fall out an' get inside." He turned back toward the grinning Zarnick and his captive. Hathaway, red-faced and almost trembling, barred his path.

"What do you mean, interfering with my men?" stuttered the gunnery sergeant. "I'll report this! I'll report this!"

"I was told to billet these men, an' that's what I been doin'," declared Stobie.

"That makes no difference. You can't humiliate me and get away with it."

"Aw, what are you kickin' about? Your men are all taken care of, ain't they?"

"Yes, but ''

Zarnick interrupted. "What you goin' to do with the fat boy, here?"

"Oh, him? Turn him loose," directed Stobie. "Let him go yell his head off to the O. D. I done what was told me."

"You'll do more than that when I get through," threatened Breen. He tucked in his disarrayed shirt and turned to Hathaway. "You want to make a report, sergeant?" he asked. "Come on with me and I'll write it out for you."

"There's what the Marine Corps has come to," complained Stobie when he and Zarnick were finally alone. "A lot of boot-lickin' clerks an' efficiency hounds that can't get nothin' done. Well, I may as well kiss that recommendation good-by."

"Do they take everything that serious around here?"

"Do they? You ain't seen nothin' yet. With this foreign ship comin' in, they'll stew around all night. Pick up your stuff, Zar, an' I'll dig you out a bunk before they send for me an' lock me up "

Stobie found a place for his friend and then hurried off to see that the mess sergeant had the proper information on how many extra men to feed. The mess sergeant had, but he was in no pleasant mood about it. "I rate five extra messmen and two cooks outa the new detail!" he bellowed at Stobie. "An' it's twenty minutes to suppertime an' they ain't here! Who's goin' to see they get here?"

"Don't look at me," returned Stobie placidly. "I'm no office force. Send over to the carpenter shop an' get yourself some wooden ones made. They'll be as good as what you got."

He left the galley abruptly and reconnoitered the entrance of the office, before undertaking the long half-mile walk to the guardhouse near the hangar. Activity certainly was starting with a rush. Men ran in and out, clerks with sheafs of papers appeared and handed messages to bicycle orderlies, two light trucks stood by with motors chugging, and a jumble of voices and clattering typewriters informed the listener that everybody was smothered with work

He trudged out across the field, cursing the system that gave bicycles to orderlies while a sergeant had to walk. He approached the guardhouse with misgivings Perhaps bad news about the Hathaway complaint was waiting for him. He was relieved to find that the corporal greeted him with a barrage of business instead of a personal message. Tourists, the corporal informed him, were already cluttering up the huge parking spaces; seventy-five state police would be in and expected the marines to feed them; the naval duty officer was asking how many men would be on the ground crew; hot-dog-concession men wanted locations for their stands; the executive officer wanted to know if the road signs were in place; the public-relations officer wanted to be sure that the guard knew what press passes looked like; the Zepp office wanted its orderly right away; and the whole guard wanted to know how about chow and when, if ever, they would get relieved.

Straightening these matters out helped Stobie forget the menace of Hathaway's report. As the settling of each problem seemed to bring in two more, he forgot his personal troubles. A bulletin was delivered, designating tomorrow's details: Ground crew to handle the big ship, overhead of galley force, office men, fire department, quartermaster activities, orderlies, telephone operators, truck drivers, and regular sentries, with the remainder of the command to handle the expected crowd. Stobie snorted.

His personal troubles came back with a rush. He was detailed as sergeant of the guard again. That would make forty-eight hours straight, with no telling when a new guard would take over. Breen must have had a hand in getting him this job. The telephone jangled again. It had been jangling continually since his return to the guardhouse.

"Sergeant o' the guard," he announced.

A voice informed him that the detailing of a ground crew of only half the total strength of the command was ridiculous: that at least half as many more should be furnished from the number available. Stobie referred the speaker to the first sergeant, who apparently had quite an argument about it, for he called Stobie some minutes later and asked him what he meant by transferring calls to a first sergeant's office that was already overburdened with work.

"An' what d' you think we're doin' down here?" demanded Stobie. "Playin' the jew's-harp for excitement?"

"That'll be all of the sarcasm," returned the first sergeant. "Next Navy file that calls up about this ground-crew business, you stave him off, see?"

"What'll I tell him?" objected Stobie. "I ain't makin' out the details."

"What do I care what you tell him?" came the answer. "Only you'd better satisfy him. Go over the roster by names if you have to. The Navy office has got some kind of an idea that our total strength should all be on the ground crew; that the whole outfit is just layin' around the barracks on their backs waiting for something to turn up. You've got to wise them up."

"All right," Stobie sulked.

The hours passed. Telephones and questions and answers, in addition to the thousand minor details of running a guard that was highly discontented and nervously excited by the tension in the air. About midnight came a call for all available members of the guard to report at the barracks for a lecture on tomorrow's duties. Stobie dragged his weary feet across the wide field once more and found the command packed to overflowing in the rickety mess hall, where the officer of the day, supported by the other marine officers and a captain of state police, was holding forth.

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The Tensity of a Full Day's Waiting Broke on the Air in a Wave of Wild Cheers, Cat-Calls, Whistles, and the Frantic Blare of Automobile Horns

THE RETAIL BUSINESS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE

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country—orders for fifty shares, for ten shares, for five shares, even for three, two or one-share lots. Most of these odd-lot transactions originating outside of New York City were outright purchases. As fast as the money to pay for them reached the commission houses the new stock certificates, bearing the names of the new owners—a myriad of farmers, doctors, village tradesmen, school-teachers and factory workers—were sent by air mail or air express to the banks or other agents of these bargain buyers. As a mass, these outright buyers of odd lots represent a tremendous economic force—one that is almost as powerful in reality as, in imagination, is that mysterious "they" on whom every market shift is blamed by the tape readers. On that occasion which is referred to in Wall Street as the 16,000,000-share day, which came several days after the first big break, there were additional transactions not visible in the ordinary records which totaled about 6,000,000 shares. These represented the trades in odd lots. Ordinarily the proportion of business in this silent market is about 300,000 shares for each 1,000,000 traded in round lots of a hundred.

In the last eighteen months the number of purchasers of odd lots of securities is believed to have doubled. This increase is attributed to a variety of influences, among which are the extension of the facilities of wire houses, the wide increase in investment opportunities, prosperity, and the educational effect of the Liberty Loans.

Since it requires precisely the same amount of clerical labor and caution to register and transfer one share of stock as it does to issue a fresh certificate for 10,000 shares, the increase in odd-lot buying is responsible for a considerable increase in the staffs of the principal transfer and register offices. Likewise, in certain Wall Street establishments which are devoted to odd-lot transactions, there has been a considerable extension of staff and facilities.

Catering to the Small Fry

There are three outstanding odd-lot firms. They do not trade with the public. All their buying and selling is done for their own account with the commission houses. The multitude of clients of all the commission houses which are affiliated with the Stock Exchange place their orders to buy or sell. The commission houses carry out those orders by dealing with one or another of the three great odd-lot houses. What the odd-lot houses do, in effect, is to buy stocks wholesale and sell retail, and sell wholesale and buy retail. Because of this mechanism of the market, the owner of one, two or a dozen shares of a listed stock, no matter in what corner of the world he lives, is as sure of a market at all times as the owner of 100 shares. This machinery constitutes a market within a market; an exchange within the big exchange.

For a clear understanding of the operation of this phase of the stock market, it is necessary to consider the conditions which brought the odd-lot business into existence. One of the chief factors was the unit of trading. In all markets there must be a unit of trading—some specific quantity of the commodity dealt in that is of sufficient size to determine prices. In the grain market, for example, a round lot is 5000 bushels, which rarely represents less than $5000. Obviously the sale of one bushel of wheat would be no accurate gauge of the market value of wheat. Similarly, in the security market, if the unit of trading was one share, sales of such small significance would not make what is called a fair market. So, originally, in the stock market 100 shares was fixed upon, because at par that number of shares would represent $10,000—a sufficient amount to test the real judgment of either a buyer or a seller. There were other reasons that helped to establish the unit at 100 shares.

Chief among these was the matter of management. It would be physically impossible to conduct the business on any unit smaller than the one now employed. The business on the floor of the Exchange is handled very largely by specialists. The commission brokers handle the orders to buy or sell round lots at the market; but all limited orders, stop-loss orders and other qualified orders that require careful watching to be fulfilled are placed in the hands of specialists.

On active days the Stock Exchange specialist is showered with limited orders, stop-loss orders, requests for reports, changes of limits and a variety of messages that serve to keep him in a perfect frenzy of activity. These specialists manage somehow to perform their tasks in lots of 100 shares or multiples of 100, but if they were to be burdened with the enormous odd-lot business as well, dealing in three shares, or seventeen, or sixty-nine, they would be swamped and the market would be clogged with unexecuted orders.

Long ago, however, the odd-lot business of the Exchange was taken over by brokers who were willing to make a market for anything from one share up to ninety-nine. Their business ancestor was a man named Monroe. Even the oldest members of the Exchange seem to have forgotten his first name. They suspect that he wore a stovepipe hat, because such articles were a sort of badge of the brokers in the days of the Civil War, when Monroe was transacting all the odd-lot business. All else about him has been forgotten.

The information which follows is based on the recollections of one of the veterans of the Stock Exchange, a man who is steeped in its history and traditions. Prior to the Civil War the predecessors of the present-day members of the Stock Exchange traded on call, sitting around desks like boys in a schoolroom, while a chairman in turn called out the names of the various stocks—chiefly railroad securities—then being traded in. That board was open for a couple of hours in the morning and then, after a luncheon period of one hour, there would be an hour or so of trading in the afternoon.

With the decline of the dollar that began with the Civil War, prices of stocks rose swiftly. When the Union forces fled from Bull Run, prices declined; whenever there was a Union victory they rose. The fluctuations were sharp and sudden. Speculation increased so greatly that the Board of Brokers could not handle the business, and on the sidewalk and in the street outside their meeting place another market was formed. After a while these street traders established themselves in a basement shelter which was sneeringly referred to by the Board of Brokers as the Coal Hole. Even this increase in facilities was insufficient to satisfy the demands of the swarm of wartime speculators, however, and in the afternoon when trading stopped downtown, the brokers hastened to the lobby of the Fifth Avenue Hotel to continue their buying and selling through the evening.

The customers of those brokers wanted, when news came from Bloody Angle or Gettysburg, to trade all night. Out of that curious market emerged Monroe, a broker who was at all times willing to buy or sell a fractional lot of stock at something like half a point away from the market price.

Economically, the end of the Civil War came in the panic of 1873, at which time Monroe seems to have disappeared. At any rate, another firm on the Exchange, which had been formed out of an amalgamation of the Board of Brokers and the men of the Coal Hole, then began to trade in odd lots. Apparently they did so in order to survive in a market that was in sad need of custom-

In order to get business, the floor trader of this firm used to go from post to post calling out on the fringe of each crowd, "Odd lots—odd lots." Mockingly, those who heard his cry pretended to understand that he was crying, "Old hats," and for many years after his experiment had developed into a prosperous business this man's nickname in Wall Street was Old Hats.

Old Hats and his partner were almost disposed to give up the odd-lot business, when the resumption of specie payments in 1879 changed the opinion of a great many investors about the future of America. Then came literally a flood of business for the pioneer odd-lot dealers, and several firms began to compete with them. For a while these several odd-lot dealers merely stood around the chamber awaiting the pleasure of any broker having a purchase or sale to make in a fractional lot. With such customers they would trade in the open market, at a point away from the prices being fixed in the 100-share market. Then, as now, they were retailers who operated wholesale in the 100-share market and traded retail, at a small profit, in the fractional market. But the market kept growing and there were not enough of these dealers on the floor to make a market. So they resorted to a new method—one that had come into being by chance.

A member of the Exchange had broken his leg. During the period of his convalescence and while he was unable to walk about the floor to the various centers of trading, he established himself at the post where Western Union was bought and sold. All other traders at that time were accustomed to move from crowd to crowd. This man took orders exclusively for transactions in Western Union. Before long he had discovered that in this active stock he was doing much more business than when he had wandered about the room. So, when he had recovered the use of his leg, he continued to deal exclusively in Western Union. He was the first of the Stock Exchange specialists, and his success resulted in other specialists establishing themselves at the various trading posts. Then the odd-lot dealers made arrangements for the specialists to represent them, on a commission basis, in each crowd of traders. This system lasted for a number of years, until the growth of trading reduced the importance of the odd-lot business to the specialists. Naturally they were not disposed to exert themselves to earn commissions on fractional lots when they had all the 100-share orders they could take care of properly.

The Mechanics of the Exchange

This situation compelled the odd-lot dealers to make the arrangement which is in force today—that is, of having a sufficient number of men on the floor to represent them in every trading cluster. The consequence of this is that each of the three principal odd-lot houses today has thirty-five or more representatives on the floor. They are to be found at each of the new horseshoe-shaped trading stations that have been installed to replace the old and less convenient trading posts.

Many of these representatives are affiliated with the odd-lot dealers as associate brokers. In addition to its half dozen partners on the floor, one of these firms has also thirty-two associate brokers, of whom twenty-two a few years ago were clerks in its employ. These fortunate twenty-two are young men who are definitely persuaded now that the United States is a land of opportunity. A few years ago they were receiving salaries of thirty-five or forty dollars a week plus an annual bonus that made their earnings total between $3000 and $4000 a year. Most of them were telephone clerks transmitting buying and selling orders from the main office to the floor of the Exchange.

Opportunity came to each of them in turn, in the guise of an offer from their employer to lend them, at a low rate of interest, the money to buy a seat on the Exchange. Some of them were required to go into debt for as much as half a million dollars. Quite recently all of them were enabled to wipe out a considerable part of that obligation, when a decision to enlarge the membership of the Exchange gave each a quarter interest in a new seat. The cash value of this right was about $125,000. However, they were doing pretty well without that windfall.

For the six months ending May 31, 1929, twenty of these associate brokers earned in commissions an average of $50,969.86. The broker at the top of this list made, during those six months, $87,000, and there were several whose half-year earnings exceeded $60,000. For the last half of this year their earnings, of course, will be greatly in excess of the figures given here. It is quite possible that one of these men will make more than $200,000 in commissions for the year 1929, which is pretty good for any young fellow accustomed, no longer ago than 1920, to the wearing of shiny pants.

Few persons realize what an intricate mechanism has been developed by that exclusive club which is called the New York Stock Exchange. Beneath the floor on which walk these men whose memberships in recent times have been discovered to have a market value of as much as $600,000, is a concealed nerve system of

(Continued on Page 38)

The Parkway, Philadelphia

These New Giant Rails are Laid

Pennsylvania trains run on fastest schedules made between Chicago and New York, St. Louis and New York. Yet their swift journey is accomplished with ease—for they travel by the shortest line over one of the best-kept roadbeds in the world . . These new, heavier rails are only one of many recent advances.

ensuring smoother, swifter travel for Pennsylvania trains

Already on all the Pennsylvania's main line, the work nears completion. And progress is rapid in the territory beyond . . .

The old rails are removed! The new, heavier rails are laid! And new ties! Clean stone ballast! Larger tie plates . . .

To effect such improvements over its vast system since 1925, the Pennsylvania has purchased a yearly average of over 200,000 tons of steel rail alone—the largest consecutive yearly purchases in railroad history.

• • •

Perhaps you yourself have noticed it . . . if you have ridden recently over the Pennsylvania's lines between New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis . . . *the new extraordinary smoothness with which your train speeds over the rails!*

For these new rails used by the Pennsylvania represent an important advance in railroad engineering.

Weighing 130 pounds to the yard, they are almost a third heavier than the former standard. Held to heavy ties by steel spikes and tie plates, firmly anchored with steel anchors, and ballasted with stone—they seem not to feel the weight of the half-million-pound steel giants which speed over them.

A railroad is always being rebuilt. In its progress it constantly renews itself. Over 30,000 men are employed in the maintenance and improvement of the Pennsylvania's right of way. Day after day, there are inspections, tests, replacements.

And you in your berth at night—in your cushioned seat during the day—recognize the improvement in smoother, swifter travel—*speed with comfort.*

• • •

These popular trains now travel swiftly, smoothly over the new, heavier rails:

BROADWAY LIMITED
New York, Philadelphia and Chicago

THE AMERICAN
New York, Philadelphia and St. Louis

LIBERTY LIMITED
Washington, Baltimore and Chicago

CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED
Washington, Philadelphia and New York

THE RED ARROW
Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland and the East

CINCINNATI LIMITED
New York, Philadelphia and Cincinnati

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

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telegraph and telephone wires. Hidden there, also, is a device like the intestine of a fabulous organism more than twenty miles of coiled and twisted pneumatic tubes. It is these that carry the orders and acknowledgments of the odd-lot business.

An order for four shares of Radio Corporation at the market which is placed, perhaps, by an Arizona rancher through a bank in Phoenix, is relayed to a commission house. Practically all the commission houses have special departments for expediting odd-lot orders. From the commission house in New York the order is telephoned to the telephone clerk of that house on the floor of the Exchange. The telephone clerk writes out the order, stamps it with the name of the odd-lot dealer who handles his firm's business, and hands it to an employe of the Stock Exchange in charge of the nearest station of the pneumatic-tube system. This man, in turn, places the order in a cartridge that is sent by tube to the horseshoe where stands the Radio crowd. At the tube terminal there, another employe of the Exchange receives the order and either delivers it to the broker of the odd-lot firm or else places it on a spindle that bears his name, and to which he returns at frequent intervals.

The transaction which then occurs is a one-sided affair, but all the force of the Stock Exchange may be invoked as an umpire to judge its fairness to the buyer. What happens is this: The representative of the odd-lot firm, having received the order for four shares of Radio Corporation listens for the next sale of a round lot of Radio. If the price at which this is sold should be 50, then he fills the order for four shares at a price of 50⅛; conversely, if he should have an order to sell four shares of Radio, he would make the price 49⅞.

Odd-Lot Technic

This profit of an eighth of a point applies to most of the stocks listed on the Exchange, except for some high-priced stocks, on which the profit to the odd-lot dealer is a quarter of a point. Now, it is obvious that these retail dealers in stock must at all times be either long or short of the market. Before one of them can fill even an order for one share of Radio, he must have bought or borrowed 100 shares of Radio; and since the total of their orders each day pretty nearly covers the list of stocks, this means that ordinarily they must be supplied with a wide variety of this expensive merchandise, the value of which is constantly fluctuating. They must be long or short from one to ninety-nine shares, at least, of every stock traded in.

A question that occurs to many people is how the odd-lot dealers insure themselves of a profit in such a kaleidoscope of values, and the answer is that the supply of orders makes the insurance which they need to get their merchandising profit. Frequently they are able to match orders. Mr. Smith, in St. Paul, wishes to sell fifty shares of Radio, and Mr. Jones, of Minneapolis, wishes to buy fifty shares of Radio. Even though these two orders may be handled by the same commission house, they must be passed along to an odd-lot dealer. It is his privilege to swap the two on the basis of the next sale of a round lot, and reap a profit of a quarter of a point for his part in routing Mr. Smith's stock to Mr. Jones and Mr. Jones' money to Mr. Smith. These two gentlemen, although quite unaware of their mutual part in the transaction, have been in effect permitted to make a trade across the frontier of the stock market. If the business was always as perfectly balanced as that hypothetical transaction, it would be ideal, but, naturally, it has ragged edges.

Recently a partner in one of the odd-lot houses was asked how they even up, when they find themselves long or short of a particular stock.

"It is a matter of judgment," he replied, "and the odd-lot houses all employ different methods. Each house is inclined to regard its method as a sort of trade secret. Sometimes our judgment is wrong and we have to take a loss; when it is good, we increase our profit. Naturally we try to anticipate the market."

The odd-lot firms require a large capital to operate their establishments. They must earn enough to pay hundreds of employes, to pay the interest on the value of the investment in Exchange memberships, rent for three or five floors of the most expensive office space in the world, and other overhead charges. In addition they have every night, large sums of idle money locked up in transfer. Sometimes this amounts to millions of dollars. Occasionally this situation is intensified.

"Suppose," said one of these dealers, "that when Steel is very active, the Steel transfer books close for three or four weeks, as they sometimes do; and there is a decline in Steel and the public is buying odd lots. We have to sell those odd lots, and we have to buy hundreds against them. Now, the hundreds come in, but the odd lots cannot go out, because the transfer books are closed and we cannot split up any of our hundreds to make deliveries. At the end of three or four weeks we may have accumulated a very large amount of Steel in hundreds, which we are obliged to carry."

The odd-lot dealers have other troubles. One of their constant griefs is the matter of adjustments. Because of the position of trust in which the odd-lot dealers are placed in making prices, they are obliged to lean over backward in adjusting any complaints, and complaints are constant. The trouble is that the average customer believes the ticker tape carries an absolutely faithful chronological report of every transaction on the floor of the Stock Exchange. The truth is that it often happens, in a lively market, that the men who report these transactions—telegraph operators—find it necessary to quote in uninterrupted sequence half a dozen sales that may have occurred over a period of six or seven minutes.

A customer, watching the tape in some broker's office, sees a succession of numerals emerging into view: Steel, he decides, has just sold in rapid succession at prices that fluctuate from 200, 200½, 200⅛, 200¾, 200⅜.

Then, if he discovers that what he has bought has been given to him at the high price of that series, he concludes, wrongly, that the odd-lot dealer has watched the sales as they came out, picked out the highest and reported on that. The truth is that every stage of an order's journey to the floor and of a report back to the customer is checked with a time stamp. What the customer suspects simply cannot happen, but if he should complain and a study of the transaction should reveal that his order was not completed with all possible celerity, and to his disadvantage, the price is adjusted.

Small Investors and Big Crises

All the odd-lot houses have claims departments, in which there are many clerks. There is also a stamping clock, which prints the time on the tape every minute. It is possible to compare the time-stamped order with the time-stamped tape and decide, with a pretty fine degree of accuracy, when a transaction occurred and whether a customer was given the price to which he was entitled.

The odd-lot dealers take these difficulties as a matter of course, but the commission houses are somewhat less philosophical about them. A few houses are unwilling to handle odd lots on any basis if they can avoid them. They prefer to keep their facilities for customers dealing in round lots, contending that the overhead on a one-share transaction is just about as costly as the overhead on a 1000-share deal. Most of the largest wire houses, however, have special departments to care for the odd-lot customers. A large number of these commission houses have established a minimum commission rate for all transactions. Their commission on 100 shares of any stock selling between fifty and seventy-five dollars a share is $17.50—that is, 17½ cents a share—but the minimum commission, even for one share, in most brokerage houses is five dollars. There are a few which have established the minimum at three dollars. This charge, of course, is the only profit of the commission house. The odd-lot dealer gets no commission. His profit is that ⅛ or ¼ point away from the market.

"Primarily, odd lots are an immensely valuable business to Wall Street," said a governor of the Stock Exchange recently, "because the sum of these holdings exercises a stabilizing effect upon the market. When we have very bad markets, when we have big declines or panics, the purchases of the small investors, who come into the market at such times in large numbers, are a powerful force in checking the decline. That is the time when they do the heaviest buying. Such buying was conspicuous in the panic of 1907. It has been even more conspicuous in the October, 1929, decline. When a wild bull market gets in operation, these same small investors tend to check the violence of the rise. Tempted by profits and prompted by a solid understanding of values, they come in at such times as sellers. They have another value to the interests of all concerned with the sale of securities. The greater the number of stockholders in corporations the more public opinion there will be in favor of protecting the corporations against improper attacks in the legislatures."

The largest of the odd-lot dealers has today about 1250 employes; less than two years ago it was employing 400. There has been a considerable growth in the size of the organizations of its two principal competitors. Each of these houses is planning to enlarge its staff, because each expects a steady increase of business. There are sound reasons for that expectation.

It is predicated on the consistent growth of the odd-lot business from the time of the Civil War down to the present. A picture of that growth is given by the records of this firm for the last twenty-five years. Between 1904 and 1907 its transactions amounted to between 2 and 3 per cent of the total sales on the New York Stock Exchange. From 1907 to 1912 its percentage of the total of Exchange trading increased from 3 to 6½ per cent. From 1913 until the close of the war in 1919, this increase mounted from 7 to 11 per cent. During 1919 the firm's daily average of business amounted to more than 11 per cent of the total, and sometimes crept above 12 per cent. During early 1929 its percentage was about 13 per cent. Then the business in odd lots really began to boom.

What happened during nine days of trading in the October and November break is reflected by the records of this house. The following table shows its daily business in odd lots, contrasted with the percentage of the total of business for the Stock Exchange:

DATE	SHARES IN ODD LOTS	NUMBER OF TRANSACTIONS	PERCENTAGE OF EXCHANGE TOTAL
Oct. 24 . . .	1,568,284	61,713	10.7
Oct. 25 . . .	1,336,362	49,069	19.0
Oct. 26 (Sat.)	602,388	25,986	22.7
Oct. 28 . . .	1,384,483	52,315	12.1
Oct. 29 . . .	1,004,138	39,227	10.1
Oct. 30 . . .	1,507,311	70,875	11.1
Oct. 31 . . .	1,470,599	76,772	15.6
Nov. 4 . . .	2,023,799	82,753	26.3
Nov. 6 . . .	1,638,415	75,943	20.6

When it is remembered that these figures represent the business of only one of the three large odd-lot dealers, the volume of these small trades may be understood to represent a surprising proportion of the aggregate of security trading. Certainly, if the number of shares in odd lots and the number of transactions in the above table were doubled, it would remain a conservative picture of the total.

So, it may be seen that these retail customers of the stock market are a considerable and important army. Likewise, it is a smart army. In the depths of the later stages of the decline the great majority of the odd-lot orders were buying orders.

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 22)

Italy, for he is strong, and hence noble; he is vastly rich, and hence good. If Scarface Al had had the genius of a Medici or a Sforza, he might today be Prince of Chicago! But you sit there staring at me as if you thought every word was precious, and all the time you are wondering whether there is enough roast beef left in the ice box to make hash out of!"

"Yes, dear," said Maudie. "You've spilled something on your blue serge again."

"Oh, let my blue serge alone. You ought to take an interest in current affairs and general ideas. Now, when we get to the Crews' party, you'll find a lot of big writers and thinkers there, and you ought to be able to act intelligent."

"Yes, dear," said Maudie. "And you'd better wash your face."

We then went to the Crews' party. Toward the end of the evening I observed that Maudie had eddied into a corner with Lefranc, probably the world's most highly esteemed authority on the philosophy of government. They were sitting side by side. Lefranc was talking earnestly, and Maudie's great brown eyes were turned raptly upon him. Lefranc was enumerating points on his fingers. He threw his arms wide and his body was convulsed, to indicate, perhaps, the collapse of all governments. I saw Maudie's lips move. I knew what she was saying. "Yes, dear," she was saying. She leaned forward and straightened Lefranc's necktie.

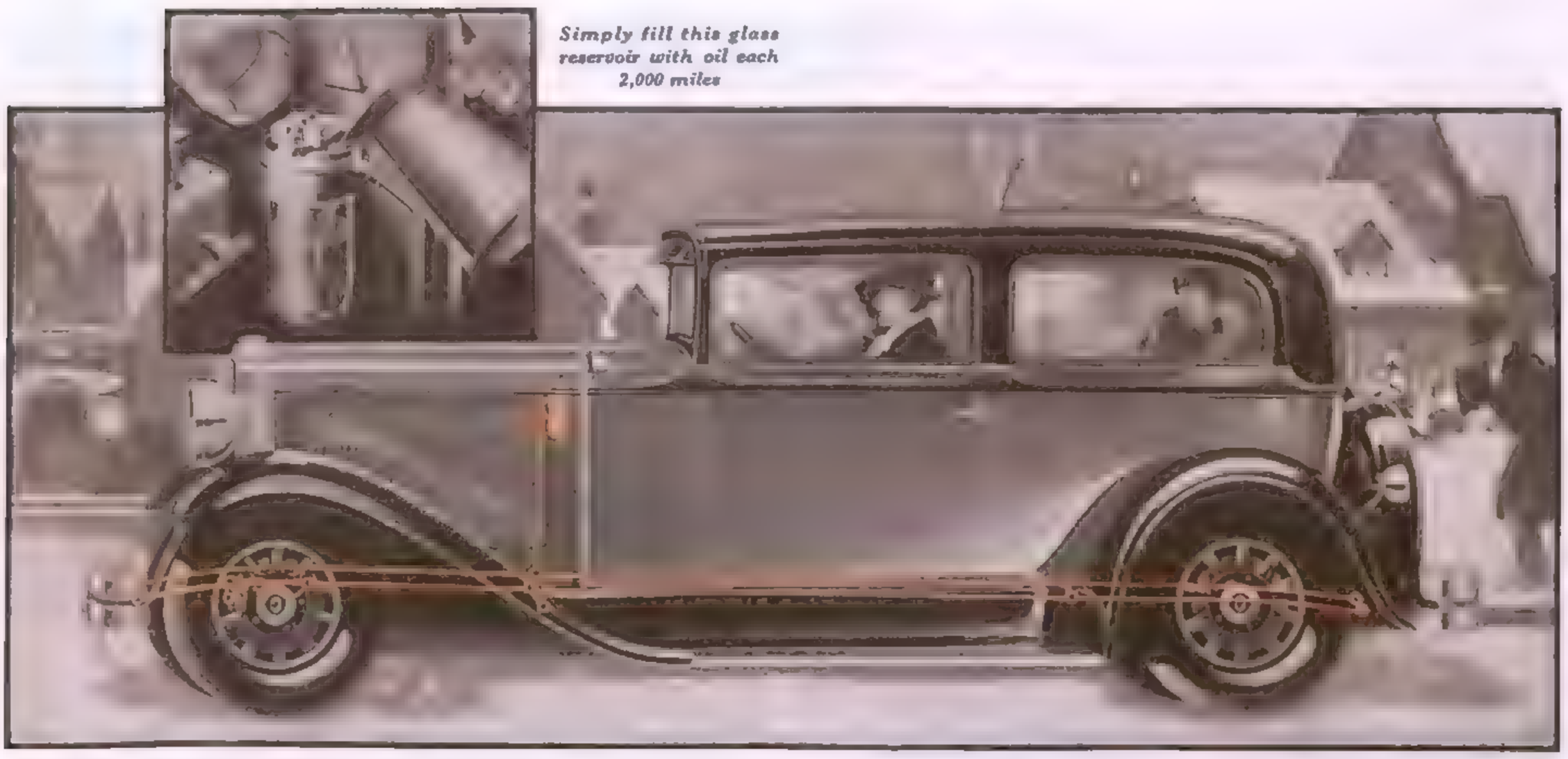
It was time to go. Lefranc brought Maudie to my side and bade us an ecstatic farewell.

"Your wife is a wonderful woman," he said to me. "Such comprehension! Such intelligence! Such sympathetic charm!"

Going home in the taxi, I gave Maudie a little talking to. "You certainly put it over on Lefranc," I said, bitterly perhaps. "I can see you still, staring at him as if he were the Woolworth Tower. And he took it all in. Well, it's natural, I suppose. These fellows with great brains usually haven't much sense. And since what they love is talking, not communicating information, all they ask is listening, not understanding. In fact, complete understanding on the part of the auditor would be an inconvenience, for if one understands completely one interrupts and interferes, directing the conversation into unexpected channels which distract the speaker from his logical course."

"Yes, dear," said Maudie, removing a piece of string from my coat collar.

—Morris Bishop.



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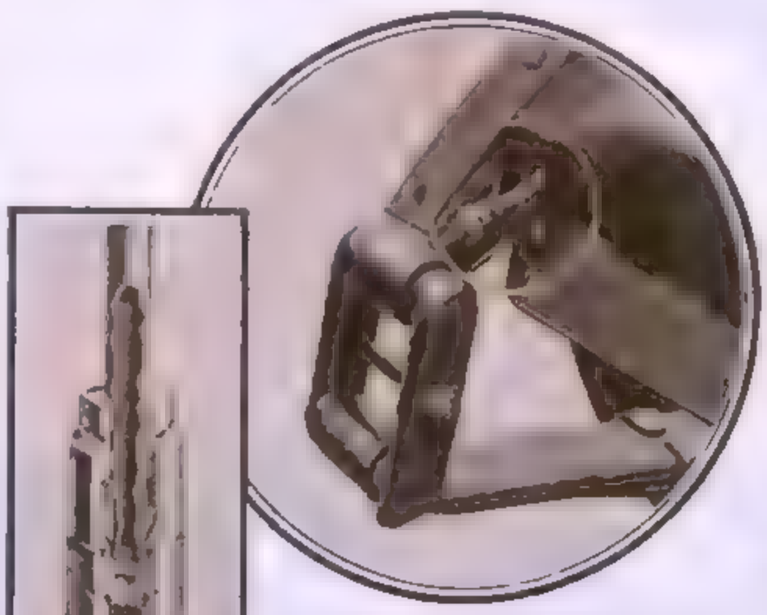

Connection at spring shackle showing heavy copper tubing and resistance unit, typical of that at all other chassis bearings

Cutaway of resistance unit which measures flow of oil at each bearing connection

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ALEMITE AUTOMATIC
CONTINUOUS CHASSIS LUBRICATION
Lubricates As You Drive

SARDINES

(Continued from Page 17)

"I did not find Mr. Du Charme," said Jeff.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Vance again. "And what a time for it to happen! We must notify the police at once. He must be found without delay."

"That sounds like a dead-or-alive order, Mr. Vance."

"It is," said the banker. "Of course I am exercised for Mr. Du Charme's safety. Not that he was a close friend, for he had no close friends, but I knew him as well as any man could. But there is more than that. Very important matters hinge upon Mr. Du Charme, and his disappearance at this time jeopardizes a considerable project in which we were associated."

"Ah," said Jeff. "Does one infer from this that it would be to any man's advantage to have him disappear at a critical moment?"

"Quite the contrary. His presence is essential to all parties in interest—indeed, I may say it is vital. This is most unfortunate. It is disastrous."

"To Mr. Du Charme as well as to you and your associates?"

"More so, I should say. But what do you mean by that question?"

Jeff shrugged his shoulders. "It was merely a point to consider," he said. "Men disappear from a variety of reasons: They are murdered, they are abducted, they vanish because they are afraid, and they whisk themselves away for some profit to themselves."

"The last supposition is absurd," said Mr. Vance. "He would have made a very large sum of money, if nothing had happened to him."

"May one ask the nature of this enterprise, sir?"

"I do not see how it could enter into an investigation of Du Charme's disappearance," said Mr. Vance, "but I see no reason why I should not answer your question in confidence. There are three companies serving Hampstead with, respectively, gas, electricity and water. Mr. Du Charme was president and controlling stockholder in the gas company. The project consisted of a merger of the three, or, rather, the taking over of the three by a new company forming for that purpose."

"By which Mr. Du Charme would have made money?"

"A very considerable sum. Upwards of a million dollars, Mr. McTodd."

"Then it would seem an absurdity that he should disappear to upset the apple cart."

"The height of absurdity. So much so, young man, that it is unthinkable. No. If anything has happened to him—if, in his queer way, he has not simply gone some place for a day or two without notifying his friends—then there remains but one conclusion: He has met with foul play. Some thug has struck him down for the money he carried in his pocket."

"Then," said Jeff, "we should notify the police at once."

"At once," agreed Mr. Vance.

"By the way, what was Mr. Du Charme's reputation as a business man?"

"Excellent. Peculiar he was to the point of eccentricity. He was a sharp dealer and you had to keep your eye peeled, but once he had given his word, it was to be depended upon absolutely. His ways were not always my ways, but they were due more to an odd disposition and a peculiar personality than to anything else."

"And his disappearance or his death, if he be dead, will upset this amalgamation project?"

"It will, indeed. Or impede it to the point where it will be impossible to consummate. You see, his stock will become a part of his estate. New negotiations will have to be entered into with Mr. Du Charme's heirs and executors. And who can say what will happen during this delay—a delay of a year or more?"

"I see," said Jeff. "Possibly, sir, it will be best for you to notify the police."

"I will do so at once," said Mr. Vance.

The afternoon papers made the matter public and policemen became an accepted hazard on the course of the Lark Meadow Country Club.

"We'll have to have a local rule," Jeff said. "If a ball comes to rest on a detective it can be lifted and dropped without penalty."

Men in uniform and out of uniform searched the woods for clews; they dragged an adjacent pond; they subjected caddies and employes to a semi-urban third degree. But the disappearance continued to be a disappearance. Investigators quarreled as to whether or not there were signs of a struggle; one officer insisted he had found the track left when a body or other heavy object was dragged out of the grove, but the *corpus delicti* continued to be unobtainable.

Then, on the following morning, a Pole employed as a laborer on the course was placed under arrest. He had walked down Main Street in a condition indicating lack of abstemiousness, wearing Mr. Du Charme's coat. The coat was much too small for him, but it was an excellent garment; and in the coat was Mr. Du Charme's billfold, empty, and Mr. Du Charme's pipe, and other minor articles which had been the property of the eccentric little man.

Clear, then, to the police eye was the fact that Du Charme had been murdered for the money he was known to carry; and upon their authority the papers printed obituaries. But the Observer, more enterprising than its rival, unearthed the story of the combination of local utilities, and remarked upon it editorially.

It was, the Observer considered, regrettable that Mr. Du Charme should have been removed at the moment of his greatest usefulness to the community; when, by his genius, there was about to be brought about this grouping of companies which would be of singular benefit to all. Now, said the paper, the consolidation could not be effected, to the great detriment of the citizenry, but especially to that of the stockholders in the three enterprises, who would have realized handsomely through the success of the project.

Which was true. Rumors of the price which the holding company was to pay for stock in the three concerns had lifted the value of the stock in a rather sensational way, and the Observer estimated that the loss of Mr. Du Charme alone—by his unfortunate demise—was not less than a million and two hundred thousand dollars. For, the project having come to nothing, the speculative value of the companies dropped as sensationally as it had risen. Indeed, it fell more sensationally, for it is a scientific fact that there is more weight in pessimism to fall downward than there is buoyancy in optimism to soar upward. Bad news always is more potent than good news. There will always be some to doubt the truth of glad tidings, but every man gives full faith and credit to any broadcasting of disaster. The human race believes implicitly in its inherent bad luck.

The Polish person, languishing in jail, was sullen and obdurate; he declined to confess, indeed he declined to hold any intercourse upon any subject. Beyond saying that he had found the coat, and that the billfold was empty when it came into his possession, he stood mute.

"But they'll hang him," said Abigail Vance to Jeff.

"For what?" Jeff asked.

"Murder, of course."

"Not," said Jeff, "until they can produce at least an identifiable portion of Mr. Du Charme. You can't have a murder without a body, and the police are in a state of poverty as to corpses. No, Mr. Vasilinski can sit with a look of ineffable unconcern until the officials produce an arm or a leg or even a whisker."

"But any sensible person knows he did it."

"It must be nice to be sensible," said Jeff.

"Don't you believe he did it?"

"There is a certain amount of skill visible in this affair which lifts it to a plane higher than Mr. Vasilinski," said Jeff. "He might have killed Mr. Du Charme and stolen his money, but he would have had neither the foresight nor the adroitness to hide the body."

"But why," asked Abigail, "didn't the killer hide the golf bag and the hat as well? Then nobody would have known anything had happened for days and days."

"That," said Jeff, "is precisely what I have been asking myself."

"By the way," said Abigail mischievously, "you have been talking to me on a plane of social equality."

Jeff regarded her under his brows. "It is the heat and the excitement," he said. "I shall not offend again. . . . Now your back swing, please, slowly and smoothly."

"Won't you tell me what you do think?" she asked.

"This is a golf lesson," said Jeff.

"Oh, drat golf! I'm interested in crime."

"In that case, your authority is the chief of detectives," Jeff said. "Shall we proceed?"

"No," Abigail snapped, and turning her back, she marched to the caddy house in a regrettable state of temper.

Jeff, being unoccupied for half an hour, sat down on the tee to reflect; it was upon the caddy bag in the woods that he directed his reason, and a number of conclusions resulted:

First, the caddy bag and cap had been overlooked by the murderer; second, for some reason, the murderer had been unable to return for them; third, the murderer might have left them for the purpose of throwing dust in the eyes of the police.

These three possibilities presupposed a crime. After deliberation, Jeff discarded the first two; it seemed to him that a murderer able so adroitly to conceal the body would not have neglected such pieces of evidence; nor, with an entire night before him, was there anything imaginable to prevent his return to remove them. In that case, if he relied on his powers of logic, the bag must have been left purposely for some good reason and to serve a definite end. But what end? How could it help to insure the murderer's safety? That, Jeff could not perceive; so he left the point to go on to another—to the voluntary disappearance of Mr. Du Charme.

Again he checked off the possibilities and reached the same conclusion that the bag and cap had not been forgotten; that it would have been possible for Mr. Du Charme to take them with him, and that, in as much as they were found there, it was meant that they should be found. But if that were the case, why in the woods, where they might escape notice for days or weeks?

"This Du Charme was a smart little egg," Jeff said in his thoughts. "Everybody admits that. Very well, then. He wants to disappear and to make his disappearance look as if it were a murder or an abduction or something scaly. He goes out without a caddy and is not seen again. Nobody notices that, because he's an odd bird. But sooner or later he will turn up missing and folks will be asking questions. The last time he was seen alive will be when he went out to play. Hence a search of the golf course. Hence a search of the woods, and the inevitable finding of the impedimenta. Very adroit and natural."

He prodded the turf with his club as he sat and whistled through his even, white teeth.

"Which is absurd," he admitted, "because he had every reason to stay and none to go. Even this gossiping town never tied a scandal to his leg, so it is pretty safe to say he wasn't mixed up. His life was lived in broad daylight and even in the spotlight. So it's unlikely he had the motive of fear to make him skedaddle. And he had the motive of gain—to the tune of more than a million dollars—to make him stay. And there we are. But this I will say, Brother Bones: Whoever left that golf bag under the trees left it with malice aforethought, on purpose, and for a reason sufficient to himself."

Monday was Jeff's day of freedom away from the club. In the morning he called upon Mr. Vance in his office, where he was received graciously by the president.

"What can I do for you today, young man?" he asked.

"You know I have fifteen thousand dollars," said Jeff, "and it is lying on its back with nothing to do but kick its heels up in the air. I want to invest it."

"Very sensible. And in what do you want to invest?"

"I was thinking," said Jeff, "of buying some stock in the gas company. It looks pretty low to me."

Mr. Vance shook his head. "It is low—extraordinarily low—but I would not advise its purchase. Its affairs will be very unsettled for a long time to come. Mr. Du Charme was its directing brains. No, I would buy no gas-company stock today."

"But I can get it for fifty dollars a share. Isn't that a bargain?"

"At any price I regard it as a hazardous speculation," said Mr. Vance. "We don't know what the future management will be; we don't know what will result from the settlement of Du Charme's estate."

"Nevertheless," Jeff said with his engaging smile, "every man must use his own judgment if he's going to get anywhere. I'd rather be wrong and do my own guessing than be right by picking another man's brains. Will you, sir, please buy me all the stock you can get for fifteen thousand?"

"I will," said Mr. Vance, "but I repeat my advice against it."

"Thank you, sir," said Jeff, drawing his check for the amount. "If I take a licking I won't holler. And good morning, Mr. Vance."

"Good morning," said Mr. Vance reluctantly, with a shake of his fine head.

The rest of the day Jeff spent in town, calling upon several young men who were members of the club, lunching at a business men's restaurant. Rather late in the afternoon he went out to the club and walked down the fairway to the woods beside the second hole. There he remained until dusk fell.

"I'm Mr. Du Charme," he said, "and right now I've either been murdered or I haven't. At any rate, it's safe for me to go away from here now, either as a burden on somebody's back, or on my own feet." He leaned against a tree and frowned. "If you know you're right," he said, "the thing to do is to act as if you were right. So here goes."

He walked across the fairway and trespassed upon the adjoining farm, whose unkept field he traversed with some eagerness.

"Somehow, I don't feel dead," he said. "No. I feel very much alive. I feel like a man who is eccentric, but is nobody's fool."

He paused behind a screen of berry bushes and looked about him through the descending darkness. "I must have a destination," he observed. "I'm not just going away from there, I'm going to a place prepared for me, as the saying goes. Now, if I skirt the sand workings and then cut through the woods yonder, no prying eye can spy me. And where will I come out?"

This question answered itself after a mile of rough walking. He came out at a fence—one of those expensive fences which are erected around the estates of gentlemen who wish to exclude cows, dogs, small boys, pigs and the proletariat. Jeff estimated that the fence was scalable by any human being with two legs and arms who was in ordinary health and had a pressing reason to do so.

(Continued on Page 42)

"Let's Go Places"
This New Year's Eve!

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Majestic RADIO

(Continued from Page 40)

Himself he placed high in that classification and presently stood within the inclosure.

"Even the eccentric must eat and sleep," he observed. "Hence where are the six cans of baked beans, the four loaves and the quantity of small fishes known to trade as sardines? Query: If I am about to be murdered, do I lay out my substance in the purchase of sardines soaked in olive oil?"

Through the trees Jeff could see the roof and chimneys of a biggish house, but the house did not interest him; it was that part of the estate running steeply down to the river—that portion which had been left in its more or less tangled state of nature—which attracted his explorations. He walked softly for two excellent reasons: First, lest he break his neck or bark his nose in the darkness, and, second, lest his trespassing be overheard and acted upon by hostile denizens.

"Only a left-handed but none the less acute sense of humor," he observed, "would transport a man's body to bury it on his own estate. However, our search narrows itself. We must now discover either a grave or an edifice. The grave might be anywhere, but the structure probably would be by the river's brink."

Then, with what briskness was permissible, he descended the hill toward the water, a considerable stream of beauty and utility, and, starting at the fence, proceeded in a northerly direction, treading with a high degree of circumspection. It was his theory that a gentleman with an estate bordering a stream would not be destitute of boating paraphernalia and a house which was suitable to maintain it.

Therefore, it was without astonishment that he came upon a modest structure consisting largely of pleasant porches upon which to sit and observe the water; a judicious combination of summerhouse and boathouse. But it presented a face of extreme blackness, with no betraying glimmer of light observable through any crack or cranny. Nevertheless, Jeff was not nonplused.

"I have reached this spot by processes of pure reason," he assured himself, "and I shall ratiocinate until the bitter end. Either reason is going to take a licking or it comes out with flags waving, superior to mere matter."

He stepped cautiously upon the veranda and softly tried the door. It was locked. He smote upon its panel with eager knuckles and called with sufficient loudness to be heard and yet not to alarm, "Emerge! Resurrection day has arrived locally. Stand forth."

There was no answering sound from within; only a silence which was the very essence of silence.

"Either," Jeff said more loudly, "you will come out or I shall have to enter feloniously in the nighttime. For instance, by kicking in a door. You've got to be there. If you're not there, then the science of deduction has a flat tire. At the count of three the breaking and entering commences. One, two ——"

But the numeral three was not uttered, because a testy voice from inside was heard: "You leave my door alone. Who are you, anyhow? Don't you dare kick my door."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," said Jeff. "Open and share your sardines with a wayfarer. The jig, so-called, is up. The dead shall join the quick. Turn the key in the lock and be hospitable."

The key turned, the door opened, and Jeff saw a dimly lighted camp room whose windows were hung with thick blankets to imprison the glow from the lamp.

"Welcome back to the finite world, Mr. Du Charme," said Jeff.

"It's you, eh?" grumbled the little man, standing in brilliant dressing gown with spectacles far down his nose. "Huh. It's you, eh?"

"None other," said Jeff cordially.

"Couldn't have waited till tomorrow, could you? No, not you. Have to come rampaging in on a man's privacy. Huh! Can't a man be by himself without having every Tom, Dick and Harry trampling all over him and smashing his door?"

"Then you planned to appear tomorrow?"

"Maybe. Maybe not. When I was ready, I'd have come, and what's it to you? Huh! Vance said you was smart. But how'd you get here?" The little man grinned impishly. "I guess I fooled 'em all, eh? I guess I bamboozled 'em, huh? How come you to suspect I wasn't murdered and all?"

"You didn't look to me like a man who would let himself be murdered," said Jeff.

"I could have done with another day or two," said Mr. Du Charme snappishly.

"You've done right well with the days you've had," said Jeff.

"No complaints," said the little man in a self-congratulatory manner. "Not bad! Not bad!"

"Nor I," said Jeff cryptically. "But there's a man languishing within prison walls. I guess you'd better put on a coat and a hat and come to town with me. Also there are going to be irritated folks, so you'd better think up an excuse. Of course they won't believe it, but they'll have to pretend to. Anything in mind?"

"Not a thing," said Du Charme blandly.

"I vote for amnesia," said Jeff, "sudden blankness. The world well lost. And the shock of seeing me brought you back to life and reason, eh?"

"I'll kind of enjoy that," said Mr. Du Charme with a chuckle. "You figure I better go to town tonight?"

"Pronto," said Jeff firmly.

"Oh, well, so long as the cat's out, she might as well stay out. And anyhow, food was running low. Say, young man, did you ever live on a diet of beans and sardines? They pall."

Presently, Mr. Du Charme, properly clothed and with a flash light in his hand, led the way up the path to his garage, which he entered serenely, making no observation whatever to his chauffeur, who stared wide-eyed and exhibited tokens of a desire to run up the side wall to escape the supernatural.

"I'm going to town, William," he said.

"To Mr. Vance's house," supplemented Jeff.

Twenty minutes later they stopped before the door of the president of the bank and of the country club, mounted the steps and rang the bell. The servant who answered, well trained though he was, came perilously close to crying "Awk!" and falling in a faint.

"Is Mr. Vance in?" asked Jeff.

"Y-yes, sir. Won't -won't you step in, sir?"

"Not accustomed to resurrections, are you, Summers?" asked Jeff.

"No, sir. Not at all, sir. They're very disturbing, sir."

Mr. Vance, hearing voices, stepped to the library door and stood staring.

"Du Charme!" he exclaimed. "Du Charme!"

"Why not? Why not?" snapped the little man.

"We—all of us—thought you dead." Mr. Vance seized the hand of the late demised and wrung it. "What does it all mean? What has happened? How come you here?"

"Young spriggins brought me," said Du Charme. "He rooted me out."

"Yes," said Jeff with mock gravity. "Mr. Du Charme has been suffering with amnesia, you know. Everything was a blank. Can't remember a scrap after he sliced his ball into the woods. But he's completely recovered now."

Mr. Vance was gnawing his under lip calculatingly. "Um. . . . And you found him, eh?"

"Why, yes."

"You guessed he was alive?"

"He had to be," said Jeff, "or reason was kicked off her throne."

"I don't understand. I can't see how you reached any such conclusion from the evidence at hand. But you were skeptical from the beginning, weren't you?"

"I kept an open mind," said Jeff.

"And when did you become certain?" Mr. Vance asked.

"When I was able to answer a question."

"What question?"

"How it would be profitable for a man to lose a million dollars."

Mr. Vance grunted and Du Charme beamed. "Smart boy," he said, and waggled his head.

"You answered that question?" asked Mr. Vance. "And what possible answer can be made to it?"

"The answer," said Jeff, "is: When he can make two millions. So the next day I got you to buy me fifteen thousand dollars' worth of gas-company stock."

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Vance, and then, after a noticeable pause: "Well!"

"I think," said Jeff, "that Mr. Du Charme reasoned in this manner: He said to himself that he had built up the gas company and directed it and nursed it. The time came when a lot of money was to be made out of it, and that he was entitled to it, rather than a lot of outsiders. . . . Am I right, Mr. Du Charme?"

"That's the ticket. Why give the profits to a herd of folks that never did anything but bother me at stockholders' meetings?"

"So," said Jeff, "Mr. Du Charme came down with amnesia in startling circumstances. The place knew him no more. He became napoo! With what result? With the result that the merger went bust and folks became frightened and the value of the stock dropped ker-plunk. I think Mr. Du Charme now owns a much larger block of stock than just before his loss of memory."

"I got darn near all of it," said the little man.

"Except what I have," said Jeff. "So, Mr. Vance, having reached this conclusion, I just couldn't take your advice not to buy those shares, now could I?"

"But you didn't know. You only surmised."

"Well, I nosed around the grocers and found Mr. Du Charme had been buying beans and sardines, which he took home personally in his car. I couldn't see that a man about to be murdered needed canned food, while a man with amnesia might require considerable. Also, a couple of young lawyers were buying stock quietly with funds from a mysterious New York source. Which was good enough for me."

"Mr. Du Charme," said Vance, "the ethics of this affair are questionable. I admit there is nothing illegal, but you will be criticized."

"Hence the amnesia," said Jeff. "But the merger may now proceed merrily, eh?"

"To be sure," said Mr. Vance.

"At the price agreed upon previously?"

"Exactly."

"Namely," said Jeff, "one hundred and fifty dollars a share."

"That was the figure," said Mr. Vance.

"In which case," Jeff said, not without pardonable satisfaction, "my little fifteen thousand has grown of a sudden to be forty-five thousand. And I am a capitalist."

"You're a dog-gone knowing boy," said Mr. Du Charme. "Want a job?"

"I have one," said Jeff. "I'm professional at your golf club."

"You're wasting yourself," snorted the little man.

"Maybe," said Jeff. "Quite possibly. Nevertheless, gentlemen, look at my bank book."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr. Kelland. The next will appear in an early issue.

WHEN BEGGARS RIDE

(Continued from Page 5)

Mrs. Brent was weighing these points in her mind, methodically checking them over one by one, as she passed down from the intimate family living quarters on the third floor to the spacious reception rooms on the second. Her physical foundations were sound in every detail, but she frowned at the intangible superstructure she had so far been able to erect. The dream, the aspiration, the vision was clear. She could see it like a round gazing ball or like a symbolic closed circle, but far—far away.

With her hand still on the bronze newel, she felt an instant of weakness. Her mind raced through the list of her dinner guests. Was it possible that in reality they formed but a shoddy crew? How strange that only a moment before she should have felt such pride in having secured Prince Melancours and Elizabeth Tracy, the tremendously wealthy Sterlings and the Comtesse de Fontebello, to say nothing of the thoughtless youngsters who would go anywhere for a good meal! Had she been wrong? Were they stepping stones or only mire?

She arrested her thoughts by deliberate volition, exactly as one might check a runaway horse. What was her mood but the sinking feeling of looking at a rotten hand of cards? Was she the sort to throw it down? She smiled and immediately strength flowed back into her veins. She would play it for what it was worth, stay in the game, and take her chances on a fresh deal. Anyway, she had been absurd. Prince Melancours was a feather in any hostess' cap, and as for Elizabeth Tracy, wasn't she—

The sight of the table, perfect in its appointments, gave her something else to think about. The subdued riot of color of the wide bowl of anemones, the cool white of the fine linen and the glow of the silverware combined to give an impression of supreme rightness, of affluence without ostentation. In combination with the vaulted ceiling and paneled walls of pale-gray stucco, the note might have been one of coldness had it not been for the crimson, dulled with age, of the stately saddle-backed chairs.

She was satisfied and turned from the room to go to meet the first of her guests. Nine o'clock had long since struck, but a full half hour was yet to elapse before the gathering neared completion. Ordinarily it was the young people whose pose demanded that they be late, but tonight Prince Melancours was the major culprit. The Comte de Puy, startlingly blond, lazily handsome, let his eyes wander calculatingly from Nona to the furnishings and back again.

Mrs. Brent stared at her daughter with amused wonder. It was difficult to credit that the tomboy of her boudoir and this elf of the drawing-room were one and the same person. It was a wonder often felt, and yet never weakened. Indeed, so strong was its permeation that frequently she caught herself vaguely planning things for three—herself and the two Nonas.

Tonight Nona's hair was well behaved. Her curls, telescoped into themselves like the drawn-in claws of a kitten, gave her head a round, small look which increased the size of her eyes. Her betrayal of the treachery of human perceptions went further, for her body clothed seemed but the half of the same body unclothed. Her pale-green frock with its tight little bodice and loosely draped skirt gave her an appearance of anchored fragility, as if she would have swayed sinuously to a wave or streamed out on a breath of air.

Melancours was announced at last. He entered, faultless in dress and manner, but

(Continued on Page 46)

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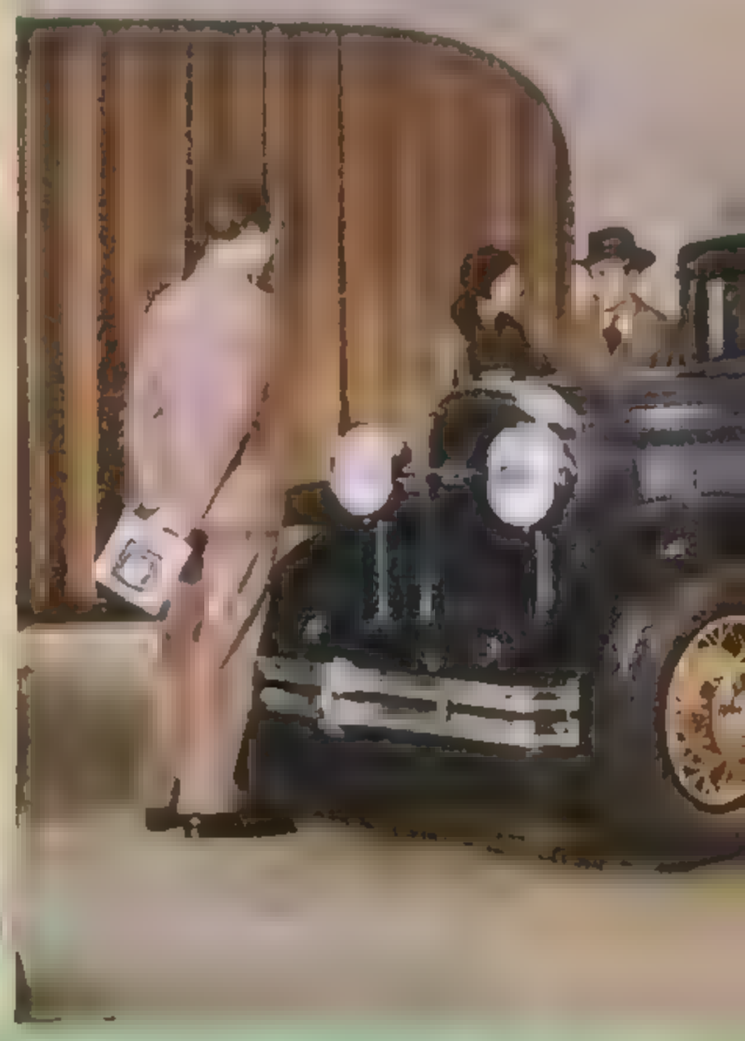

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Continued from Page 42

unaccountably accompanied by a friend, a stranger. He made straight for his hostess, but in his passage from the door to the depth of the room managed to throw a crisp nod of recognition at Madame de Fontebello and De Puy. The prince took Mrs. Brent's extended hand and, bowing, raised it to his lips.

"*Chère madame*," he said, straightening quickly, "permit me to present my bosom friend, Felix de Lauriac, returned unexpectedly from Cannes. I assured him that at a dinner party there is always enough food for one more and that your hospitable table would undoubtedly receive him with open arms."

Molly Brent could not have imagined that she stood at a crossroads, a turning point in her career, but in the moment it took De Lauriac to kiss her lax fingers her consciousness became kaleidoscopic. She was conscious of the Sterlings, on the verge of being presented to their first prince, talking to each other to mask their nervousness. She was conscious of a curiously hard glint in the Fontebello eye and of a mocking twitch on the red lips of De Puy. Was it true that he used a touch of rouge? But how silly to think of that now!

As a matter of fact, she had no time to think consecutively of anything, for scarcely had the echo of Melancours' sonorous tones died than she heard her voice answering him. It sounded strange and yet familiar, like the voice of an old friend, stepping suddenly out of a long absence. Incongruously, it brought Zep to mind and the many times it had steadied him and her.

"I'm sorry, prince, but I'm giving a set dinner tonight and there will be no place for Monsieur de Lauriac."

"But my dear madame!" stuttered Melancours, genuinely taken aback.

The room around them had become electrified into a tense, waiting silence. The glint in the Fontebello eye, the twitch on De Puy's lips, the tongues of Mr. and Mrs. Sterling, all froze to hang fixed in suspension. The young people shed boredom automatically and assumed the rapt state they reserved for a test match, an international championship or a prize fight. Only Miss Tracy was capable of a smile of humorous enjoyment.

"I'm sorry," repeated Mrs. Brent. She turned her eyes casually on De Lauriac, looked him over coolly, and smiled. "I shall be glad to receive your friend, Monsieur de Lauriac, at some other time."

De Lauriac, his well-bred face a mask, bowed low and turned to go, but Melancours stopped him with a rough grip on his elbow. "Hold on, Felix Wait a minute." He faced Mrs Brent imperiously. "Kindly permit yourself to be sensible, madame. Which is better—an extra place at table or a vacant chair?"

"In this case, a vacant chair," replied Mrs. Brent unhesitatingly.

Two spots of color flared suddenly in Melancours' cheeks, and his sunken temples, where the hair was sparse, turned red. "I was fool enough to accept your invitation to dine," he said rapidly, "and I'm now delighted to act on your suggestion that I withdraw without my dinner."

"Your suggestion, prince," murmured Mrs. Brent

"That's the worst of you bourgeois, you upstarts," he continued, goaded beyond himself by her unshakable composure. "You can't read or write. Matters of privilege are a closed book to you. You never get away from the idea that everybody in the world lives on the ground floor with the concierge and that all you have to do is to use insolence for a pick-lock. I make you a present of an empty place at table."

He nodded curtly to the assembled company and started with De Lauriac for the distant door. But he was unmindful of the most elemental of the axioms of stagecraft, the ban against a long, unbroken exit, for the actor is not yet born who can cross the full width of a stage after his last line and sustain an illusion either of greatness or dignity.

He sensed the trap into which he had fallen, though he could not have named it, and it was only by an effort that he restrained himself from breaking into a run. There was something threatening in this new silence. It also was tense, but tense in the manner of a taut drumhead, and abruptly his vague fears were fulfilled. Into it Mrs. Brent dropped smooth hard words, echoing like pebbles falling on stretched parchment.

"Nona, darling, run down into the street and invite the first man you see to take Prince Melancours' place at dinner. Any ragamuffin will do."

Nona's face, which had been depicting dismay to the verge of tears, seemed to burst into light. Two devils of mischief sprang into her gray eyes.

"You really mean it! Don't you, mother?" she urged.

"Of course," Mrs. Brent was obliged to reply, for the prince was still within hearing. "Please hurry, dear."

Nona darted out and down the grand staircase, brushing past the two men as they paused to receive their hats and sticks in the entresol. She did not deign to give them a glance, much less to speak to them, but she heard De Lauriac's smooth voice murmuring, "I accepted your invitation to dine, old chap, and since it's far too late for Montagnés, I insist on ——"

Meanwhile, in the drawing-room above, the Comtesse de Fontebello was the first to resume motion. She arose unsmilingly, went to Mrs. Brent and kissed her on both cheeks. Tommy Ivor, the youthful but worldly-wise editor of Voyou, had already begun to write on his cuff. It was too good, he was thinking, too perfect to be believed—the incredible sort of thing that memory was sure to fall down on. Miss Tracy merely continued to smile, but Sybelle Trumbull stepped forth as the leader of an unexpected opposition.

"I think it's rotten, Mrs. Brent. You put up a swell scrap, and all that, but after all, Prince Melancours is Prince Melancours, and I never hope to see a sweller young man than his friend. In Paris, of all places, where male men are as scarce as hen's teeth! What difference would it have made? I'll bet De Lauriac would have been delighted to sit on the floor and let me feed him off my plate with a spoon!"

Mrs. Brent's brain was in a whirl. Had she made a fatal error? If so, it had been at the very start. Once she had stated there was no place at her table for De Lauriac, the die was cast. It would have done no good after that to give in to Melancours' insistence. What awkwardness would have ensued. The more he might have striven to let bygones be bygones the more despicable would she have felt. No, it was much better this way, for at least her remaining guests could talk at their ease.

Having come to that conclusion, she looked at Sybelle with a friendly and untroubled glance. "I'm sure he would, my dear. If he ever comes to dinner I won't forget you."

"Molly Brent!" gasped Mrs. Sterling, "I'm so afraid Miss Trumbull is right. Europe isn't Wall Street, Molly, but ——"

"Shall we go in?" interrupted Mrs. Brent. "I'm feeling faint with hunger, and the rest of you must be just as starved."

"What about Nona?" demanded Sybelle. "Aren't you going to wait for her and her pick-up?"

"Nona isn't a fool, Sybelle. She'll be back as soon as Melancours and his friend are out of sight."

Miss Trumbull's face broke abruptly into smiles. "Will you lay me a bet, Mrs. Brent? Two dozen eighty-gauge stockings against a table at the Armenonville gala that Nona brings in a man?"

A shadow passed across the feverish brilliance of Mrs. Brent's eyes.

III

UPON emerging into the street, Nona flattened herself against the ivy until Melancours' smart town car had issued and disappeared, then she stepped out to peer up and down the single block of the Rue Marbeau. It could scarcely be considered a thoroughfare, so restricted was its use to its few inhabitants, and her heart sank as she gazed upon its emptiness. Toward the Bois, where it formed a loop with the Rue Lalo, all was darkness, and she turned to look speculatively at the band of light of the Rue Pergolèse. Even that wouldn't be so hot, she thought, but she was determined to put the finishing touch to her mother's triumph.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Brent had been right in her statement that her daughter was no fool. It is true she had meant, specifically, that Nona would have better sense than to carry out to the letter the request to bring in a man, but she was right on broader grounds. With the quickness of youth, and from the vantage of an onlooker, Nona had grasped what her mother had not yet perceived —namely, that within the round of the clock Mrs. Brent would be the talk of Paris.

Born to an age which plays carelessly with the dynamite of publicity, Nona was interested only in giving direction to the explosion. She knew Melancours would have sufficient intelligence to spread his side of the story as far as it would go, and do it first. She could hear him telling his tale as a titbit, calling up his friends to describe the manner in which he had put an American upstart in her place, but she also had the perspicacity to suspect that his voice would be incapable of ringing quite true.

There would be noncommittal smiles, indicating a suspension of judgment, and in her opinion there was just one method by which those smiles could be transformed into a perpetual grin, not in the prince's favor but against him. If she could only find a man—any sort, the more ragged the better—and persuade him to accompany her, two things would inevitably follow: Her mother's spoiled dinner party would become historical and Melancours would have to flee the town; at least for the season.

She took a determined step toward the Rue Pergolèse, but stopped suddenly, arrested by the echo of a footfall behind her. She backed into the ivy again and waited. Somebody was approaching from the direction of the Bois, or perhaps from the byway leading into the Rue Lalo. Presently she peeped between two fronds. It was a man—a young man. Unfortunately, he seemed to be no ragamuffin, though he was hatless. He was dressed in loosely fitting gray flannels and strode along with hands thrust into his trousers pockets.

"M'sieur!" she stammered, stepping out from cover as he drew near.

"*Pas!*" he exclaimed without looking at her, and raised one hand as if to thrust her aside, or perhaps merely as a gesture of denial.

"Oh!" she gasped, coloring as she shrank back. Then she caught full sight of his face and continued in English: "Please—please wait a minute!"

He paused reluctantly, one foot half dragging, to glance at her; then he stopped definitely, planted both feet, and stared. To be accosted in Paris is less than an experience; it is as common as being jostled in New York. But even with all the evidence against her, Nona ran no more risk of being taken for a fly-by-night than a butterfly of passing for a cormorant. In her pale-green frock, with its clinging bodice and diaphanous flow of skirt, it would literally have been easier to believe she was a sprite in human form.

"Hullo!" remarked the stranger to mask his surprise.

"Hello!" echoed Nona fatuously.

But her mind was working two ways at once. Half of it was arranging what she was going to say while the other half was deciding that while young he was not poisonously young. It gave her a sense of relief to find she had caught a full-grown man and not an incompetent fledgling.

"What's wrong?" he demanded gruffly.

"Don't be cross, and please do listen. Will you listen for just a minute—one whole minute?"

He took out his watch and glanced at it. "All right; it's ten to ten. Go ahead."

"Mother was giving a set dinner for twelve and Prince Melancours turned up with an uninvited friend."

"Oh, shucks!" exclaimed the young man, thrusting his watch back into his pocket. "I haven't any time for those silly superstitions."

"No, no!" cried Nona, seizing his arm. Anger swelled her small bosom. "You promised me a minute and you'd better give it to me. You'd better or I'll ——"

"You'll what?"

"I might bite you or something," she concluded.

He studied her curiously, especially the gleaming line of her even teeth. "I believe you might—I really believe you might! Well, go ahead."

"I wouldn't really, but please listen. I had to make you listen." Then she poured out her story rapidly and with only an occasional gasp for breath. "So then," she concluded, "then mother said, 'Nona, darling, run down into the street and invite the first man you see to take Prince Melancours' place at dinner; any ragamuffin will do.'"

The stranger laughed outright, but immediately frowned. "Your name's Nona?"

"Yes, Nona Brent."

"And your mother said that? I mean she actually thought it out while Melancours was still within hearing?"

"Yes, word for word."

"I accept. I've had my dinner, but I accept. I'd like to meet your mother."

They plunged into the illumination of the porte-cochère, climbed the shallow steps to the entresol and started up the cool magnificence of the marble stairway. Under the golden light of the luster, Nona stole a puzzled glance at him. Far from being impressed, he seemed scarcely conscious of his surroundings or of where he was going. He had thrust his hands into his pockets again, and the way the action drew tight the tail of his jacket and bulged its lapels cheered her with the thought he might look disreputable enough, after all, once his slouching figure was projected against what she recollected as acres of white ties, white waistcoats and starched shirts. Besides, if he had shaved at all that day, it must have been in the early morning.

"What's your name?" she asked.

He scowled. "Is that part of the bargain?"

"I'll have to introduce you, won't I?"

"Oh, all right. Herring."

"Herring? Is that all?"

"No, Mr. Herring."

Nona led the way to the drawing-room and paused. "I'm afraid they've gone in. You see, they didn't really expect you."

She gave him a tentative smile, as though she felt the task before her would be easier if he would assume a pleasanter expression; but since his only answer was to shrug his shoulders, she turned sharply and hurried toward the dining room. She was annoyed, and as a consequence they were both equally unsmiling when they entered, which may account in part for the look of dismay which spread over Mrs. Brent's face as she half rose from her chair.

"Mother, this is Mr. Herring," said Nona, and only the high pitch of her voice betrayed her nervousness. "He's particular about the 'mister.'"

She glanced quickly at the table. Two places were vacant—the seat at her mother's right and another between the Comte de Puy and Mr. Sterling. She hurried to the latter and was in time to see her mother recover herself and motion to Mr. Herring to sit at her side. But Herring did not move; he merely fastened his eyes on Mrs. Brent's, and then removed them to look slowly around the table.

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Brent, comprehending. "Shall I begin on my left? Mr. Herring, the Comte de Puy."

"De Puy," murmured Herring.

"My daughter."

"Miss Brent"

(Continued on Page 49)

Two of The Centuries at the new Buffalo Central Terminal at midnight — *From a painting by Walter L. Greene*

THE 20th CENTURY LIMITED leads the world's greatest fleet of DE LUXE FAST TRAINS

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NEW YORK TO CHICAGO

ADVANCE 20TH CENTURY LIMITED
Lv. New York 2:00 p. m. Ar. Chicago 9:00 a. m

20TH CENTURY LIMITED
Lv. New York 2:45 p. m. Ar. Chicago 9:45 a. m

THE COMMODORE VANDERBILT
Lv. New York 4:00 p. m. Ar. Chicago 11:00 a. m.

THE WOLVERINE (via Michigan Central)
Lv. New York 5:00 p. m. Ar. Chicago 12:00 noon

CHICAGO TO NEW YORK

FAST MAIL
Lv. Chicago 9:50 a. m. Ar. New York 6:50 a. m.

THE WOLVERINE (via Michigan Central)
Lv. Chicago 11:00 a. m. Ar. New York 8:00 a. m.

ADVANCE 20TH CENTURY LIMITED
Lv. Chicago 12:00 noon Ar. New York 9:00 a. m.

20TH CENTURY LIMITED
Lv. Chicago 12:40 p. m. Ar. New York 9:40 a. m

THE COMMODORE VANDERBILT
Lv. Chicago 2:00 p. m. Ar. New York 11:00 a. m.

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(Continued from Page 46)

"Mr. Sterling, Miss Trumbull, Mr. Dearwater, Mrs. Sterling, M'sieur Selin, Miss Tracy, Mr. Ivor and Madame la Comtesse de Fontebello."

"Madame de Fontebello," corrected Herring, stepped forward, and then waited pointedly for the butler to draw his chair. None of the men had arisen and only two, Selin and Ivor, had bothered to nod at the mention of their names.

"It's very kind of you to have consented to help us out," murmured Mrs. Brent, *sotto voce*, in the hopes of engaging him until general conversation could get a start.

"Not at all," he replied composedly. "I believe I'm supposed to replace Melancours."

"Yes, Prince Melancours."

"That will be easy. I've always wished I could be a thoroughly rude person at one of these stupid dinner parties."

Mrs. Brent flashed a look at him. He had spoken so mildly that she doubted her ears, but she had no desire to make him repeat. His appearance puzzled her no less than his demeanor. His features were too irregular to meet any commonplace standard of good looks, but there were lines of strength which would more than have made up the deficiency had not his face given the impression of a lifeless mask.

She had a feeling that while a single smile might transform it, there was small chance of his set lips relaxing to anything she might say. Her judgment, more mature than Nona's, promptly placed his actual age at thirty-two or three. That, to her years, should have made him little more than a boy—and yet to her amazement he could make her feel nervous, jumpy, far more insecure than she had felt throughout her battle with Prince Melancours. Wasn't that absurd, on the face of it? She glanced defensively at his clothes and again was bewildered. How dared he seem so supremely at home in them? They were rough, they hung upon him loosely, but even against her will she had to admit that they became him as they could not possibly have become anybody else. They were his.

Madame de Fontebello, who had turned a cold, bare shoulder on him from the moment he took the seat beside her, now straightened and leaned forward, but only to speak to Nona across the table:

"My dear, are you really going to begin riding? But why buy a horse? Do use one of mine. They need the exercise and it will cost you nothing."

"Don't you believe it," said Herring, in the deceptively mild tone he had used to Mrs. Brent. "It will cost you about a hundred times as much as if you hired the same grade of plug, and twice as much as if you bought one."

Though he had told Nona he had already dined, he now began eating appreciatively from the plate before him, apparently unconscious of the startled glances cast upon him. So genuine was his calm, and so casually had he spoken, that, as in the case of Mrs. Brent a moment before, his larger audience began to doubt it had heard aright.

Miss Tracy's amused smile deepened. Ivor leaned back to look at him curiously across Madame de Fontebello's back, and Nona gave him a blank stare, but all the others began to talk or eat as if nothing had happened.

The dinner itself progressed with expert smoothness. The food was above reproach, the wines skillfully chosen, the service unflagging in its attention to the wants of every guest. It was as if good cheer, unaided, could triumph over nerves and bend the stiff neck of ill-humor in homage. A laugh rippled here and there, encouraging the sharing of the joke aloud. Ivor ventured to deliver the bon mot he had been saving for three days. Mr. Sterling forgot his social shyness and began to beam. Perhaps it was just as well that prince had cleared out, he was thinking, giving a fellow a chance to let himself go. He chuckled, he spoke a word or two, and before he knew it he had the floor.

"Europe makes me laugh," he asserted. "Because we happen to be rolling in millions, their mouths dribble at the corners and they shout, 'Thief! Thief!' without ever stopping to think what our money inflation is doing not for us but for the world."

With the grim battle for the Young Plan going on only a mile away, it sounded as if Mr. Sterling were about to make a brave attempt to focus the scatterbrained thoughts of his audience on noble things. Even Herring looked up from his pit of boredom and glanced across the table expectantly. But his expression changed as Mr. Sterling proceeded:

"Look at what America's done! It's reduced the making of millionaires to a process, and what happens? We come over here by the thousands—yes, sir, by the thousands of millionaires—and we've raised the prices of everything in sight—houses, rooms, food, wines, merchandise. And don't you think I mean that for a joke. Wherever prices are high, and somebody has the cash to pay them, everybody gets rich—everybody. I tell you a country that can turn out millionaires ——"

"With interchangeable parts," remarked Herring placidly.

Sterling glared at him, and considering the source of the interruption, decided to ignore it. "That can turn out millionaires like they used to turn out the little old model T ——"

"*T* for tommyrot," interrupted Herring with finality, and turned to Mrs. Brent. "I'd like to make you a bet," he said in a lowered tone. "I'll lay you five to one, in francs, that you've got thick legs."

Her eyes first looked startled, and then blazed. "Mr. Herring—that was the name, wasn't it?—I suppose I've laid myself open to this kind of thing and I've got to put up with it. But if by good luck you had been a sportsman, or even a Frenchman, you could have taken a different sort of advantage of the madcap impulse that brought you here. Without making an effort to be amusing, you might have enjoyed yourself and given enjoyment to others."

"I am enjoying myself," said Herring coolly. "As for the obligation to give enjoyment to others, that's a lot of blah. Take this crowd; they'd never know they were being entertained unless you handed them tickets to a skinned review or hired a *Maison des Curiosités*. I've seldom seen a group less capable of taking an interest in anything interesting, but I might have excepted you if you hadn't got sore about your legs. Think a minute. I've seen you only sitting down, and I haven't dropped my napkin or crawled under the table, and yet I'm willing to bet five to one you've got thick legs. If I'm right ——"

"You are right," interrupted Mrs. Brent, facing him defiantly. "What about it?"

"Really?"

For the first time his face came to life, and the transformation was both surprising and pleasing. Sybelle Trumbull leaned across avidly from her place near the other end of the table—after all, was he not a man? "Why be selfish, Mr. What's-your-name? Can't we share the tale?"

Herring cast her a measuring glance. "Paddle your own, my dear; I'm busy." He returned to Mrs. Brent: "Now we've got something worth talking about. The reason I accepted your daughter's unusual invitation was because I wanted to make sure about your legs."

"I confess I'm interested, but you don't expect me to follow you, do you?"

"Why not? You'll find it easy. I'd just come from talking to a French officer who said that before the war his crowd went in for polo boots made of glacé kid, along with pink teas and manicured filbert finger nails—a sort of blooming garden of frail Johnny-jump-ups. But he told me that the minute those same men got into their lumbering army footwear, a funny thing happened: They didn't only develop a new walk; they ate, drank, talked and thought differently. He said it planted them, and that's where the legs come in. He told me to keep an eye on women with heavy underpinning, because they are the only ones who never hesitate, know exactly where they're going and always get there. So as soon as I heard about what you did to Melancours, I made up my mind the chances were five to one for thick legs. That's clear, isn't it? And interesting?"

"Clear and interesting," said Mrs. Brent thoughtfully, almost absently. She glanced along the table, signaling for the rise, and raised her voice: "It's so late I'm sure you'll all be willing to go to the drawing-room for coffee."

The men, with the exception of Herring, arose with alacrity, relieved that they were not to be left to handle him alone. They followed hard on the heels of the women and spread out fanwise as soon as they reached the other room, but they need not have feared pursuit on his part. He stopped just within the door until he began to draw the nervous attention of the gathering.

In his gray flannel suit, so individual as to cut, but badly in need of pressing, there was no denying he looked out of place face to face with the immaculate full dress of his fellow guests. It should have followed naturally that he'd be the one to feel nervous and take refuge behind a mask either of diffidence or arrogance. But he seemed genuinely unconscious of inferiority as he performed a feat of memory by rapidly naming the circle in the order in which they stood.

"Madame de Fontebello, Mr. Ivor, De Puy, Mrs. Sterling, Miss Trumbull, Mr. Sterling, Miss Tracy, Miss Brent, Mr. Dearwater, Selin, good night. Good night, Mrs. Brent, and thank you for an excellent dinner."

He turned to go, and was already in the act of thrusting his hands into his pockets when Nona hurried forward, a troubled look in her eyes: "Mr. Herring!"

He stopped, looked around impatiently, and was forced to take her extended hand: "Well?"

"I couldn't let you go without thanking you," said Nona gravely.

Frowning, he studied her face. Was she trying to pull his leg—turn the tables on him at the last moment? Throughout dinner, though he had sensed he was being watched, he had scarcely noticed her. It had not been part of his ill-humored campaign to ignore her; it had just happened that way, perhaps instinctively. She was embryonic, too young to count, but as she bore his scrutiny with steady seriousness, he felt a twinge of contrition. His own face cleared magically, and he smiled:

"Good night, Miss Brent."

Nona continued to stand for an instant with her back to the room, looking down at her hand. When he had smiled a thrill had shot up her arm, and now she could imagine the unexpected sensation transforming itself into a silly flush, covering her shoulders, her whole body. She was conscious of having won out in some sort of contest, and yet lost. She felt foolish, and then resentful.

"If I'd only kept on my briefs," she thought angrily, remembering her mother's disquisition on the influence upon manners of impudent underwear—"if I only had!"

She wondered if she dared face around, but no sooner had the echo of Herring's footsteps died away than comment broke loose from half a dozen quarters, giving her an abrupt and calming realization of her own insignificance to the moment. She turned, hesitated, and then went to stand near Miss Tracy, who had seated herself comfortably and was continuing in her rôle of an amused onlooker.

"Queer fish," Ivor was saying. "I wonder what he was doing on this side of the river."

"I don't agree with you," said the Comtesse de Fontebello. "I doubt if he ever saw the Latin Quarter."

"Nor I," said De Puy. "I know that brand. He's an anarchist—the short-haired breed—and they never penetrate the left bank beyond the Quai d'Orsay. He's the kind that sneak into Paris to commit some outrage, like that busting up of the poilu-doughboy memorial, just to put the French in worse with the world than they are already."

"What a fool you are!" thought Nona, staring at De Puy's flushed face. She had a feeling of childish surprise that she had been so long in making the discovery.

"He's no anarchist," scoffed Mr. Sterling with a modicum of shrewdness. "He's nothing but a common garden ill-mannered pup, and if he was house-broken you couldn't tell him from the rest of his half-baked generation."

"Meaning me—us?" asked Sybelle, with a quick gesture which embraced Dearwater and Nona. "By the way, Mr. Sterling," she continued sweetly, "what was it you were going to say when he shut you up? You remember you were telling us about millionaires and how wonderful they are."

She spoke with such flattering eagerness that he dared not fly out at her. He knew well enough he was being baited, but if he answered as she deserved, he could imagine the hurt look with which she would appeal to the rest of the company. He turned red, but said nothing. Miss Tracy came to his aid.

"We haven't heard from you, Mr. Selin. What did you think of Nona's hedgerow recruit?"

Selin did not hasten to answer. Apparently unconscious of the attentive silence, he deliberated for a moment and then spoke in a voice of so velvety a texture that it barely missed being unctuous. "As a collector of antiques and a student of the unusual," he replied, "I should say he's a gentleman."

A storm of protest greeted his assertion, but far from attempting to defend it, he shrugged his shoulders, turned on his heel and went to join Nona. It was apparent he did not mean to speak to her, but had picked her out simply because she was farthest removed from the controversial center.

"Thank you for saying that, Mr. Selin," she murmured, and again felt foolish. Why on earth should she feel obliged for his opinion of Herring?

He seemed to share her thought, for he turned his head to look at her inquiringly. He always turned his head to look at anything; perhaps because his eyes were so big he had to focus them like a pair of parallel headlights. Nona had been fascinated by his eyes from the first time she had seen him. They were black, but unlike her mother's, never brilliant. A sort of veil of sadness seemed to hang in them like a transparent backdrop, dimming them to a liquid luminosity. But it wasn't a pleasant sadness born of his own romantic troubles; it was old. It expressed age—perhaps inherited age—and yet, in his sleek swarthy fashion, Mr. Selin still passed for a young man.

"Why thank me, Miss Nona?" Selin murmured, dwelling on her name as if it had a sensuous taste to his overfined perceptions. "I merely meant that your ragamuffin was a survival of the domineering priggishness and snobbery that used to have the brains to use its tongue for a scalpel. If I saw him trip and fall into a puddle, I would gladly press his face in the mud and hold it there."

Without perceptible effort, Mrs. Brent's voice dominated the rising clatter of tongues around her: "Sybelle, will you help me get everybody started? I've arranged to pay my bet to you with a table at the Armenonville gala."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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JACK'S THE LAD

(Continued from Page 9)

The captain was standing very straight, looking here and there, not smiling and ingratiating like most masters when they came into that room.

"You wished to see me, did you, Mr. Whistle?" asked Captain Swale.

Then everyone was turning, looking. The captain was not a handsome man; he had the long nose of all the Swales, and the thin, hard mouth, but his eyes were deep and dark. His clothes were plain and drab, with none of the embellishments of embroidery and lace that all the gentlemen wore who were seated at the tables. He was a master and not an owner; there was no doubt of that and, by contrast, his plainness was almost startling.

Mr. Whistle looked up from his glass of flip and laid down his long clay pipe. He was an old man in those days, whose face was wan and wrinkled below his powdered wig. There were two strange gentlemen beside him, urbane and beautiful, who Job Willing had learned that afternoon were merchants from Boston and part owners in the Charming Nancy's venture.

"Ah," said Mr. Whistle, "here he is, gentlemen."

One of the strangers stood up, a tall man, young and well-proportioned, in a white satin waistcoat which was edged with bright gold braid.

"So that's the little fighting cock?" he said. "Here's at you, bully boy!"

The captain looked at him, but he did not smile and did not say a word.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Whistle, "he's as good a man as you could find. He's been sailing for me ten years, mostly on the Guinea Coast and, well, you know what that is, gentlemen. He's the one to fight a ship. Manly and O'Brien are no better, I'll lay odds to that."

"And Swale his name is, is it?" said the tall man. "Here's at you, captain. Come here. Sit down."

"Thanks," said the captain. "I have not the time."

"Sit down, I tell you," said the tall gentleman. "Can't you be civil, sir, when we ask you to sit down?" And he reached forward, seizing the captain by the collar of his coat.

"Take your hand off my coat," said Captain Swale. "I tell you, take it off."

The tall man began to scowl. "What's this?" he asked. "Here's pretty manners for a master!"

"My manners are as good as yours," the captain said. "Perhaps a trifle better."

"Why, damn your eyes!" said the tall man. "Don't talk to me like a gentleman."

Mr. Whistle rose hastily, dusting the tobacco ash from his coat.

"Mr. Jenks," he said, "if you lived here you'd understand. Captain Swale"—Mr. Whistle coughed—"Captain Swale comes from an old family. There have always been Swales here. A Swale was magistrate of the first plantation. There are plenty here who'd give him the rail side of the stair at Harvard College. We all have our ups and downs."

The other gentleman spoke. He was older, with a mellow, booming voice. "The captain is a patriot," he said. "To the devil with distinctions when you meet a hero—yes, a hero. Gad! If I were young enough to strike a blow I'd be with you, captain, working at the guns."

The captain shrugged his shoulders.

"We're not patriots," he answered. "We're all in this for money."

"What?" said the other gentleman. "What do you mean by that?"

And for the first time the captain smiled.

"It's money," he said. "That's what ships the crews, because men want money and that's what sends the Charming Nancy out."

"Daniel," said Mr. Whistle, "don't you want it too?"

"That's why I'm going," said Daniel Swale. "Because I want my own house up on the high street. I'll have it and a coach before I'm through."

"Gad!" said Mr. Jenks. And Job Willing often thought of what he said. "So you're a gentleman, are you, and a pirate too? Upon my word you're a devil of a comical captain."

The captain looked down upon the floor and clasped his hands behind his back. "There's no glory in it," he answered. "That's what I mean to say. We take the weak vessels and run from the strong. That's the owner's order."

"And now," said Mr. Whistle, "is the crew aboard?"

"Yes," said the captain, "a cowardly, mangy crew. All the good ones are aboard the prison ships."

"Well," said Mr. Whistle, "you've sailed out with worse. And now about the mate, Daniel. We have a mate signed on for you."

"Who is he?" asked the captain.

Mr. Whistle coughed again. "It's Seth Scarlet," he said.

The captain bit his lip.

"How?" he asked. "You mean the landlord's son?"

"Now, Daniel," said Mr. Whistle; "steady, Daniel. I know you do not like him, but mates are hard to find."

"He drinks too much," said Daniel Swale, "and talks too much for me."

"Now, Daniel," said Mr. Whistle, "Mr. Scarlet wishes him to go and Mr. Scarlet is part owner."

"Very good," said the captain. "Will he mind my orders?"

"Indeed, yes," said Mr. Whistle. "You'll find he is a good one. Knows the sea, only a trifle wild. And besides, it's better he was gone because ——" Mr. Whistle whispered something in the captain's ear.

"So he's wenching again?" said the captain.

Mr. Whistle looked at Daniel Swale beneath his heavy brows curiously, and with an understanding which Daniel Swale would never gain.

"Seth knows women," said Mr. Whistle. "Seth knows when to run, and that's the thing, believe me—to know when to run away."

The captain did not answer. It was clear he had no desire for the refreshment on the table.

"Well," he said, "where is he? We're leaving on this tide."

"He's waiting here," said Mr. Whistle.

"Well," said the captain, "bring him in." And then Job Willing saw the new mate walk across the room—a red-faced, heavy-handed man like all the Scarlets. He was grinning and bowing like someone anxious to please.

"So I'm sailing with Danny, am I?" he said. "Now there's a rare one, gentlemen. I used to whip him when we were at school."

"Hold your tongue!" the captain said.

"Listen to him," said Seth Scarlet. "We've never pulled on the same rope yet, Danny Swale or me."

"Now come," said Mr. Whistle. "You're shipmates now. Fill the glasses up and here's one to the cruise."

They stood about the table with glasses of Madeira in their hands, the captain and Seth Scarlet side by side, and just as they were about to drink an odd thing happened. Someone must have jostled Seth Scarlet on the elbow, for an instant later everyone was looking at a stain upon the table where half the wine had spilled from Seth Scarlet's glass. For a moment they all looked at one another because times were uncertain and they were superstitious men and the captain spoke.

"There's the sign," he said, "for an unlucky voyage."

Mr. Whistle put his hand on Daniel's shoulder.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Whistle. "But a good man can change his luck; I've seen it done—and that's why you're going."

And everyone at Haven's End would have agreed in those days that Daniel Swale was always lucky.

They went to fight the British aboard a vessel of eighty tons, with sixty men as crew and an improvised battery of twelve six-pounders, which were lashed beneath tarpaulins, behind ports cut in the bulwarks. They went to sea in a vessel scarcely more than a fishing smack; and even that crew of gawky country boys, unversed in the subtleties of life, knew that the Charming Nancy was not large enough to hold a Scarlet and a Swale.

Long before there was danger there was trouble; for the sea, in spite of all its space, was about them like bare narrow walls against which wills and wishes beat, and gave back hopeless echoes. All those nameless attributes that make a personality were bound to strain and creak in tune with the complaining of the Charming Nancy's timbers.

They were cooped up in the cabin aft, eating together off a swinging table, sleeping each upon a mattress thrown upon a locker. There they were in a dismal, dripping place with stands of cutlasses and small arms along unpainted bulkheads, in a space not more than eight by twelve feet, with a deck so low that Seth Scarlet struck his head if he stood upright. It was no place for a Scarlet and a Swale. Even the crew could tell that they were different breeds; the captain cold, aloof, and Mr. Scarlet boisterous and friendly, like an ordinary man.

If even the crew could guess it, Job Willing was the one who knew, because Job was the boy who brought the meals aft, and who set the place to rights; and a boy with sharp ears heard many things which no one was meant to hear. Yet what he remembered afterward was the silence of Daniel Swale—long, implacable silences while Seth Scarlet talked in vain; until all conversation died, and the captain was left sitting staring at the wall; or standing at the rail alone, looking at the sails. Even when he gave his orders he was lonely, the captain was, a thousand miles away.

"Evening to you, Danny," Mr. Scarlet said when they sat down to table early on that cruise.

"Seth," the captain said, "it's no matter here, but I'll have you to call me 'sir' when we're on deck."

"There you go," said Mr. Scarlet, "putting on airs, ain't you?"

The captain made no answer.

"You're here to fight this ship, ain't you?" Mr. Scarlet said, "not to bully me."

The captain stared over Mr. Scarlet's head at the small-arms racks, and drank his drink in silence.

"D'you hear me?" Mr. Scarlet said. "My father's part owner, so don't you put on airs with me. What have you been, lad, but a skipper on a stinking nigger ship—and lay to it, you remember that."

The captain did not answer.

"Damnation!" Mr. Scarlet said. "Aren't you going to speak?" And then he laughed, for he was not a man to stay angry long. "You've got the manners, Dan. I haven't, and I'll grant you that. But the Scarlets have the money."

"Yes," the captain said, "the Scarlets have the money now." And he stared beyond Seth Scarlet at the wall.

"Lord," said Mr. Scarlet, "I'd give a piece of it right now to know what's on your mind. Are you always this way, never speaking, always thinking, Danny Swale?"

"Seth," the captain said, "I'll tell you this: The Swales will have money before I'm through."

"And here's to it," said Mr. Scarlet. "Tip the glasses up. Here's to money, and the girls—black girls, yellow, white and Carib girls, God bless 'em."

"Drink for all you're worth," the captain said; "you won't find any here."

"And, by thunder," said Mr. Scarlet, "it's lucky for you we won't. You're the sheep they love to shear—the honest, sober kind."

The captain shrugged his shoulders and opened up his log.

"Seth," he said, "go up on deck. You won't find any here."

There sat Captain Swale beneath the smoky swinging lamp, writing in his log, and there was no one on the Charming Nancy to whom to tell his thoughts, for no one would have understood that he was a man of destiny, following his star, an idealist, a dreamer, in spite of his thin lips.

"Clear weather," he wrote, "fair northwest breezes. Cleared ship for action twice. Crew indifferent poor."

"Boy!" he shouted. "Boy, fetch out my blankets. What are you crying for, boy?"

"Nothing, if you please, sir," Job Willing said.

"No," said Captain Swale, "don't lie. You're crying to be back to Haven's End. Do you mind the way the church bells ring?"

And all at once his voice was kind, and all at once the light was brighter which had always played behind his face.

"And you heard the fife and drum?" he said. "Don't be afraid of me. I was young when I first left. Tell me where you live, boy. I know Haven's End."

"Sail sighted S. E." was all that Daniel wrote, as though it were an everyday affair. "Proved to be British brig Eclipse. Kingston to Halifax. Struck when we boarded after engagement of one glass. Lost fore-topmast. Five killed—ten wounded."

That was all he wrote, but, by the time they boarded, everyone knew why seamen's shares sold at a premium when Daniel Swale was captain. Daniel was the one who led them, with Seth Scarlet just behind him, but the fight was nearly over when the grappling hooks were thrown. The late afternoon sun beat on a deck covered with blood and splinters, and a knot of men stood at the mainmast, but the rest had gone below.

Daniel Swale was in his shirt sleeves with a cutlass in his hand, but even then he seemed apart from all the rest, unshaken by the excitement of it, methodical, precise.

"Daniel," said Seth Scarlet. "It's true what they say. You're a great captain, Danny Swale."

"Seth," said Daniel, "you'll please to call me 'sir' on deck. Where's the master here? Go down with him and see what's in the cabin."

"Very good, sir," said Seth Scarlet. "It's manners still, is it? Well, it don't make any difference. You know how to fight."

And there it was, like a hundred affairs, up to then, dull and dreary even to Daniel Swale. He had been in enough before to know the whole routine. As Seth Scarlet and the master of the brig, a middle-aged man who might have been a shopkeeper, moved away, Daniel Swale looked forward. The crew of the Charming Nancy were by the forecastle, where the prisoners were emerging one by one.

"Don't take their money from their pockets," shouted Daniel Swale.

"Huzzah for the captain!" someone shouted.

"Be silent forward," roared out Captain Swale. And they obeyed him because they were afraid of him by then, and the prize shares would be handsome if the Eclipse should gain a port.

Already the Charming Nancy was cast off. Already men were busy with repairs when Seth Scarlet came back on deck.

"Captain," called Seth Scarlet, "will you please to step up here?" He lowered his voice and his broad red face was puzzled. "There's a woman in the cabin. Ho, did you mind what you were saying—there'd be no women here?"

(Continued on Page 54)

He might not know

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a counter from a heel-lift *–but he knows* value

SEVERAL million men go forth every morning in International Shoes. Very few of them, probably, could tell you *why* their shoes look so well for so long. But what they can tell you, and will tell you any time the subject comes up, is that they know they can't buy better shoes for the price they are asked to pay.

The mention of all-leather counters would doubtless not excite them. But they find a decided glow of satisfaction in the lasting fit and comfort of their shoes around their heels and ankles.

A heel-lift might suggest nothing more than the quaint idea of pulling themselves up by their boot straps, when as a matter of fact it is one of those important little slabs of leather which are used to build up a heel. And though they may not know how important it is that International tolerates no substitution for solid leather in these lifts, they do know the result—heels that stand up through all kinds of weather.

That kind of satisfaction doesn't just happen. It has come about for one reason—International has proved to these millions that they can buy truly fine shoes for considerably less than they had thought they could.

There is no magic in this. It is simply sound economics. With a production of fifty million pairs of shoes a year, it is decidedly sound for The International Shoe Company also to make the materials for those shoes. So seventy-five different plants, making everything from leather to lining fabrics, are in operation to supply the extensive requirements of International's forty-four specialty shoe factories.

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INTERNATIONAL SHOES are marketed under the six marks of quality which are shown below. Together they comprise more than 1,000 styles of footwear for men, women, children and infants. They are sold by more than 70,000 leading merchants, distributed throughout every state in the Union. Regardless of the brand you select, the style you prefer or the price you pay, International Shoes represent the greatest shoe value you can buy.

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(Continued from Page 51)

"The devil!" said Daniel Swale.

"Yes, sir," said Seth Scarlet. "The sweetest piece you ever clapped your eyes upon down there in the cabin."

Now, to every man who lives there comes a moment sometime of strange illumination, when all the world becomes a wish turned true, regardless of the truth. Seth Scarlet could not understand it, for he knew the type, that parody of stateliness, that unreserved complaisance which was old as time almost, when Babylon was young. It flashed between those two in a look of recognition. He knew what she was. She knew he knew. It was not for him to see the sublimity in Daniel Swale's unworldliness

All he remembered was Daniel Swale in a dripping shirt, no longer white, with a smudge of powder on his cheekbones, staring at that lady from the sea.

"By thunder!" the captain of the Eclipse was saying. "Don't take on so, ma'am. They'll use you right." And then he lowered his voice: "Blimy! If you wouldn't think she'd never seen a man!"

Overhead was the sound of stamping feet, like the chaos from another world. The ship was rolling on a gentle sea, and the dying sun was reflected from the water through the cabin windows in a fitful way, like the light of a faintly burning fire. That was how Daniel saw her first in that flickering, uncertain light, as stately as a vision without the hollows in her cheeks, without the patient weariness in her eyes. The light played like a halo on that lady's yellow hair, giving her a beauty that was unreal, like a white light against the hardness of a thousand meager days.

And there he stood staring at her, and no one guessed that he was staring at a wish of his own, conjured up from silent watches. He stared at her, gaping like a country boy, for her dress was all blue satin, embroidered with little flowers in vines and sprays, as odd and unsubstantial as Daniel Swale's own thoughts. And where could one find a standard for a lady such as she, when there was not her like in all of Haven's End? But the courtesy of Daniel Swale overcame the rudeness of his staring. The silence was over in a moment. He took his eyes from her face and looked down at her hands, slender and white with half a dozen rings.

"Madam," he said in a strange, hushed voice, "do not be afraid."

"No," said Seth Scarlet, "you wait and see if we ain't the bully boys."

"No," said the master of the Eclipse. "There, there, ma'am. I told you when you shipped, times was uncertain-like. Why, look at this gentleman—if he is a Yankee, damn him, he won't let the crew lay a finger on you. There, there, ma'am."

"Lud," said the lady. Her voice was as soft as though she sang a song, and she looked at Daniel Swale as though she could not understand him, and perhaps she never did. "Excuse me, sir, I didn't mean to take on so. Are you a Yankee, sir?"

"Yes, madam," said Daniel Swale, "a Yankee, madam." And he bowed with a touch of color in his face. "And you, master, will you give me your name and the papers?"

"Jenkins," said the master—"Herbert Jenkins. And it wasn't my fault the men wouldn't stand to it, once you come aboard. I done my best for the owners. The lady's a passenger." He looked at them and nodded. "None of my affair, except a passenger, passage paid for. Name, Denby—Honorable Amaryllis Denby, so she says. From the Jamaica station, bound to meet Sir Rodney Burke at Halifax."

Then Seth Scarlet began to grin at the light of his own knowledge.

"Honorable?" he said. "*Honorable*, did you say?"

The lady looked at him with level eyes and turned her head.

"Yes," she answered, "honorable. And Sir Rodney Burke's my—uncle, if you have to know."

And then Seth Scarlet started. He was staring at Daniel Swale, and there was no wonder that he could not understand. Daniel Swale was bowing again, exactly like a dancing master—an odd sight in his torn shirt with his long clubbed hair.

"Madam," he said, "I am very sorry."

"Thank you, sir," she said, but she was looking at Seth Scarlet. "Will you have some refreshment while your man is putting things about?"

"Thank you, madam," Daniel bowed again, "but we are pressed for time. Madam, we have no way to entertain a lady, but you will be safer with us than on a half-manned prize. If you will pack a box, it will be carried aboard. I ——" He paused and shook his head. "I have my owner to think of, like any other captain."

She looked at him and nodded very graciously. It all was like some fantastic play, when she nodded to Daniel Swale.

"Well," she said, "beggars can't be choosers, sir."

In the meanwhile Seth Scarlet stared, and moved about the cabin looking here and there, but suddenly he paused and bent above a chest.

"Here!" he said. "There's no manifest for this. What's in it? Where's the key?"

Captain Jenkins frowned and cleared his throat.

"Only personal gear," he said. "That's all."

"Is it so?" said Seth Scarlet. "Now, don't you trick us. Don't we know you were in a convoy before the blow? Open it up or we'll smash it in. It's what Goldilocks here said—beggars can't be choosers."

The captain drew a bag from his pocket, and then the cabin echoed with Seth Scarlet's shout.

"Danny!" he said. "Blast us, but we're rich men, Danny!"

There was no wonder that Daniel Swale's eyes narrowed as he looked. The box was full of gold –more than he had ever seen or hoped to see. The light from the gold seemed to shine upon his face, and for a moment his lips trembled.

"It's specie," said the master heavily. "I told them fools it wasn't safe. Ten thousand pounds of specie—and they wouldn't hold the deck."

And then, suddenly, his face sagged and his body sagged, and he bent his head above the table and began to weep. Daniel Swale drew in a breath that was almost like a sigh, and he, too, seemed shaken by some emotion.

"Lock up that box," he said. "Send two men down to get it."

Daniel Swale himself was smiling once he came on deck, but his eyes moved here and there. He had a way of seeing everything at once, and already his mind was moving forward. Yet somehow, anyone could tell that he had changed, because that cloak of loneliness had left him before some unknown spell.

"Ah!" said Seth. "But you're a cool one, sir, and it's manners all the time. Ho-ho! It was all I could do not to bust out laughing, you bowing and scraping as though she was a lady."

"What?" the captain said, and his voice was very loud. "What do you mean by that?"

"No," said Seth Scarlet. "What's she doing on a trading brig, traveling all alone? You've been born long enough to know just what I mean."

Daniel Swale stared at him for a moment, and once he opened his lips, only to close them before he finally spoke.

"I don't," he said, "and perhaps it's just as well, but you mark this: You mind your manners when she comes aboard, if you can't tell good blood when you see it."

Then Seth Scarlet must have known, because his broad, heavy mouth fell open, and his eyes grew wide.

"Danny," he said, "have you lost your wits?"

And then he stopped, because something in the look of Daniel Swale made him stony silent, and he stood as though he saw an amazing sight that lay beyond his furthest thoughts. He was staring at what stood behind the hardness and the silence. It was there where anyone might see—the ignorance and the gentleness of Daniel Swale.

She must have marveled too. He was beyond the realm of her sophistication and of the brilliance that shone from her, when she talked of this and that in London, and she had seen it all. And she was beautiful, even to one who did not long for land, that lady from the sea. As she sat in the Charming Nancy's cabin, it seemed like a light, fantastic place, which even swayed Seth Scarlet's judgment. There was no hope for Daniel Swale, and the end was very clear. Ulysses had his own Calypso, and Ulysses was a wiser man.

They put her in the cabin, all alone, and the officers slept forward with the crew. But they ate with her in the cabin, of the same boiled salt meat the crew ate, ending with pasty raisin pudding, washed down by rum and water.

It was a marvelous picture, that cabin with the smoky fish-oil lantern swaying overhead, the small arms rattling in their racks and Amaryllis Denby with rings upon her fingers seated before a wooden trencher, while Seth Scarlet chewed his victuals savagely and Daniel Swale drank at his rum and water.

The captain never asked her how she came upon a trading brig, traveling all alone in time of war, because he was a very gallant man who accepted her like the sunrise after a stormy night. It was marvelous to see the captain rise and bow.

"Madam," he said, "we will leave you now. No one will disturb you unless we sight a sail."

"No," she said, "I'm lonely. Captain, stay and smoke your pipe."

"Ay," said Seth Scarlet, "to be sure he'll stay." Even when he believed the innocence, he could not believe the chivalry of Daniel Swale.

But Daniel Swale did not touch her; he would as soon have touched an image of the Virgin.

"Captain," she said, "tell me who you are."

For a moment he looked at her diffidently, and he blushed like a boy of seventeen.

"I am a Yankee trader, madam," he said. "Mostly toward the Guinea Coast until the war began. But I'll be a ship's owner some day unless I die."

She sat with her chin in the palm of her hand, and for some reason he was not ill at ease when she gazed at him thoughtfully, with a wrinkle between her brows.

"But you're a gentleman, if you are a Yankee," she said. "Not like that officer of yours!" She shrugged her shoulders and made a face, but he did not see because he did not dare to look at her for long. He could not forget that they were in the cabin all alone.

"Madam," he said, "I've always bought and sold. I know the value of this and that, but the Swales are gentle people. We are the Swales from Norwich."

"Oh," she said, "the Norwich Swales? When I stayed at Dean Manor once, there was a Swale."

"Was there?" said Daniel. "Was there now?"

And then he told her of the Swales at Haven's End, of Colonel Richard Swale who had led his regiment in King Philip's War, he told her of the great house that Colonel Swale had built and of the colonel's steel cap and breastpiece that hung above the chimney back at home. If she was amused she did not show it, because Lady Amaryllis had skill enough for that, but there must have been a transparency in him which amazed her from the very first as he talked of the grandeur of the Swales. "We're poor now," he said. "It's a trading town and I am the only one who has made his way in trade."

All the while that lady seemed lost in some thought that puzzled her. She kept looking at him curiously from beneath half-lowered eyelids, as though she waited for something that did not happen, and finally she pointed at the chest upon the cabin floor.

"And how much of that will you have?" she asked.

"Madam," he answered, "I should have a thousand pounds when I get home."

And then he told her of Haven's End with a warmth and eagerness because her glance was kind. He told her of the marshes where the wild fowl came in and of the sturgeon in the river. He told her of the sleigh rides on winter nights and of the dancing in the tavern. He told her of the great houses that were being built and of the prizes that were coming to the wharves, and, as he spoke, he seemed to see the streets in a new glory which had never yet descended upon Haven's End, and all the while she listened, half perplexed, because she did not understand.

"And are there any red Indians?" she asked. "I thought the Americas were forests, always filled with Indians. Is it true that all the men sing psalms?"

"Madam," said Daniel Swale, "the Indians come in with deer and beaver pelts, but only a very few. Listen—you can hear the watch singing now, the hundred and third psalm from the old music book."

And then they were silent, for he could think of nothing more to say, and all about them was the creaking of wood and all the noises of a ship at sea. And he felt that her eyes were on him, though he could not look. He could not look because of her nearness and her helplessness and because the softness of her voice was like sweet temptation, though she was so fine a lady.

"You'll be a great man in your town," she said. "I know it, Captain Swale."

"Madam," he said, and his voice was far from steady, "you have seen so many greater men."

"I am not so sure," she said. "Good night to you, Captain Swale." She held out her hand covered with its rings of red stones and of green, and they flashed like fire. At the touch of her hand, as he bent over it, his blood was like fire. She seemed to be drawing him beyond himself, into a place of laughter and shining floors, where candles shone on diamonds and where there was an odor of lavender and roses.

"Good night to you, madam," he said.

"Captain Swale," she answered, "you are a very gentle man."

When he was on deck he stood for a long while looking at the sea, where the bows cut the black water into a feather of light.

"Ah, captain," said Seth Scarlet, "will you be in the cabin tonight?"

"You fool!" said Daniel Swale. "Can't you tell a lady when you see one?"

"Maybe not," Seth Scarlet said, "but I'll tell you one thing straight and it's bad black luck for you. You love her, Danny Swale, and you're the fool, not me."

Seth Scarlet was the one who needed more than a lady's hand to kiss, and Daniel Swale was the one who heard her scream. It was past midnight and black, rainy weather, when Seth Scarlet had the watch on deck. Daniel Swale was in the cabin in a moment, and there was the Lady Amaryllis Denby, white-faced, wide-eyed, struggling in Seth Scarlet's arms.

"You!" said Daniel Swale. "Go up on deck."

Even in his anger his voice was level, but Seth Scarlet must have known that anything might happen. Nevertheless, he tried to laugh in the absurdity of that moment.

"Danny," he said, "easy, Danny. Don't you see she likes it?"

"Go up on deck," said Daniel Swale. But even then Seth Scarlet tried, purely out of kindness, to tell him. There was no use, but still Seth Scarlet tried.

"By thunder," he cried, "don't you see what she's after? She started screaming just to get you here. She ——"

Daniel Swale reached toward the arms rack, and his face went white as paper.

"Seth," he said, and still his voice was level, "I don't want trouble over this. I'm being patient, Seth."

"Very good." Seth Scarlet's voice was thick. "Very good, sir, but don't say I didn't put in my word—and you'll be sorry until the day you die. Lord help us—was there ever such a fool?"

(Continued on Page 57)

Walter M. Rogers *steps out in* #556 *and* #909

Lightness, warmth, durability combine with a most pleasing appearance to make pattern No. 909 a favorite for overcoats—whether in the three-button, double-breasted, box-back style chosen by Mr Rogers or in any of the other favored Nash styles.

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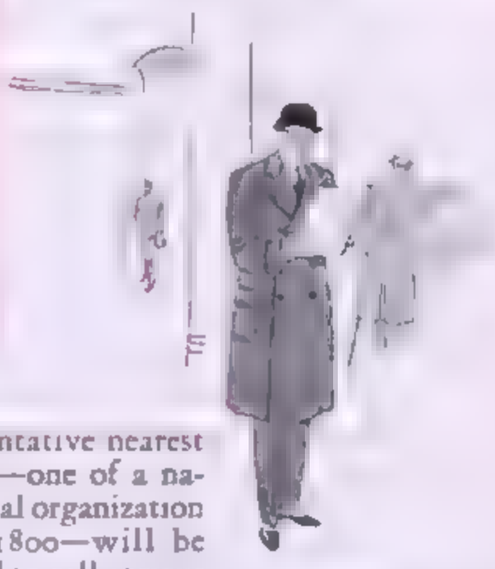

EVERY sales-manager stresses the importance of good appearance when he's talking to his salesmen. And every successful sales-manager practises what he preaches.

It's all the more gratifying to us, therefore, that Mr. Walter M. Rogers should select a Nash suit and overcoat. As a sales-manager whose outstanding success has made him more than a sales-manager, he may be counted on to know a good thing in clothes. And, with his wide range of activities, he, of course, demands clothes that not only look well but wear well.

Mr. Rogers has found this combination in his Nash suit, pattern No. 556, and his Nash overcoat, pattern No. 909. It's a suit that looks trim behind his desk, an overcoat that looks smart when he's motoring to the bank to attend a directors' meeting.

Altogether, there are 220 Nash patterns and 30 models to choose from, priced to suit almost every purse. The Nash resident-representative nearest you—one of a national organization of 1800—will be glad to call at your home or office, help you select your pattern and model, take your measurements for a suit or overcoat that will be tailored individually for you. If the Nash representative hasn't called on you yet, write us, and we'll put him in touch with you. The A. Nash Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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If it won't it is your own fault

Usually it's the oil you are using—you haven't Waxfree Havoline in the crankcase. If your dealer hasn't it, insist that he get it.

With the New Waxfree Havoline you will never hear the protesting gr-r-r-r and groan that tells you your motor is "frozen" by congealed oil. On the bitterest zero days your engine will respond in pleasing fashion at the first touch of the starter—though your car has stood outdoors for hours—*because this great new oil contains no wax!*

Wax, you know, causes motor oil to congeal in cold weather, clogging your motor. If your car is hard to start, blame yourself for using a waxy oil.

This new Waxfree Havoline is a pure unblended paraffin base oil that is *free from wax!* It can be refined only by the revolutionary new *Govers Process*, controlled exclusively by the Indian Refining Company.

Because it contains no wax, it flows at 5° below zero!

It lubricates every bearing evenly and completely at temperatures many degrees below that at which ordinary oils harden in the crankcase.

It remains "oily" at high engine heats that cause ordinary oils to "break down," providing perfect protection throughout the entire range of motor temperatures.

There is no other oil in the world like it. It is the oil, as its specifications show, that satisfies every requirement of the perfect winter lubricant.

Change to this great waxfree oil today—and laugh at winter. The New Waxfree Havoline retails at 35c a quart—it is worth far more in engine protection and cold weather convenience.

HAVOLINE
WAXFREE
Wax turns water-thin under heat. Wax turns candle-hard under cold. Now you can get a waxfree paraffin base oil for the best year 'round lubrication.
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INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
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The New WAXFREE HAVOLINE

35¢ a QUART *Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada*

SPECIFICATIONS

The New WAXFREE Havoline #30

**Lubricants standard established by the Society of Automotive Engineers*

FLASH POINT	450 F.
FIRE POINT	520° F.
VISCOSITY (at 130 F.	*220
VISCOSITY (at 210 F.	58
COLD TEST, 5 below zero F.	

Specification figures for Havoline #30 are shown here because it is a popular grade of lubricant for a number of cars. Havoline dealers have the correct grade for every car

Impartial oil experts can tell you these specifications show that the New Waxfree Havoline surpasses all previous standards of quality in oil.

(Continued from Page 54)

Daniel must have been the only one who did not know what was to follow, because by then it was as inevitable as time. Yet to the very end he stumbled in his diffidence.

"Madam," he said, "I've been afraid of this. You must not blame him too much. Men are like that. It's—the loneliness——"

"Yes," she answered. Her hands were trembling as she twisted up her hair. "Yes, I know."

Daniel Swale cleared his throat.

"Our course is close to the islands," he said. "I can put you ashore, perhaps. I think you would be safer there, unless——"

"Unless?" she took up his word haltingly, and Daniel bowed his head.

"I suppose you'll laugh," he answered, "because I'm very plain. Will you forgive me? I was about to say—unless we married."

There was not a sound but the groaning of the Charming Nancy's timbers in that eternal complaint of ships, a moaning, dirge-like sound, but the sweetness of her voice was what he heard.

"I'll make you a good wife, sir. I swear I will," she said.

And next, before the thing seemed possible, her head was on his shoulder and her soft, gold hair was on his coat—a strange scene, a pretty scene for a Yankee privateer.

Although he was a trader who knew short weights, he never asked her who she was. One can imagine what Seth Scarlet must have thought. He did not see the beauty of it, nor the sadness of it. When the long boat came from shore that night Seth Scarlet watched it, grinning, and he bowed before her in a parody of pleasure.

"My congratulations, madam!" he said. "You have found a good man, too good a man."

And he turned to shake the captain by the hand. In the happiness that was upon him, how should Daniel have noticed that his lady's face had blushed scarlet? Her hand had closed tight on his, with a new ring on it of plain gold, a wedding ring.

Then Daniel Swale was laughing softly; all his loneliness and all his repression were gone for a little time, lost in that dream of his that was as wild and poignant as any lover's thought. It was not for Daniel Swale to guess what she was, and he would have died sooner than believe it. And when he believed, he wished that he was dead, but it was too late to die.

When His Majesty's privateer, Enterprise, came up with the Charming Nancy after a six hours' chase, Daniel Swale would have fought her if his crew had stood up to fight, but they were only country boys, when all was said and done, who were making their first cruise. They ran below at the first broadside, forcing Daniel Swale to strike, and the boats of the Enterprise brought them off, a frightened lot of boys with Mills Prison staring them in the face.

Daniel Swale, his lady, Seth Scarlet, the box of specie and the Charming Nancy's log crossed in the last boat, and Captain Bligh of the Enterprise received them on his deck. Captain Bligh, in his middle thirties, with puffy eyes and small, plump hands, was in dress uniform when they arrived, smiling at them when they climbed on deck.

"Gad!" said Captain Bligh. "So you didn't choose to fight your ship? I'd have fought if I were you. Oh, gad, what have we here?" He had seen Daniel Swale's lady, but he did not remove his hat. "Gad!" said Captain Bligh. "Now here's a pleasant meeting. Damme, if it isn't Lady Amaryllis—and in a Yankee boat. Oh, Amaryllis, tell me, aren't you true to your first loves?"

Disgrace had made Daniel Swale silent until then, but anger gave him back his tongue.

"Have you no courtesy, sir?" he said. "The lady is my wife." And then his face went white, for Captain Bligh was seized with a sudden fit of laughter.

"Captain," said Captain Bligh, "that's capital. But it does not go with me."

"Sir," said Daniel Swale, "what do you mean by that?"

"Don't be a fool," said Captain Bligh. "She's everybody's wife. Damme, I know Lady Amaryllis, don't I? There's no ensign in Portsmouth who doesn't know her."

"Sir," said Daniel Swale, "I tell you she's my wife."

Captain Bligh's mouth fell open. "You didn't marry her now; not Amaryllis? Gad, sir, don't joke with me. Amaryllis is an officers' lady. Speak up and tell him, dear."

Daniel Swale took one look at her; and one look was enough, even for Daniel Swale. It seemed as though the words had dragged her in the dirt. She was not weeping; instead, her face was drawn into lines, ugly and horrible, and her voice was a shrieking discord.

"You beast!" she cried. "You filthy beast, Bob Bligh."

Then Seth Scarlet began to laugh, although he should have known it was not a laughing matter.

"Ho!" he cried. "Ho-ho! There's one for you, Dan Swale."

Daniel Swale stood for a moment staring, while Seth Scarlet laughed and Captain Bligh began to laugh again, and then he must have forgotten where he was or what he was, for he leaped at the captain's throat. It was so quick and unexpected that they fell to the deck together, but in an instant it was over. The second officer of the Enterprise ran up, fetching Daniel Swale a blow on the temple with a pistol butt, and Daniel Swale lay deathly white, face upward on the deck.

"You beast!" screamed Lady Amaryllis. "Oh, you beast!"

Captain Bligh was getting to his feet, dusting at his coat.

"Put both these men in irons," he said. "Iron them in the hold with their crew. Lady Amaryllis, shall you and I be sensible? I would, if I were you. Really, now, I would."

There was an end, or almost an end to the love of Daniel Swale.

When Daniel Swale opened his eyes he was in the hold with the crew of the Charming Nancy, and the hold was very dark. Seth Scarlet was leaning over him.

"You're alive, are you?" Seth Scarlet said.

"Yes," said Daniel Swale; "yes, I'm alive."

Then Seth Scarlet began to laugh, not because he was merry, but because his nerves were shaken. "The joke's on you," he said. "I wish you could have seen your face. The joke's on you, Dan Swale."

Daniel sat up and his voice was very faint. "Laugh again and I'll kill you," he said. His head sank back against the planking. "I"—his voice was hardly more than a whisper—"I'm going to take this ship."

Like all the other Scarlets from Haven's End, Seth was plain and plodding. He could not know the torment in the mind of Daniel Swale.

"Dan," he said, "you've not got your senses back. You're lying here with your head broken, aren't you? Haven't you been gulled by a little painted hussy that any man could see was no better than she should be? You're a fine old family, are you? Ho-ho! Wait till they hear about it back at Haven's End. And don't you keep your manners now; don't you be puffed up with pride. Remember you're in irons, Danny Swale, in the hold of a ship of war."

Daniel Swale sat up again, weak in body and weak in voice, but it startled Seth Scarlet to hear him, because he could not understand the driving force of will, or the sublimation of stubbornness that was speaking in the dark.

"These irons," said Daniel Swale—"these irons," and he shook them on his wrist. "We have better irons in the Guinea trade, and I've seen the black boys pick the locks. I've seen them. I know how."

"Are you crazy?" said Seth Scarlet. "Are you crazy, Danny Swale?"

"There's a nail in my pocket," Daniel Swale answered. "When my head is better I can pick the locks."

Seth Scarlet stared at him in silence through the dark, and all the crew were listening, swayed by the contagion of that feeble voice.

"If I get you free," said Daniel Swale, "where do you want to go, men—to the prison or back to Haven's End?"

Then, if they had never known it before, they felt his spirit, rising from the embers into flame.

"Scarlet," he asked, "did you see? Where did she go?" He was thinking of her still.

"Lord, sir!" said Seth Scarlet. He was swayed at last by the unreality of it. "She's up there in the cabin. Now don't take on. Just sit quiet, captain."

"Is she?" said the captain, "is she so? Now listen. Do what I tell you and I'll have you out of this. Don't stop—don't think. D'you hear me? I tell you I'll get you out of this—out of this."

"You watch the captain," someone was whispering. "Ain't he the bully boy?"

Long afterward, when Daniel Swale told of it, the thing did not seem strange, supported by his philosophy—only a combination of audacity and luck, distilled from his imagination. He and his carpenter ripped off the hinges from the bulkhead door one night, which led to the cabin aft. They worked it back a foot, and Daniel Swale got through and pulled the bolts and went for Captain Bligh.

Captain Bligh went down without a moan, and, with the small arms in the cabin, all the rest was easy.

It always seemed, to those who remembered later, that it was all a part of something else for him.

Even when it ended, he did not seem to realize what they had done. He stood on the deck in the lantern light, staring at the dark.

"Don't take their money from their pockets," he shouted. "Boy, serve out a round of rum. Mr. Scarlet! Scarlet—are you there?"

"Aye, sir," said Mr. Scarlet. "Give him a cheer now. Have you lost your tongues?"

"Stop your bellowing!" That was the only answer the captain made. "Mr. Scarlet, set a watch, and come with me to the cabin. I haven't finished yet."

There was no wonder that Seth Scarlet could not understand, for it was the way always with the Scarlets and the Swales.

Captain Bligh still was dazed by the time Daniel Swale reached his cabin. One of his officers was tied there with him, and two lay dead on deck.

"Take out the other gentleman," he said. "Where is the lady gone?"

"She's here, confound her!" groaned Captain Bligh. "She held a pistol on me. And, so help me, I wish she'd pulled the trigger, if you want to know."

Then Daniel Swale saw her, standing there, very white and slender, with all her airs and graces gone, wide-eyed, and almost any moment she might have laughed and laughed until her voice ended in a scream. He looked at her gravely and back at Captain Bligh.

"Untie him, Mr. Scarlet, if you please," he said, and rested his hand upon the cabin table. "It's all right, my dear. It's quite all right."

Though Daniel was never a handsome man, everyone stared at him then. The wound on his head was unwashed and black; his hair was matted and his clothes were torn, but his eyes were steady and his voice was level.

"Captain Bligh," he said.

"Yes," said Captain Bligh; "what the devil do you want?"

"When I saw you last," said Daniel Swale, "you made some disparaging remarks on this lady, my wife."

"By gad, sir!" said Captain Bligh. Seth Scarlet had untied him and he was on his feet. "I did not know she was your wife."

"But you know it now," said Daniel Swale. "And we held different opinions, very different, unless you've changed your mind. I hold she is a lady of unblemished reputation."

"A what?" said Captain Bligh.

"A lady of unblemished reputation," repeated Daniel Swale. "Do you agree with me?"

"I'm damned if I agree!" shouted Captain Bligh. "What the devil are you doing now? Do you mean to kill me, sir?"

Daniel Swale had primed two pistols and had placed them on the cabin table.

"Captain Bligh," he said, "take your place at the end of the table, please. Mr. Scarlet has not a handkerchief; will you kindly lend him yours?"

"Yes," said Captain Bligh. "What the devil do you mean to do?"

"Sir," said Daniel Swale, "we are sailing for Haven's End. My wife shall be what I say she is when I reach there. Captain Bligh, when Mr. Scarlet here says three, we will reach across the table, take a weapon, cock and fire."

"By gad, sir, it's murder," said Captain Bligh.

And then the lady spoke. "Daniel," she began. "Oh, Daniel."

"My dear," said Daniel Swale, "will you please be still? Mr. Scarlet, will you please count three and drop the handkerchief?"

Seth Scarlet's hand was trembling and his voice was as unsteady as his hand.

"Daniel," he said, "there's no need for this. The gentleman will give his word."

"I'll be damned if I will!" shouted Captain Bligh. "She's a common light of love. Count out and I'll stick to it."

At the last number they both reached forward and straightened back, but as they did so the vessel gave a lurch. The lantern, swinging from overhead, wavered; both men lost their balance, but Captain Bligh regained his first and fired. The cabin was a roar of noise and smoke. Through it they both were standing by the cabin table.

"Are you all right, Daniel Swale?"

"I'm struck on the shoulder," Daniel said. "Load the pistols, Mr. Scarlet, if you please." He was leaning forward against the table, gripping it hard with both his hands. Captain Bligh had taken a step backward and his face was pasty white.

"Haven't you had enough?" he said hoarsely.

"No," said Daniel Swale. "Load the pistols, Mr. Scarlet, if you please."

Captain Bligh stared through the smoke at Daniel Swale, as though he saw a ghost; he must have known, as all of them must have known, that Daniel Swale was no ordinary man.

"Have I hit you, sir?" he asked.

Daniel Swale gazed back. And they all must have had a glimpse of what went on behind his eyes; even Captain Bligh must have seen the pain and the deep humiliation which had made Daniel Swale half mad.

"I'm able to stand," he answered, "and will go on with it. I'll have my wife a lady if I'm to take her home."

Then they must have understood, for somehow his wish no longer seemed absurd in the light of Daniel's will. Though they might not have known it then, he was a sublimation of the race of Swales, with all their stupidity and with the stubbornness of all the Swales that drove them to strange heights. There he was, a Yankee trader who had only thought of money, driven by adversity to a strange, heroic role. All at once, nothing seemed impossible, as Daniel Swale stood clutching at the table's edge with his thin, white hands. All at once, they must have known that he could achieve the impossible, that he could make his wife an honest woman.

"My dear sir," said Captain Bligh, and his manner seemed to have changed without his own volition, "I was mistaken. I never knew your wife. She—as far as I'm concerned, she's as pure as the driven snow."

"Thank you, sir," said Daniel Swale. "I see you understand."

"Certainly," said Captain Bligh. "There will be no word spoken of it, not a word. Sir, if you'd put it to me plain, there'd have been no need to fight about it."

"Thank you," said Daniel Swale. "And now, no doubt, you'll beg the lady's pardon."

"How?" said Captain Bligh. "Must I do that?"

"If you please!" said Daniel Swale.

Then all three were looking at her, where she stood with the color back in her cheeks again. It almost seemed as if the words of Daniel Swale had made a change in her; she was taller, more aloof, that lady from the sea, like a fine lady on a Gainsborough canvas, unreal like a figure in a tale.

"Madam," said Captain Bligh, "I mistook you for someone else, an unpardonable mistake of course, but I ask your pardon."

"Thank you, sir," she answered, as if the words had been written for her to read. "The captain is very kind."

"And you, Seth Scarlet," Daniel Swale turned slowly to his mate, "there'll be no error back home, you understand? Madam Swale comes of an old county family."

Seth Scarlet must have understood, though he may never have known that other Scarlets had given way before the hardness of the Swales. He must have understood and, like the other Scarlets, he was a kindly man.

"Heaven help me!" said Seth Scarlet. "She'll be a princess if you say so back at Haven's End."

"Thank you," said Daniel Swale. "Take Captain Bligh on deck."

Daniel Swale sank down upon a locker. Blood was dripping from his left sleeve to the floor but he did not seem to notice; he was staring at the cabin wall, watching some vision which his own thoughts made.

Down on her knees beside him was that lady from the sea, reaching for his hand.

"Daniel," she said. "Daniel."

"Yes, my dear," he answered and he touched her bright head softly, for there was no doubt he loved her still.

"Daniel," she said, "it's true. You know it's true."

His answer was strange, very like the Swales. "It was true, my dear," he said, "but it's not true now."

There was no reason for her to understand him, when very few understood what lay behind his taciturnity.

"Daniel," she asked, "are you going to cast me off?"

"No, my dear," he answered. "Why do you ask me that?"

"It was the money," her voice broke. "That—box of money. And you were such a gull, Dan Swale, so easy and so good. Lord, how could you be so simple, sir? I'm not even as pretty as I was once. Couldn't you have seen?"

Daniel Swale did not answer for a moment, but sat looking at the wall.

"My dear," he said, "it's fair trading. I've been sharp in trade, so that I can't complain when one is sharp with me. Besides, my dear," and he began to smile in a mild, contented way, "one can be anything, if one dares enough. It's a part of life, the daring. I'll have a fine house for you on the high street before we're through, and your own coach, if I live. For you see you are a lady when we get to Haven's End."

UNDER THE CORK

(Continued from Page 30)

Twenty-eighth Street, otherwise known as Tin Pan Alley, was then the headquarters of the music publishers; and vaudevillians by the score hung around those places, rehearsing new songs as they came out, not only to keep themselves familiar with the latest stuff but also in the hope of attracting the attention of somebody who might give them a job or assist them in getting one.

Al and I, flat broke and with no prospects, were rehearsing a song in one of those houses one day, when Harry Von Tilzer, the publisher, became interested in our melancholy story and called in a friend of his, Edward Keller by name, a vaudeville agent then working for William Morris. He listened to our singing and gave us our first job in this act—at Morrison's Rockaway Theater for three days only, for which we were to receive the princely sum of eighteen dollars. A simple mathematical calculation will show that each of us was thereby receiving three dollars a day. Some might say that even that was more than we were worth.

We opened up at a matinée with great hopes for our future. The act seemed to go over fairly well and I began to feel highly encouraged; but Al, hurrying me to our dressing room, exclaimed, "Gee, Harry, we're rotten! Le's get out of here quick before they have a chance to cancel us; and we won't show up tonight until just time to walk on, and if they can't find us before then, they can't cancel us."

Young as he was, the boy was showing a streak of shrewdness, but also one of those sudden fits of discouragement which have assailed him from time to time throughout life. Fancy our surprise when we returned to the theater that night, barely in time to do our act, as Al had suggested, and found that, instead of being canceled, we had been moved to a better position later on the bill—always an honor and a sign of success in vaudeville.

From Vaudeville to Burlesque

Notwithstanding this compliment, our engagement at the Rockaway Theater was not extended, and our eighteen dollars was soon used up. But we were soon cheered by receiving another booking, that time at Henderson's Coney Island, for a week at a salary of forty dollars for the team. We had car fare to Coney Island, but no more. The first thing we did was to ask for some advance money.

"Can't let you have any advance money," was the reply. "But we can let you have a meal ticket apiece."

It was a shrewd idea. There was a café run in connection with the theater, you see, and they got us going and coming. The meal tickets were ten dollars apiece. All food was priced a la carte, and as Henderson's was far from being a cheap place, and as we had the usual hearty appetites of youth, we ate up our meal tickets long before the end of the week. We then procured one more meal ticket for the two of us, and what with our room rent and incidentals, we were flat broke by the end of the week. We had a few cents left on our meal ticket, but they wouldn't refund that to us, and we couldn't trade it for car fare, so we walked the whole stretch—about twelve miles, I think, but it seemed like forty—from Coney Island back to Union Square. We should have been able to give Weston or Dan O'Leary a merry whirl in a walking match if we'd just thought of it.

After that there came a long lean period when our youthful appearance persistently handicapped us and prevented us from getting steady bookings. Finally we abandoned vaudeville temporarily and went with a burlesque show called The Mayflowers.

In this I made my first appearance in black-face, playing a part in the show, and later on, in the olio, washing up and doing the Hebrew and Cadet act with Al. This was in 1901. The show was not a success and closed in a few weeks.

We then signed a contract—at thirty-five dollars a week for the two of us—to do our act with Cliff Grant's Little Egypt burlesque show. To make up for our lack of salary, we sold song books between acts and after the performance.

During the season our Little Egypt show played the Unique Theater in Brooklyn, and there a man connected with the Sullivan, Harris & Woods office happened to see us work and signed us for Billy B. Van's new show, Patsy Bolivar, for the following season at forty dollars a week for the two of us. We thought we were made for life, and immediately put an ad in the Clipper telling the world at large of our well-merited honor.

But in between the Grant and Van engagements occurred an amusing incident which well illustrates the course of our lives ever since we were born. To fill in the time before we went out with Van, we played a six weeks' engagement in burlesque stock at the Royal Theater in Montreal. While there, Al and I had a row over some trivial matter and practically ceased speaking to each other.

Meanwhile I became enamored of a little chorus girl in the show, but found that I had a very bitter rival in the person of a stage hand. Our rivalry ripened to enmity, and one day, after some hot words, we clinched and went to the mat backstage. Among others whose attention was attracted by the commotion was Al. I am still willing to swear that the other fellow wasn't getting the better of me, but Al evidently feared that he would, and forgetting that he and I were at outs, he pounced upon my opponent with such fury that between the two of us the fellow might have been mauled to a jelly if others hadn't pulled us off. When the bout was over, Al and I shook hands.

Our triumph over our contract with the Billy B. Van show was short-lived. One day after rehearsal was over, Mr. Van said, "All the principals may go home, but the chorus must remain." Al and I, preparing to leave, picked up our coats, but Van called out, "Here, you Joelson boys, stay and rehearse these choruses."

Al was furious at the suggestion. He whirled on Van and said, "We are principals, not chorus boys. You are paying us too much money. You can get chorus boys for twelve or fifteen a week."

With that as our parting shot, we walked out, owing that firm twenty dollars in advance salary, which we owe to this day. Time and again when our paths have crossed in recent years, Billy Van or Al H. Woods has reminded us of that twenty, but just for cussedness, we refuse to come across. We are all much better off financially now than then and can afford to make a joke of the matter.

A Black-Face Debut

Among our acquaintances at that time was an actor named Joe Palmer, who had been crippled by a nervous affliction until he was almost entirely helpless. Joe was a likable fellow with many friends, all of whom were looking out for chances to assist him.

Among these friends was the late Ren Shields—and I will pause for a moment to say God bless him—actor, author and song writer. As fame is fleeting in these latter days, it may be necessary to introduce Ren Shields as the coauthor with Georgie Evans of that famous old waltz song, In the Good Old Summertime, which was instrumental in endearing Blanche Ring to the hearts of the public. To this day I believe Miss Ring receives frequent requests to sing over again that old favorite. Another of Ren's hits of fifteen years or more ago was entitled Up in My Aeroplane, written when planes were in their infancy, the song catching on all the more readily because flying was then such a novelty.

Well, things weren't coming any too easily for us. Along in the winter of 1903–4 some of our friends first suggested that we frame up an act with Joe Palmer, who had a good barytone voice, but who was so crippled that he couldn't do an act alone. Ren Shields heard of the suggestion and came to us, saying, "Boys, if you will go with Joe, I will write the whole act for you for nothing."

Knowing that whatever Ren did was apt to be good, we agreed. But when the act was completed and Shields read it over to us there was consternation in our midst. The action took place in the grounds of a sanitarium. Ren had made me a doctor, Joe was to be a convalescent—which accounted for his remaining in a wheel chair throughout the act—while Al was slated to do the comedy part, a sort of Patsy Bolivar bell boy.

Al had always played straight to my comedy, and he earnestly assured Ren that he wasn't a comedian and couldn't possibly do the stuff, while I felt the same way about playing opposite him as the straight.

After much argument Ren exclaimed, "Now listen, you two! I can't make Al the doctor, because he looks too young. Either you'll play this act the way I have written it or I'll wash my hands of you."

Right here I want to say there could be no such word as "can't" in the lexicon of an actor in those days; so, for the good of all concerned, I stepped aside, giving Al his first chance to play comedy. When we got our team name on the bills, Joelson, Palmer & Joelson, it was so long that the lettering looked too small. After much cogitation we decided to drop the "e" from our names, making each name only six letters in length.

Just at this point I am compelled to pause for a few moments and blast at least a score of—perhaps fifty—reputations—the reputations of those who "put Al Jolson into black-face." The reader will recall that for every successful man in any line there are always dozens or hundreds of birds who "taught him all he knows," or who gave him the tip or loaned him the fifty dollars that started him on the road to fame and fortune. And so it is with Al and the negro character parts which he plays. Every little while I hear of another wiseacre who was the very first to plant the idea in Al's brain. The list is an impressive one. But the plain facts of the case are these:

In the fall of 1904 we played a week at the old Keeney Theater, on Fulton Street in Brooklyn. On the bill with us was a black-face monologist and singer, James Francis Dooley, now well known as one of the team of Dooley & Sales. To him must go the credit of first suggesting burnt cork to Al. Al's interpretation of the bell boy somehow hadn't seemed to catch on as it should up to that time, and as he, like many Washingtonians, had always had a decided Southern accent, Dooley suggested that the bell boy would probably go over better if played in black-face. He was right. Al tried it out and the results were entirely satisfactory.

We played our act on the Keith, Poli and Proctor circuits, receiving ninety dollars a week as salary for the three of us. Out of that we must pay commissions, railroad fares and living expenses, besides incidentals, such as advertising and photographs.

After dividing the remainder by three, you will know without seeing the figures that we weren't exactly on the road to becoming millionaires. However, it was heavenly in comparison with our hardships of the past few years; and when we received contracts for the Orpheum and Kohl and Castle circuits for $125 and $150 a week for the three of us, with fares paid, we thought we were right on the verge of stardom. If you think for one moment that we didn't live well and save money out of that salary, you are mistaken.

Perhaps some may wonder how we could possibly save money out of the salaries we received in those days. We could do it just because it cost so much less to live and travel then than it does now. Straight railroad fares were three cents a mile—in some states less—and troupes got party rates; or if you would buy a thousand-mile book, you got a rate of two cents. The handling of baggage and scenery cost only a fraction

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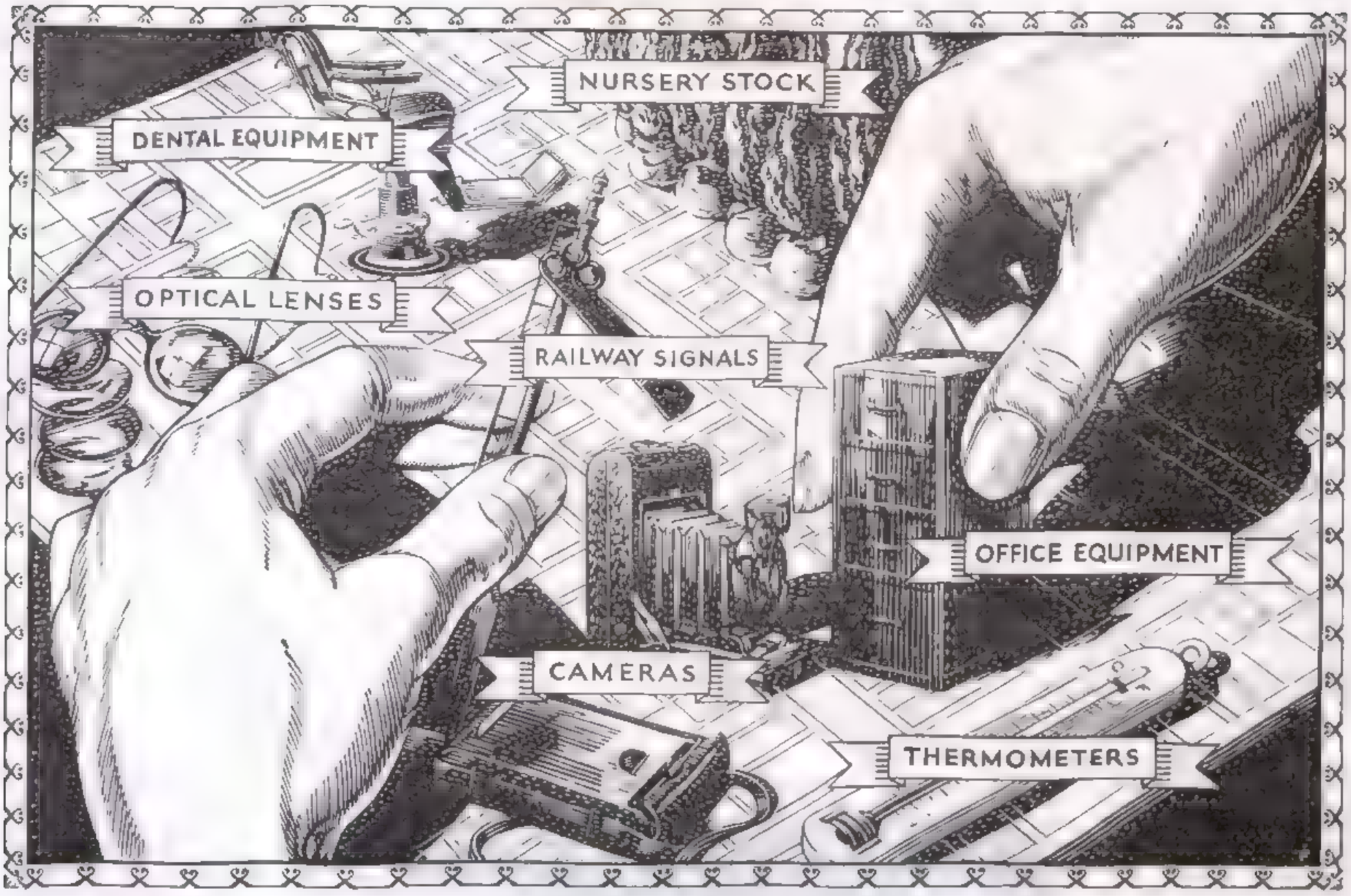
Rochester

A CITY BUILT BY HANDS



THE skill of the human hand built Rochester. The cunning of the artisan, the ingenuity of the trained technical worker built Rochester. For this city leads the world in seven industries requiring unusual skill of hand and eye . . . photographic supplies . . . filing systems . . . optical lenses . . . nursery stock . . . thermometers . . . dental equipment. It is among the leaders in the clothing industry.

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In this day when all the world has become one vast economic unit, it is interesting to note that Rochester enjoys banking facilities of a broad and progressive character. The Union Trust Company of Rochester helped to form the Marine Midland Group of banks. The advantages of this arrangement to Rochester, and to all who do business in Rochester are inestimable.

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The Marine Midland comprises a group of 17 banks which have joined together for greater strength and for greater service to their 350,000 customers. The ownership of each of these 17 banks is controlled by Marine Midland Corporation, which is a holding company, *not* an investment trust. This enables us to draw upon the experience and resources of one of the strongest financial groups in America. Yet each offers every *local* advantage that *local* officers and *local* directors can give.

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of what it does today. And then there were hotels like the Hurley House in Philadelphia, Strauss' Cincinnati, the Golden Gate in San Francisco and others throughout the country too numerous to mention, which made a practice of catering to the theatrical profession, offering special rates to attract their patronage.

For as low as six dollars a week if you slept two in a room, or seven dollars single, American plan, one might dine and sleep as well as any ordinary man could ask. These rates included not only your three meals a day, if you cared to get up for breakfast, but also your after-theater supper, which for most actors was and is yet only the third meal of the day. San Francisco was often spoken of as an expensive town in which to live, and yet the Golden Gate Hotel made a rate of eight dollars double, American plan, to the Thespian profession. Their foods—and they were the best the market afforded—were displayed uncooked on long banquet tables, from which you made your selection before giving your order, and all for eight dollars! Is it any wonder that some of the old-timers refer to those long-past years as the good old days?

The Unkindest Kick

The Jolson, Palmer & Jolson act covered the country, winning praise everywhere, but also some very amusing comments and criticisms. Joe Palmer's crippled condition was so cleverly concealed by his appearance in the wheel chair that more than one newspaper critic who did not know him suggested that it would give the act more variety if the fellow who played the convalescent would get out of the chair once in a while and do something different.

The truth of the matter was that poor Joe was as helpless as a baby; he had to be fed, clothed and bathed, and there was nobody else save Al or myself to do this for him. Such tasks were a rather bitter burden for a pair of youngsters such as we were, and the result was many a quarrel between us. Al and I have many points of resemblance, and one of them is the matter of peppery temper. Even today we may meet after a separation of months and be as friendly as you please, and all of a sudden there is a clap of thunder out of a clear sky and at once a storm is raging. However, our affection for each other survives many battles.

It was early in November, 1905, that these troubles reached their climax. We were on the train going from St. Louis to New Orleans. I wanted that afternoon and night off in the fascinating old Creole city. I insisted that it was Al's turn to take care of Joe, but he was quite as firm in combating the idea. In the quarrel that followed we decided to part company. I was ill and in bad spirits, anyhow, and fancied that I needed a change. We both regretted the quarrel before many days had passed, but by that time Al had left town, and as we both began to prosper singly soon thereafter, we decided that perhaps the parting was all for the best.

I went directly from New Orleans to Chicago, where I stayed for a few days, rigging up a single act for myself. I called it The Ghetto Sport and tried to present an entirely new idea in it—namely, that of a clean-cut, wise-cracking Jewish juvenile in songs and stories. That type had never been seen on the stage in those days; the accepted thing was the Joe and Bennie Welch type of Jew, with whiskers and a broad dialect. Today the type I tried to present then may be seen on almost any vaudeville stage. But after working around Chicago for a few months, I found that my idea of The Ghetto Sport was ahead of the times and reluctantly decided to abandon it in favor of black-face. This was early in 1906. Certain critics of mine, especially among the younger generation, who see me now as a black-face singing comedian in vaudeville and think that because of Al's success in cork I, too, adopted that character, are mistaken. I have been doing a black-face act since 1906.

Meanwhile I was playing steadily in the East, gradually raising my salary and establishing myself as a standard Keith act. Early in 1908 I had an offer to play in England, but after some debate I turned it down and instead booked a long trip to the West Coast. Al continued playing in the West and Middle West, and wrote to me frequently. But one eventful day Lew Dockstader, on tour with his minstrels, happened to see Al work at a vaudeville house in a town where they were both playing, and promptly put the boy under contract to go with him as one of the end men and also to do his specialty in the olio part of the show. Al proved to be the hit of Dockstader's troupe and his contract was eventually renewed

In 1908 a new big-time vaudeville circuit which seemed to promise stiff competition to Keith loomed on the theatrical horizon. It was given a big welcome, especially by those who felt that they had grievances against the Keith people, as it opened a new field, with an opportunity of drawing bigger money. The new circuit was promoted by William Morris, whose idea was to introduce a style of vaudeville somewhat different from that heretofore shown—more on the order of the English music halls. With this in view, he called most of his vaudeville theaters American music halls. Many of the biggest vaudeville headliners in the business deserted Keith because of the tempting offers made them by the new organization.

My decision upon my return from my Western Coast trip to try my fortunes with this new circuit was probably a deciding factor in my own career. I was then considered a distinctly different type of black-face from that usually offered by vaudeville, and my method of presenting songs and my burlesques on grand opera were making a name for me. Zit remarked in the New York Journal that "Harry Jolson was, indeed, a surprise to me. His burlesque on the operas is the funniest thing a single act has ever attempted on a vaudeville track." And just to show the queer ups and downs that fate bestows on folks, my salary with the Morris circuit was ranging from $175 to $250 a week.

A Round-Trip Elopement

In the summer of 1908, for the first time, I met a girl who seemed to me to be indispensable to my existence. After a courtship of six months—during one month of which we were at outs—we finally decided, one day in January, 1909, to run away and get married. As Claude Gillingwater used to say in Mlle. Modiste, "Why run?" For we could just as easily have been wedded secretly in the wilds of Manhattan. But elope we must, so we hastened over to Paterson, New Jersey, where we ran up against a blank wall, finding that Lillian would have had to establish residence there before we could get a license. So back we came to Manhattan and were wedded in the City Hall by Marrying Alderman Smith. It was a clear, sparkling winter day—a happy augury for our future and symbolic of our life together. After nearly nineteen years my best pal and I are still young, with a future stretching before us filled with hopes and plans

I may say without undue egotism that I had already made the name of Jolson rather well and favorably known in the big town.

When Al played in New York with Dockstader in that February of 1909 he made a tremendous hit. He had gone a long way artistically since his last appearance in Gotham, more than three years before

Of course there is no denying that Al could and did deliver the goods, as he has always done—the same high-class article that he delivers today, with the exception that now by his many years of experience in high-class productions and with fine orchestras he has acquired a finish which he didn't have years ago—a finish one cannot acquire in vaudeville. It's a mighty different proposition trying to sing a song with a vaudeville orchestra unacquainted with your method of delivery, and perhaps at best only one quick rehearsal to give them an inkling of your style of singing, with cues, and so on—from singing with a well-trained orchestra of high-priced musicians who are acquainted with your methods and who know their high salaries depend upon their giving an absolutely perfect rendition.

As the Ferris-wheel barkers at the county fairs used to chant, "Some goes up and some goes down," so it was in our case. When the William Morris circuit collapsed, hundreds of performers crashed with it, suffering long periods of financial stringency which drove some to despair. The Keith people did not for many years forget the names of the players who had left their banner to go to Morris. There was no other big-time vaudeville circuit in existence, Loew and others of today not having advanced to their present eminence. The Keith people grudgingly gave me an occasional week's work as an emergency act—that is, when some one of their regulars was ill or prevented from playing by some other unforeseen circumstance. The rest of the time I remained idle. During the year that followed I worked just thirteen weeks, and the $1000 I had saved up before my marriage presently dwindled to $100.

At last, in desperation, I accepted some English contracts, hoping to get a new start and perhaps some added prestige by a foreign season or two. Early in May, 1910, my wife and I, with high hopes, began our voyage to Britain. We both had a terrible sinking feeling when we stepped off the ship and found that while we were in midocean King Edward VII had died, and the whole nation was in mourning. It sounded like more tough luck.

But my hopes revived when I peeped through the curtain on May sixteenth at Brighton, the great seaside resort where I opened, and saw a house full to the doors. I was nervous as to my own act, however, and was filled with trepidation as I stepped on—following Arthur Prince, the noted ventriloquist and a great favorite—for I had been told that English audiences were as hard-boiled as those in the old Roman amphitheaters; that they thought nothing of throwing a vaudevillian into the sewer if they didn't take a fancy to him.

But my efforts were so well received that I went back to my dressing room highly elated over my prospects. I had what was really a novelty in that I was one of the first black-face comedians to play indoors in England. Black-face singers were an unusual sight in an English music hall; the public generally associated burnt cork with street singing and there were many examples of that type. By the way, Irving Berlin's famous Alexander's Ragtime Band was just beginning to be sung over there then.

In a letter which Al wrote to me at one time when we were both in vaudeville and were having a wrangle over our billing, he remarked, "It seems to me that America is big enough for two actors with the same name." In after years I sometimes wondered whether he wasn't mistaken. After the Shuberts had taken Al on as a star they actually asked me to change my name! As I had been born under that name and had been able to earn some pretty good salaries with it, I couldn't see

In the Adirondacks, New York

why I should give it up. But, on the whole, it might have been a good thing, for Al's fame soon began to overshadow me to the extent that people accused me of imitating him, and some thoughtless individuals even fancied that my name was an imitation.

When I returned from abroad I received only an occasional week's work from the Keith management. One of these weeks was at Morrison's Rockaway; another was at the Brighton Beach Music Hall. Eva Tanguay was on the bill with me, and I was getting much applause with a song called That Railroad Rag. All these details have a bearing on the next phase of my story. After a few months of this discouraging situation, I again accepted a contract to tour the Moss & Stoll circuit in Great Britain, sailing just after Al had opened in the Winter Garden and shown that he was destined to write his name high on Broadway's scroll of fame.

After filling my second contract in Europe I returned and, to my pleasant surprise, I was booked for a long route by the Keith people, one of the first dates being Morrison's Rockaway. I had scored a great hit there less than a year before and was expecting an enjoyable return engagement. Just before a matinée I strolled through the lobby and noticed two men looking at my photographs and billing.

"Look at this," said one to the other. "Here's a fellow who has stolen Al Jolson's name—and he's doing black-face too. He has a nerve!"

I could scarcely believe my ears. When my act was over an hour or so later and the audience had shown their appreciation, I made them a little speech of thanks. I described the happening in the lobby, reminded them that I had played at that theater only one short year ago, and told them that although I wanted them to love my brother Al, they must not forget that Harry was in existence.

This was only the first of a series of like incidents. A fellow must be in the business twenty or thirty years before he finally begins to realize just how fickle, careless and short of memory the theatergoing public is.

Even in the theaters, where you would expect everyone to be wise, some fellows got us mixed. When I went to a morning rehearsal in a vaudeville house in Chicago one day and handed my music over the footlights to the orchestra leader, his face seemed familiar to me and I remarked, "You've played for me somewhere before, haven't you?"

"No," he replied, "I've never played for you, but I've played for your brother."

I dropped the matter at that, thinking that I must be mistaken. But a short time later the conductor remarked, "I see you're using your brother's burlesque opera. I played it for him a few years ago right in this town when I was leader at William Morris' American Music Hall."

Of course it was I, not Al, who played under William Morris.

I said to myself on the spot, "If an orchestra leader can't remember any better than that, what can you expect of the public?"

As years passed and Al went from one triumph to another, I fought to keep vaudeville managers from advertising me as his brother—not that I was resentful at his success, but because I was able to stand on my own legs, and preferred to do so. But comparisons between us are inevitable. Theater patrons, remarking our likeness to each other, think I am trying to imitate him.

Whatever likeness there may be is a natural family one, not cultivated, for I have never tried to be anybody but myself. When I walk out on the stage the first thought that comes to the auditor who sees me for the first time is, "I wonder if he is as good as Al." With this in mind, I put my best foot foremost—open up with one of my best songs, to show them at the start that I have something to offer besides my tag as Al's brother.

But inevitably I shall always be known thus, for the public can remember only a few of the most prominent names in any profession. It would seem that Maurice Campbell has made a sufficient name for himself as theatrical producer, motion-picture director, officer in the World War and prohibition director to be known for himself alone; but not so; again and again some thoughtless person, introducing him, explains him as Miss Henrietta Crosman's husband. One is reminded of that clever Kaufman-Connelly comedy of a few seasons back in which the sap-headed Dulcy never thought of introducing her brother to a stranger any more definitely than as "my brother Willie"; upon which Willie—cleverly played by the late Gregory Kelly—must always explain, rather peevishly, "The name is Parker."

A lady in the Middle West gave a reception for my wife some time ago, and perhaps thinking that the guest of honor would enjoy basking in the effulgence of a famous relationship, persistently introduced her as Al Jolson's sister-in-law. My wife continued to explain "I am Mrs. Harry Jolson," until she finally gave it up as hopeless. But even this distinction is pecked at by some of our critics—as, for instance, a woman who had taken offense at my wife and remarked, "She needn't stick her nose up in the air; she isn't the real Mrs. Jolson!"

Mind, I do not blame Al for any of this. It is not his fault, and I am happy in his success. But if one or the other of us had changed his name at the beginning of our careers, it would probably have been better for me. A few years ago, while I was playing Keith's in Cleveland, Archie Bell, a well-known critic, wrote an interesting article for the Cleveland News about my handicap in being related to one so noted as my brother. Mr. Bell pointed out that the brothers and sisters who have succeeded in spite of having the same family name are in the minority as compared with those who have plucked the laurels of success under different names. My advice to a young man with a kinsman in the same profession who threatens to become a celebrity is that you either change your name or try to switch him into some other line where he will be a flop.

IN THE SENATE—THE CHEROKEE STRIP

(Continued from Page 21)

to prolong his public career. Unless a man does the will of these organized groups he successively incurs the resentment of each, and these accumulated resentments can become greater factors in a political campaign than the unorganized good will of those who have applauded a senator's independence.

The senator who regards himself as the representative and not the delegate of his state and his constituency is, of course, bound to respect party policies, but not mere winds of public opinion. If he believes that what is for the moment the popular side of the question is the wrong side, he is free to express himself, and take whatever may be the political consequence of his action. It is a great mistake for anyone to suppose that party loyalty leaves no room for freedom of political action. In the first place, only a small percentage of the questions which a senator is called upon to decide involve questions of party policy. And in the second place, as to these few, he freely decided in advance to accept the party viewpoint by consenting to stand as the representative of the party. In my own case I adopted the principles of the Republican Party as the result of careful consideration, after casting my first vote for Grover Cleveland. I was not "born and bred" a Republican. My grandfather, George Mifflin Wharton, whose influence was dominant in the household during my boyhood, was a Democrat and, during most of his adult life, one of the intellectual leaders of the party as well as of the bar in Pennsylvania. The party with which I chose to associate myself after my first vote has held my loyalty ever since, and, of course, represented the political principles that I regarded as most efficacious in the government of our country when I accepted the appointment to the Senate.

More Noisy Than Effective

In the Senate the attitude of the party on individual important measures is usually determined at meetings to which are invited all members in good standing with the party in question. These may be either caucuses or mere conferences. If a caucus, it is understood that all who participate will subsequently act on the floor of the Senate in accordance with the majority vote in the caucus. By the action of a conference nobody is bound. The Democratic senators make large use of the caucuses. Meetings of Republican senators are nothing more than conferences. There is perhaps too much independence of thought and action among Republicans to make the caucus system a possibility for them.

It soon became evident to me that the scattering fire of debate on the floor of the Senate during the course of an attack on legislative problems was more noisy than effective. The committee room, I learned, is the real battleground in which the struggle over legislation takes place. The measure of a senator's greatest usefulness must be taken when he is in committee, although the popular verdict is apt to be determined by his performances in the open Senate. Of the thirty-four standing committees of the Senate, a few are regarded as major committees, among them Finance, Foreign Relations, Judiciary, Interstate Commerce, Privileges and Elections, and Rules. There is also a Committee on Committees whose function it is to decide which senators shall be assigned to the various committees. The workings of this committee, like that of the Committee on Rules—which dispenses the quaint system of Senate patronage—are to some extent subterranean. As a general thing the new senator finds himself assigned to committees without a very clear idea as to how the result was accomplished. If he lacks a spirit of self-assertion, he may go through his entire senatorial term accepting without demur such assignments as are handed to him. If he has the requisite determination to advance himself in committee service, he can accomplish much by persistent pressure on the Committee on Committees, and he may accomplish still more by protesting in party conference against decisions by the committee which he has not succeeded in influencing in any other way. Looking backward upon my own assignment to the major committee on Foreign Relations, which came after almost two years of Senate service, I am inclined to think it resulted less from such qualifications as I may have possessed than from the effective insistence of my colleague, Senator Reed, that I should be assigned to this position at the same time that he became a member of the important Finance Committee.

Because these major committees can exercise so important an influence on domestic legislation and international affairs, responsible party managers would be derelict if they did not scrutinize anxiously the qualities of every ambitious applicant for an assignment. Some indication of what must have preceded the decision to allot me a place on the Committee on Foreign Relations was disclosed by Senator Brandegee when I expressed to him my satisfaction at having become a colleague of his in this connection.

Senate Committee Work

"We'll be glad to have you with us, senator," he replied, "if you'll remember always, while in the committee, to rely on your brains instead of your emotions."

As every citizen knows, the complex rules and methods of procedure which frequently puzzle visitors to the Senate or other legislative body are really necessary to achieve the highest efficiency. Obviously it would be impossible for the Senate sitting as a body to consider or act upon bills in bulk. Too much confusion would result; too little progress could be made. Hence the system of establishing committees to which the various bills are referred. Sometimes the measures remain in committee to die with the closing of Congress. I recall a most picturesque description of this fate once supplied by Senator Magnus Johnson, former Farmer-Labor member from Minnesota. I had asked him casually how his measures were progressing.

"Well, senator," he replied, with that touch of homely humor which was characteristic of him, "I have a lot of groundhogs in their holes, but I can't drive them out."

After long study, investigation, discussion and sometimes public hearings, those measures deemed by a majority of the committee to be worthy of consideration by the entire Senate body are reported out favorably and, after still more study and discussion, are disposed of by vote. This may sound very simple and direct. In the great majority of cases, however, the contrary is true. Perhaps I can best illustrate the devious course of an idea in the process of being translated into law and the influences operating upon senators responsible for its passage or defeat, by describing the tariff bill passed during my first few months in office, a process which has particular interest as this article is being written.

Before a senator is called upon to take official cognizance of the tariff bill, the measure has passed through a stormy voyage in the House. Most of the industries affected by the schedule have declared their attitude at hearings before the House Committee, in organized propaganda through the press or elsewhere, and by direct pressure upon individual representatives. Having passed the House, the measure has come to the Senate and been at once referred to the Finance Committee, individual members of which, with a self-assertion characteristic of the Senate, contrive to let it be known that they propose to rewrite the bill. What this really means is that the struggle over each schedule begins again, and the House battle is fought once more, complicated by the injection into the tariff controversy of any extraneous considerations which happen to be present in the minds of senators. These, by irrelevant amendment, can always be brought into the pending controversy.

In this way the tariff problem, complicated enough in itself, can be rendered altogether insoluble by a proposed amendment referring to agricultural finance, naval preparedness or international relations. Many such amendments are offered merely for the favorable effect produced upon the constituents of a senator who happen to be interested in the subject matter of an amendment, and with frank recognition on the part of the proposer that the amendment can never prevail in the Senate, or, if it does, that it will be thrown overboard when the conference committee between the two Houses finally addresses itself to the task of scraping barnacles off the bottom of the bill and cleaning it up so that it can glide through as a legitimate tariff measure.

When the tariff bill is before the Senate Finance Committee and hearings are in progress, a senator's day is a busy one,

particularly if he represents a large industrial state. Upon reaching his office at nine A.M. or earlier, he finds waiting in the anteroom various representatives of the industries vitally interested in the schedules to which the committee will in sequence give its attention. Among the visitors the senator expects to find presidents or other executive officers of industrial corporations. In most instances these men will be from his own state, unless, because of professional reputation or other basis of confidence, his assistance is sought by concerns doing business elsewhere. He finds, also, the secretaries or other agents of groups of manufacturers who have organized in order to exert cumulative pressure. He may find the resident Washington representative of absent industrialists, who either is or pretends to be a profound economist willing to share his knowledge with the senator in the interest of saving American industry, or a person who exudes mystery and gives the senator to understand that he has a subtle influence over the votes of enough members of House and Senate to enable him to accomplish the particular purpose which he has in view. This type of visitor usually refers casually to senators, cabinet members and others in official Washington by their first names. His unspoken suggestion is that the band wagon is all made up and that out of his bounteous good nature he is simply offering the senator a chance to get aboard.

Sectional Interests

It is natural enough that the comprehensive term "lobbyist" should be popularly applied to all those visitors. In point of fact, however, the nature of their several activities is diverse.

From the man who intelligently presents the facts in regard to his industrial problems the senator gets invaluable help. He soon learns to distrust the political economy of the visitor with the professorial air, and he quickly identifies as a nuisance the mysterious individual, who fails to fool him, no matter how completely he may have hoodwinked the concern that is unwisely paying his Washington expense account. If the senator has a thorough understanding of the problems involved, he treats each schedule as an object of separate study. By persistent questioning he ascertains the facts and finally disinters the real issue, on the one hand, between those who desire to increase the existing duty and those who desire to keep it as it is; and, on the other hand, between those who desire to reduce it and those who desire to transfer the commodity to the free list.

It is a great mistake to suppose that there is anything like unanimity in regard to raising or lowering duties, even among those who are popularly regarded as representatives of the industries with a common interest in tariff protection. In Pennsylvania, for example, immense quantities of tobacco are grown. This tobacco is for the most part of the quality used in the filler in the manufacture of cigars, whereas the leaf used as a wrapper may be imported from Sumatra or elsewhere. In Connecticut the shade-grown tobacco produces acceptable wrappers, with the consequence that the Republican tobacco growers in Pennsylvania would like to see the Sumatra wrapper on the free list, and the Republican tobacco growers in Connecticut wouldn't object to a prohibitory rate on wrappers from abroad. The same Republican senator sitting as a member of the Finance Committee and holding the closest relations with a senator from Pennsylvania and a senator from Connecticut receives through one ear, then through the other, conflicting suggestions which must be reconciled somewhere in the space between. On several occasions, for example, it became my duty to bring Pennsylvania tobacco growers into contact with the extremely able senator from Connecticut, George P. McLean, who, as a member of the Finance Committee, performed with fairness the difficult task of finding a compromise rate as between the claims of his own constituents and the tobacco growers of other states.

Nor is it merely between diverse interests of this sort that the tariff problem becomes acute; there is also the struggle between Eastern seaboard manufacturers who use a raw material produced abroad and the producers of that same raw material which happens to be found, let us say, on the Pacific Coast. The Eastern man would like to see that particular material on the free list, because he shrinks from paying the increased cost resulting from the transcontinental freight rate; whereas the Pacific Coast producer wishes to use the tariff schedule in such a way as to run up the cost of the foreign articles and thus compel the Eastern manufacturer to buy his product with the freight rate added to the price. These and a thousand other considerations of which the general public takes little account are the factors which make the framing of a tariff act so difficult today and may, in time, render tariff making impossible.

Tariff Tangles

Sooner or later the senator becomes aware of an issue more subtle and more serious than any of those discussed above. He begins to perceive that in the fight over the tariff bill the real struggle is one between the East and the West, and that the senators from the Western States are desirous of overcoming the advantage of position enjoyed by long established industries, by bringing about some constructive advantage for the West where this is possible or by dealing destructive body blows at Eastern industry when they find they cannot serve constituents in any other way.

The next stage in the process of tariff-bill enactment is reached when the senator determines what his own stand shall be on the schedules under immediate consideration. If he is not a member of the Finance Committee, he is, nevertheless, on request, accorded the privilege of appearance before that body to present such arguments as he chooses to advance. The hearing accorded him is either respectful or perfunctory, according to the measure of his ability to make a real contribution to the solution of the committee's problem. The popular impression that, merely because he is a colleague of the committee members, he can exercise an occult and decisive influence upon them is, of course, a mistake, if for no better reason than that a great number of other colleagues are simultaneously exercising the same occult influence in opposite directions

When the committee finally reports the bill back to the Senate, a work of herculean proportions has been accomplished, and the wonder is, not that the measure contains so much to criticize but that, in view of the volume and complexity of the task, the thing should have been accomplished at all. Once upon the floor of the Senate for debate, some of the contentions unsuccessfully made before the committee are revived. These are sometimes presented in speeches which differ strangely in tone from the way in which the matter had been calmly and persuasively—though unsuccessfully—presented in the committee room. The unsuccessful senator may now stand disclosed as an assailant who attacks the action of the committee not merely upon its merits but for the edification of the galleries and Congressional Record readers, on the theory that the decision of the committee was determined by all sorts of promises discreditable to committee members, including the inevitable suggestion that they acted under orders from Wall Street. My own experience has convinced me that far more effective, as far as changing the schedules is concerned, is the senator who takes the trouble to reduce the question at issue to the form of a temperate, concise and cogent brief, and causes this to be distributed during the debate among those senators on both sides of the chamber who have not entirely forgotten that the country as a whole has an interest in the pending controversy and that it is not exclusively a private matter between the industries most directly affected.

A Thing of Compromise

Not only on the floor of the Senate but in committee as well, there must necessarily occur those adjustments between contentions which, when the subject of criticism, are condemned as logrolling, and, when understood, are often seen to be legitimate and highly desirable compromises

After the Senate has acted on the bill as reported by the committee, the measure follows the course always taken by bills respecting some of the features of which the House and Senate differ. Conferees are appointed by each branch, and these invariably include the chairmen of the appropriate committees and ranking Republican and Democratic members of the same committees. The conferees meet in seclusion. No outsiders are present. Hopeless disagreement may result, but far more often a report is agreed upon. This report comes back to the two houses and, as a matter of high privilege, its consideration takes precedence over other business.

When the final vote is taken on the conference report the result is entirely satisfactory to nobody. Those who see in the measure a preponderance of good, vote for enactment. Those whose political conviction or local self-interest requires them to do so cast their votes in the negative. A few men with a taste for the dramatic seize the opportunity to arise and, Ajax-like, to proclaim their fundamental faith in a protective theory, but their unwillingness to cast votes for the perverted and destructive measure which threatens the welfare of masses of Americans for the sordid advantage of all-powerful special interests.

Newberry and Vare

After the bill becomes a law through the signature of the President, and after it has been in actual operation for a sufficient length of time, a senator may derive a certain amount of satisfaction from noting how, one by one, the forensic prophesies of disaster made in his hearing are falsified. Somehow or other, exports increase instead of diminishing; the public treasury is replenished beyond the expectations of most sanguine advocates of the bill; the poor do not become appreciably poorer or the rich appreciably richer. A few industries suffer, a few are unduly benefited, and the country continues upon its career of prosperity.

During the greater part of the tariff discussion in 1922, I was the only active senator from Pennsylvania, for Senator Crow, my senior colleague in the body, was seriously ill. To me, his absence meant great responsibilities. I missed not only his personal coöperation on the floor and in committee but his profound knowledge of men and political situations in Pennsylvania which could have smoothed out many of the difficulties faced by a new senator. His death at his home near Uniontown, on August 2, 1922, was a tremendous loss to his state, as was eloquently testified by the great numbers of friends and admirers who came to mourn at his funeral. The appointment and, later, the election of David A. Reed to fill the vacancy not only greatly strengthened Pennsylvania in the Senate but gave me a colleague whose energy, ability, courage and political acumen won both my friendship and admiration.

The question actually before the Senate when I first entered arose from the effort to deprive Senator Truman H. Newberry, of Michigan, of his seat because of alleged excessive expenditures made by friends in his successful preprimary campaign. I found myself under heavy pressure, both through correspondence and personal interviews, from those who saw in the pending question a welcome opportunity to protest against heavy political expenditures. As I analyzed the situation for myself, I could not escape the conclusion that since the voters of Michigan had, at the general election, elected Senator Newberry after the preprimary expenditures had been made a campaign issue, it was not for the Senate to revise the judgment of his constituents. I cast my vote in accordance with this conclusion and with the painful realization that this was probably only the first of many cases in which votes cast in accordance with convictions would arouse not merely criticism but virulent attack, and might even result in the breach of life-long friendships. What I could not have been expected to foresee was that a question ultimately involving the same constitutional considerations would arise in connection with the seating of my own successor. The facts of the two cases were different, but had I been called upon to vote on a case similar on its constitutional side to that of Mr. Vare's, I should have adhered to the theory which led me to vote as I did in the Newberry case.

The Steel Mills, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Pepper. The next will appear in an early issue

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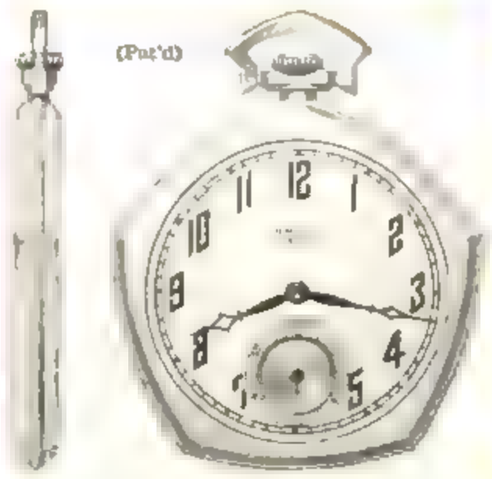
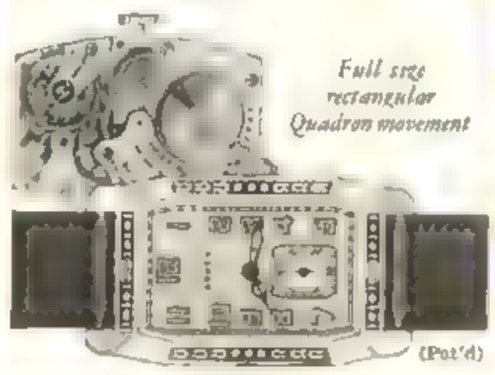


Gruen Pentagon VeriThin, 17-jewel PRECISION *movement, 14-kt. solid gold* case, $100. Other pocket watches, $500 to $27 50*



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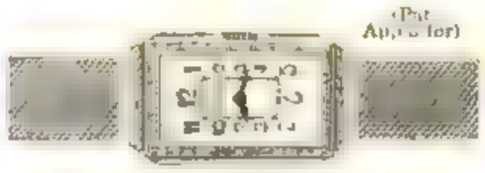
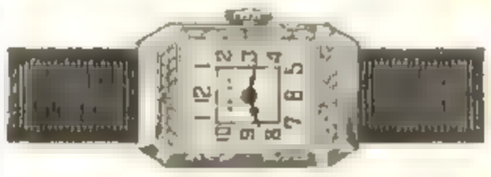


Gruen Cartouche, 14-kt. solid gold Gruen-Guard case, and mesh bracelet,* PRECISION *movement, $85. With silk ribbon, $65*



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THE DOOR KEY

(Continued from Page 13

He said, surprised: "I didn't know he had a car!"

"Neither did we, till we fished it out," admitted Orlo.

"What makes you think it's his?" asked Jason.

"Remember that carved awning on the mantel his gran'ther fetched up from the Cape?" asked Orlo. "That was tangled up in the steering wheel when we got the car out."

"Maybe the car belonged to the woman," suggested Jason. "She might have come up after him."

"No, I don't think so," said Uncle Charlie. "At least she wasn't doing the driving."

They had not overlooked the print of that high-heeled sandal in the soft mud of the driveway, nor the fact that it was on the right side of the car.

Parr suddenly exclaimed, in some exasperation, "Well, are they dead? Were they drowned?"

"No," said Orlo, disgusted. "If they were, that would end it. They'd be out to sea by now. No one ever went into that river when it was in flood whose body was ever found again. What worries me is why they rolled their car down the hill sixty miles an hour into the mill race."

"Maybe they couldn't help themselves," suggested Oliver.

"They didn't try!" cried Orlo. "They weren't in it!"

"How do you know that? Did you see them?" It was Parr who snapped out the question.

"I didn't need to," said Orlo. "I saw the car after we fished it out. Any fool would know enough to put on brakes, if he had them. Wouldn't he? Well, Ensign had brakes! But he didn't use them. He ain't the one to commit suicide!"

Man can, within the limits of the free will that has been vouchsafed him, like a calf on a tether, decide exactly what he will do in a certain contingency—and do it. But meantime he is surrounded by fellow creatures who are tugging at their own stake chains of volition; what they are going to do, in the fourth-dimensional area called time, to coincide unwittingly with his plans, cannot be foreseen, and can only be guarded against within the region of a gambler's choice. Ensign Belding did not know that Orlo, of all persons in the town, having finished the more pressing of his fall work, was taking the day off to draw a wagonload of milk cans filled with nine-inch trout from the hatchery to put in the river. This was a methodical horse-drawn job, requiring the use of the old and almost abandoned West Street road. Else Ensign would not have chosen this day to leave his front-door key with Jason.

Orlo picked up Uncle Charlie on the way over. It was an all-day job, behind horses that walked three miles an hour. Not a moment dragged. Ever so often these two managed to go at a walk over every road in town, no matter how remote. And it was what they observed on these trips that made their administration of the law, as it came down to their fellow citizenry, so mild and unburdensome a thing. Parr, the man hunter of the metropolis, taking his quantum of sunshine on the Avenue, with an unseen scout ahead and an unseen scout behind, performed much the same office for his constituents.

At the foot of Pray's Hill, by the old silk mill, abandoned fifty years gone by, but still standing foursquare to wind and weather, they pulled up short and stared. Ensign's car had taken the curve at the base at what must have been locomotive speed. It mowed off the posts of the guard rail as if by some gigantic bush scythe. The river was at flood, and the turgid waters of the old tail race boiled with swirling eddies.

Orlo and Uncle Charlie got down without haste. This thing had happened hours before. Yet, in spite of the irresistible force that had snipped off the fence posts, there was a tameness about the wheel tracks of this madly rushing car where they crossed the soft shoulders of the road.

"The wheels weren't locked," observed Orlo.

"Better empty the trout first," advised Uncle Charlie.

They carried the forty-quart cans, one by one, to the race and completely submerged them before upending them. Even if Ensign were pinned under the car in the river, haste would not help him now, and these two practical messengers first attended to their trout. When the last can was emptied, they took ax, crowbar and chain; they never traveled without these tools, with which they were more versatile than a burglar with his jimmy. They first cut a pole in the woods and punched the boiling waters of the race. The car hadn't traveled far after it struck the water. They located it on the bottom and got the chain around it; and, urging the team into its collars, they had it out on the bank. They had no doubt whose it was when they saw the mantel awning.

"There is a sharp curve at the foot of the hill," put in Parr, who had forgotten bullheads and his craving for sleep. Orlo nodded.

"Someone must have steered around the curve," said Parr.

"They did," agreed Orlo.

"And got out at sixty miles an hour?"

"They got out," admitted Orlo, unruffled.

"That sounds like bareback stuff," remarked Parr, with just a trace of sarcasm. "Must have been the lady."

"No," said Orlo blandly. "He was doing the driving."

"But how?" persisted the police deputy. He was a hundred miles from his own bailiwick, but he was taking charge. And furthermore, Orlo and Uncle Charlie were reporting to him, and to him only.

"He went out on a limb," said Orlo.

"At sixty miles an hour?" said Parr incredulously. "Was he an acrobat?"

"He was," said the imperturbable Orlo. "I'll show you the limb. And I'll show you a hunk of skin he ripped off his arm!"

"Who is this Ensign Belding?" demanded the deputy.

They told him what they knew. It was not much. They were surprised themselves at how little they really knew of Ensign. The police deputy nodded thoughtfully over the story.

"It's a get-away, of some sort," he said softly. He turned to Orlo. "He just came back occasionally to hide, didn't he?"

Orlo shook his head, perplexed, and looked at Uncle Charlie. He had never thought of Ensign as being in hiding when he was here. It was possible. It was even a brilliant conception, all things considered. Oliver was thinking, what an odd twist it would be if this fellow, for all his bad manners and pin-money antiques, should really turn out to be some big fish in Parr's world—bandit, thug, sharper, gambler—if he should be uncovered because he forgot to set the brakes for the sharp eyes of a rustic constable—or because Parr himself happened to be going by. Such things are what crooks call breaks. Breaks keep the jails full.

"He has faked a drowning, of course," said Parr. The body never would have turned up—if there had been a body. The torrent of the river in flood would have taken care of that.

"It is not life insurance," went on the deputy. He had the trick of classifying human beings by category; filing human foibles by card-index system. Fake drownings usually are life-insurance frauds. Hundreds of original thinkers every year conceive the brilliant idea of pretending to be lost by drowning, so they won't have to produce their own dead body to collect. The idea is *passé*, but they don't know it.

"He has played out his string," said Parr, falling into the argot. "He is making a get-away, so he can turn up as somebody else. Let's go look-see!"

He took down his rod; Jason drew in the anchor, and Oliver slipped in the thole pins. They moved off through the blanket of cottony mist, on whose surface, chest high, the moon played a silvery light. When the prows unerringly found shore through some ghostly knowledge of their own, Orlo lifted up his voice in the plaint of a tree toad—a tree toad sadly out of season—yet a second answered from somewhere in the gloaming, and Percy Manchester, the town bad man, and his wonderful coon dog stepped out, shivering with dread, into the moonlight. Orlo had taken him out of jail and brought him along, thinking they might need the dog.

An hour later, Parr, studying a thumb print through a magnifying glass, was describing it by telephone. He was rather rusty on this science, having delegated it, among his multitudinous functions, to men of science who had time to make a life-work of it. Nevertheless, like the youthful De Maupassant differentiating between seemingly identical stones under the guidance of Flaubert, his master, the police deputy did convey in words the salients of these whorls and apices in such a manner as to isolate them from every other thumb print in the world since the dawn of time. There is nothing on earth identical with any other thing, to the eye taught to observe.

A voice in far-off Centre Street, headquarters of the New York police, said quite audibly to all in the hushed kitchen:

"Shall I call you back, sir, or will you hold the wire?"

"I'll hold the wire," said Parr.

They waited.

"This stuff," said Parr, of the thumb print of Ensign Belding, "is not so difficult as you might think." With the point of a pencil he traced the lines. "If he has ever been finger-printed, it is only necessary to look in the right pigeonhole. There is a process of elimination that gradually narrows down. We haven't a clearing house for the whole country yet. We will have some day. But we cops," he added, his little eyes twinkling, "collect choice specimens among ourselves. We add to our collection by swapping back and forth, like we used to swap birds' eggs and postage stamps when we were boys. I have a notion he may be a choice one," he added vaguely. The big fellow nodded. He had been sleepless for upward of three days. With an effort he gave heed to the phone.

"It is Chappie Van Sittart," said the voice at the other end.

"Well! Well!" cried Parr, beaming on the company. "It's Chappie Van Sittart! He is an acrobat, Orlo, I grant you!"

The name meant nothing to them—not even to Oliver. If they had hived in the Ritz, at White Sulphur or Deauville, or ever made a smoking-room passage on a four-day boat, they would have heard of this elegant athlete, lady killer, gambler. It was his forte so to involve his victims that they couldn't complain. He talked a good deal of his honor, and freely offered satisfaction to anyone who wanted it. But such was his prowess that the point was never pressed. There had never been a formal charge sustained against him, but his career was such that Parr had caused him to be brought in occasionally for the morning line-up, so his bright young men could file the handsome face for future reference. Parr laughed.

"I never suspected he was a local product," he said. "You ought to be proud of him!" He turned to the phone. "Do we want him?"

Apparently not. The voice said casually he would ask Chicago and Washington and Asheville—it was the fashionable hour at Asheville just now, and that is where Chappie would most likely be wanted, if at all. Unless, as Parr had suggested in the boat, the man had run out his string in this line, and wasn't following the migratory swells this fall. While he waited, Parr made pencil markings on the table; his heavy eyelids drooped, fell lower and lower, closed; he slumped over the table, his head pillowed on his arms, and he was sound asleep. Jason softly got up and fed the fire. Silence reigned. The big fellow slept and it was not etiquette to withdraw. They were frankly disappointed. Now that it transpired that their neighbor was the glamorous Chappie Van Sittart, important enough to come under the cognizance of the great Mr. Parr, they would have liked to have him do something worthy of his fame. Pushing an automobile overboard was not a heinous crime. It is being done every day to ease the used-car market. Jason grinned. After a time the telephone dangling at Parr's elbow babbled incoherently. Jason picked it up and gave heed. The voice said there didn't seem to be anything; no one in police circles had any immediate call for Chappie. Sorry.

"All right; I'll tell him," said Jason.

Armiston pushed back his chair to rise, when the door softly opened, and the agitated face of Percy, the town bad man, appeared. He craftily examined the interior. Percy was always suffering delicious apprehensions for the imaginary feats of crime he had executed. Every now and then—as now—Orlo locked him up just to soothe his vanity. Orlo stepped to the door and bent down. Percy whispered. He had followed Ensign's tracks from the top of the hill over to the Hollow on the east branch of the little river. There he had lost them in the hard road.

"Was anybody with him?"

The bad man shook his head.

"How did he go?"

"Walked."

He probably caught a bus; there were dozens of them. Well, thought Orlo, good riddance for all time.

"What's that?" said Orlo, cocking an ear.

A distant murmur was on the night wind. Percy whispered. His dog had three coons in a tree, in the apple orchard on the mountain. He eyed Orlo apprehensively. Orlo let himself out, and when he was wholly out, he turned and beckoned to the others. They joined him. It was *lese-majeste* to abandon the big fellow, but no one dared to awaken him. They slunk off into the shadows, led by Percy, who now and again raised his voice in the plaintive peep of a tree toad, to keep them at his heels in the dark. Ahead and away up on the mountain, the dog barked dismally, urging them to hurry, hurry.

III

MOREL, the fashion plate, who, with little Pelta, the shabby, formed the close-fitting shadow that never left the deputy, night or day, placed before his chief two photographs. One was a rogues' gallery likeness of Chappie Van Sittart; a truly handsome fellow even under these unflattering conditions. The other was a rotogravure likeness from a Sunday newspaper of Captain Boylin-Eckford, snapped by some press hound at Palm Beach. After Parr had studied them, Morel took them away, and in their place laid two enlargements; of the face in each case. To these portraits he applied a pair of calipers, with which he made certain esoteric comparisons. Physiognomists, and especially anthropologists, study and differentiate among human heads in much the same way as Parr studied and indicated the points of variance in that finger print he sent by telephone. No two faces are alike and no one will ever be mistaken for another when subjected to Morel's calipers. However, parenthetically, few of us carry calipers.

"It sounds good," agreed Parr. He had great admiration for Morel, who had spent two years abroad in Bertillon work.

(Continued on Page 67)

What do you mean—*Locked Out*?

When you've finished taking all the precautions you can think of against Fire, remember just one thing: *There will always be a way for him to get in.*

You *can't* lock Fire out. You can stop inviting Fire in with open arms—by getting rid of fire-breeding conditions—but as for complete safety from Fire, *there's no such thing.*

As long as you have money tied up in property that can burn, Fire can find a way to take that money away from you. Don't be misled about *that.*

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That's the Hartford agent's specialty—individualized insurance—to fit your special needs for protection from fire or any other destructive possibility. Insurance in a strong well-managed stock insurance company—able to meet any emergency at any time.

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AND THE HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY
WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE

(Continued from Page 65)

"I'd like to send our own photographer down there to get a full face and a better three-quarters," said Morel.

So it happened that a fortunate photographer, of police ilk, was given a Palm Beach vacation. Weeks later satisfactory photographs arrived of Captain Boylin-Eckford at play. These views, being duly subjected to calipers, were filed with the Van Sittart *dossier* until such time as the migratory swells started north. They would pause at Beaufort, James River, White Sulphur and Asheville. But eventually they got back to town, sun-bronzed, in time to shop for the spring flight to London.

One afternoon, at the Sherry Netherlands, Morel, in an afternoon costume that might have been meant for one of the walking gentlemen in charge, tapped Captain Boylin-Eckford politely on the shoulder as he sat at table with his elegant friends. The captain shivered with irritated apprehension and turned an angry face on Morel.

"Don't do that, I beg of you!" he commanded crisply. "What is it, fellow?"

Morel said, not moving his lips, but with perfect manner, that the captain's car waited at the curb on the street side. The British officer considered for a moment; he arose, still cogitating; he bowed deprecatingly to his friends and followed Morel out. Such things are bores, but they require attention. It was not the captain's car but a police car, as he saw at a glance. They drove downtown.

"What do they want now?" demanded the irritated officer, who seemed to know how to take this sort of thing philosophically. Morel shook his head, smiling—he was merely the messenger boy.

He took the Britisher in to Parr. There was nothing about the trappings to suggest a jail. It was like the office of a business man—a big one.

"Well, captain!" said the deputy, with a specious geniality that probably would not last long. The captain bowed and waited.

"Or Mr. Van Sittart, if you prefer," said Parr amiably.

The philosophical gentleman shrugged a graceful shoulder.

"Or Ensign Belding, if you like that better!" said Parr, a bark to his tones and a glitter in his eye.

Ensign Belding was not prepared for that, as he was for the other. He blanched. He even took a step backward, made to feel for the knob of the door behind him, before he recollected himself. He shook his head, recovering his sang-froid.

"No, I am afraid not, sir," he said.

Parr opened a drawer and took out a door key—Ensign Belding's front-door key—and placed it on the blotter before him. Ensign Belding's eyes followed the act as if magnetized. It seemed impossible to drag his gaze from that key.

"So," said Parr easily. "Draw back your sleeve. Let me see your left arm."

The prisoner flinched; his easy athletic poise grew swiftly tense. It was Morel who took his left arm and with a single gesture pulled up the sleeve, revealing the deep scar of a torn muscle, just above the wrist.

There was a pause.

"You follow me now, don't you?" asked the deputy. He motioned to a chair. "Sit down and think it over," he said. Parr looked at him as though he were a piece of wood. The prisoner felt his palate go dry, his fingers closed convulsively, and it was only by a great exertion of his will that he prevented his eyes from shutting—that primordial gesture of utter despair. He was a brave man ordinarily. He had steeled himself against this sort of thing: he could carry it off magnificently, as a rule. But when they dragged back his sleeve to lay bare that livid scar when they called him Ensign Belding—and that KEY

"Sit down," said Parr; and he obeyed, trying, between shame and desperation, to get hold of himself, to recover his poise. Actually it was shame to think they could disarm him with a single word. But here was Parr at his elbow.

Parr was saying, in a low impersonal tone: "What do you want to do, eh? Do you want to go through with it from beginning to end? Or do you want to take a plea and cut out the agony? You are somebody now, as Captain Boylin-Eckford. Your new crowd hasn't got on to you yet." Parr's tone was still as smooth as a purring cat. "I can put you away as Ensign Belding, and no one will be the wiser. You'll get maybe twenty years, ten off for good behavior, and a chance with the soft-headed parole board. Then you can come out like a new penny and start all over from scratch." Parr stopped. The man was kneading his knuckles white, bowing his head under the words. If it hadn't been for the ironic certainty in the tones, he might have cried out, put on his magnificent manner. But there was no uncertainty. Parr knew what he was talking about. Parr winked at Morel, and Morel moved his head in a barely perceptible affirmation.

"If you want to take a chance on a first-degree charge," said Parr, his eyes narrowing and his tones harder, "go to it! I admit I'm not sure we can make a first-degree charge stick. But I'll bet you the rope around your neck that you won't get less than manslaughter. If you stick out for it, I promise you will get the works. If you take a plea you will get the minimum sentence. Think it over."

There was another pause. Parr took his eyes off the man now, to lessen the tension. Ensign Belding wetted his lips. He picked with shaky fingers some imaginary lint on his beautifully tailored sleeve. He began to speak, painfully at first, but gaining some courage at the sound of his own voice.

"I seem—to be here—under some horrible misconception—as to my identity," he said, looking timidly at Morel as if the error lay, quite excusably, with him. "You speak of a plea and manslaughter—and first degree—and"—he paused, to hearten himself "you speak of a rope about my neck—as if I had committed some heinous abysmal crime—as if I had m-murdered my brother—whereas I am merely a poor miscast devil of a card sharp, trying to pick a living—God knows it is precarious enough—out of a parcel of idiots suffering from overstuffing of wealth. It is useless to deny it. You know me for what I am. But as for this m-murder—this scar on my wrist ——" He pushed back the sleeve and stared at the scar.

"Maybe you'd like to see what we've got pickled in alcohol in there," said Parr carelessly, jerking a thumb over his shoulder.

The hectic spot of color that had crept into the lost man's cheeks as some measure of courage flowed again was suddenly washed out. He became a rigid automaton, watching Parr. Parr knew everything.

"Ensign," said Parr, "you know the electric lights went out that evening. Or maybe you don't know it! They did. You thought, when you lifted yourself out of the car on that limb, and sent your lady fair crashing through the fence into the river—you thought she would be carried out to sea—and that would be the last you'd ever see of her. Well, she wasn't carried out to sea!" snarled Parr, rising. "Ensign, something stopped the turbines at the electric-light plant down the river that night. What do you suppose it was? They had to shut down and dig it out, bit by bit. Come!" he cried with a sudden ferocity, and he seized the man by both arms and dragged him to his feet. "Come! Let me show you!"

But Ensign Belding, fighting with the strength of frenzy, shrieked, "No! No! No! Never! I did it! I did it, yes. But I—I can't look!"

Parr loosed his hold. "Why—why did you do it?" demanded the deputy. "What did she ever do to you?"

"She followed me there! She threatened to expose me! She was desperate! There was nothing I could do to silence her—nothing but that!"

He covered his face with his hands and fell back in his chair.

"Take him away," said Parr.

When the door shut, Parr moved a large screen. Behind it at a table two men had been sitting—one a stenographer, the other, Oliver Armiston. The stenographer arose, put his sheets in order and, with a bow to the deputy, walked out, closing the door.

"The electric lights didn't go out that night, Parr," said Oliver.

"I know it," said Parr.

Oliver looked frightened.

"But the bones ——"

"What bones?" asked Parr.

"Why, the stuff you said they dug out of the wheel—the stuff you offered to show him when he began to shriek ——"

"There are no bones, Oliver," said Parr.

"No murdered woman?"

"Not that we have ever been able to find," said the deputy. "I took a long chance. The shot went home." He shrugged. "Well, that's one rascal out of the way for the rest of his natural life," he said. "Oliver," he cried suddenly, "the only sign of a woman we were ever able to materialize in this whole affair was, first, that footprint in the sitting room, and, second, the footprint in the driveway where she stepped into the car. She never got out of that car. Recollect?"

"Yes," breathed Oliver. "Yes!"

It was true. Except for those two footprints, they never found another vestige of the woman that night.

"We made inquiries," said Parr. "It was her car. She was one of his old gang. She has never been seen since that night. She had something on him; she had him with his back to the wall. Oliver, is there any doubt in your mind that he killed her or how he did it?"

"No, I have just heard him confess," cried Armiston, bewildered. "But, Parr, if he hadn't broken down, if he hadn't confessed—if he had said, 'All right, let me see what you've got pickled in alcohol.' What then? What would you have done?"

"Nothing," said the deputy. He laughed harshly. "I'd have turned him loose! What else could I have done? You can't convict a murderer, no matter what you believe, on the strength of a couple of footprints. Were you watching him? When did he break?"

"When you put that key on the table," said Armiston. He shivered slightly, as from a draft. He was thinking of that cant line, "The police obtained a confession"; he wondered how many newspaper readers, over their morning coffee, had any conception of the drama behind those words how, in this instance, the mere sight of a key the key to his own front door was sufficient to start a train of thought that left the victim helpless and pleading for mercy.

THE SHAGGY LEGION

(Continued from Page 27)

As winter had waned into spring, Coleman had realized that if there were to be any further general movement of the herds into Kansas, it would have to come from the south: buffaloes of the southern herd, in the Indian country, moving north across the Arkansas River. So he had moved south, gathering such hides as had been afforded by small bands of buffaloes en route.

Then he had sent his three hunters, who were all experienced plainsmen, into the Indian country to scout there secretly and report upon any northward-drifting herd that they might come upon. The Arkansas was the deadline, all south of it being the habitat of the Indians, guaranteed to them by the recent treaty of Medicine Lodge, and closed to hide-hunting whites.

Most of the hide hunters still cruised well to the north in the search for the lost herd. It was not strange, Coleman reflected, that it was lost. He had heard that somewhere around three million hides had been shipped by the Union Pacific, the Kansas Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroads during the preceding two years of hide hunting.

A hunter known on the plains as Old Kentuck, at a point on Punished Woman's Fork, south of Wallace, had killed thirty-seven hundred head of buffaloes in a single year of hide hunting, netting round ten thousand dollars clear profit. The restricted scene of his operations had become known as the Slaughter Pen. Thousands of hide hunters, perhaps less successful individually, in the aggregate had been fearfully destructive. There had been much talk in Congress about putting a stop to the unrestricted killing. But it had ended where it began—in conversation.

The newer order of hide hunters had laughed incredulously at Coleman's explanation of the popular belief in the lost herd.

"There it is," he had said, pointing. "Once there were live buffaloes for as far as a man could see in any direction. Now there's dead ones in any direction you care to cast your eyes." Every sag and every gentle rise of the prairie was dotted with carcasses. "There's your lost herd. You used to see it alive. Now you see it dead. It's gone, I tell you. She's passed to the happy hunting ground and won't return. She's gone to join the beaver, the mountain men and the big part of the Injuns. I'm telling you."

But they had remained incredulous. Leaving them to search for the lost herd, Coleman had headed south toward the Arkansas. Harper, one of his hunters, had reported the northward drift of a big herd well to the east, so he had moved down-river toward Dodge. And on the first day that the leading units of the big column, on a ten-mile front, had crossed the river, he had been camped with his outfit in the very center of the advance.

So it hadn't been all luck, any more than luck had played any considerable part in the fact that he had met the last big southward drift of the northern herd far north of the Republican the preceding fall.

News of the herd had spread. Other hide-hunting outfits now crowded close about him. Men eager to have a hand in the big hunt quit the grading camps of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe to take a hunt on their own or to apply for work with hide-hunting crews. Coleman would employ none as hunters. He and his three sharpshooters could kill all the buffaloes that could be handled. The difficulty was not in the killing but in getting all slain animals skinned. He employed six additional men as skinners at the going rate per hide. Thereafter he and his hunters wielded their big buffalo guns from dawn till sundown and the skinning crews kept up with them.

The slow northward drift of the herd continued to roll up to the Arkansas and cross that stream. Coleman added another hunter and four more skinners to his crew. He put on an extra man to help the cook in preparing the meals and in smoking buffalo tongues. One of his wagons rolled into Dodge on one occasion loaded with more than two thousand smoked tongues, which were offered at fifty cents apiece. An Eastern buyer took the lot at that figure.

Scores of men, operating singly or in little groups, often without adequate equipment, turned hide hunters. The most of them managed to kill and skin from five to

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a dozen buffaloes apiece a day. Many operated from bivouac camps on horseback, without facilities for transporting their hides. They were willing to sell their cured skins to larger outfits at a dollar apiece for cow hides and a dollar and a half apiece for the skins of bulls. Coleman's mule wagons collected thousands of hides from the camps of such small operators.

For about seven weeks the northward drift continued to come up from the south. It was estimated that from three to five hundred thousand buffaloes had crossed north of the Arkansas on this one movement. When the movement ceased, Coleman, with the kill of his own hunters and with such skins as he had purchased, found himself owner of round eighteen thousand hides.

"You aiming to follow north with the herd and hunt as we go?" one of his hunters made inquiry when the northward drift had ceased and no more buffaloes were crossing the Arkansas.

Coleman shook his head.

"You figure then to wait and meet the herd when it starts drifting south again this fall?" the man persisted.

"It won't drift south this fall," Coleman said. "There's hide hunters by the thousand strung out all along the line, north of here. They've killed off the big part of this northward drift by now, likely; and they'll get the rest. No, that herd won't come drifting back."

He paid off his crew with the exception of those who remained to serve as teamsters to freight the hides to Dodge. Coleman was in no haste to sell. Buyers were expecting the same tremendous deliveries of hides that had characterized the past two years and they would not bid up the price. Coleman knew that the kill would be very short. In the main, it would consist of the hides of that one herd that had migrated up from the Indian country. So, instead of selling his own hides at the prevailing low prices, he bought the output of other hunting crews as they freighted the results of their hunts into Dodge. He bought about seven thousand hides at the going rates—a dollar and a half for cow skins, two and a half for bull hides—before it became general knowledge that there would be no such tremendous quantities as had been freighted to railroad points in the past. The Eastern markets, somewhat glutted by former huge deliveries, which had occasioned the depression of prices, now had absorbed the surplus and the demand was becoming increasingly active.

Coleman demanded and eventually received a flat price of two dollars and a half for cow hides and four dollars straight for bull hides. He found a good market for his remaining thousands of smoked tongues at fifty cents apiece. Including his operations in the Wallace country during the previous fall and winter, his net profits for the twelve months had exceeded forty thousand dollars, almost doubling the capital he had amassed in the preceding five years. He believed that there would be no more hide hunting. There were, of course, many small herds of buffaloes scattered throughout their former range from the Arkansas north to the Canadian prairies. But they were too few in numbers and too difficult to locate for hide hunting to be anything but a losing venture in the country, save too far north for transportation facilities.

It seemed incredible that the vast herds should have vanished so completely in so short a space of time. Many observers declared that the millions of hides shipped up to date—somewhere around three and a half millions—did not give any accurate idea of the actual number of buffaloes that had been killed during the campaign. Inexpert shooting by thousands of inexperienced hunters, resulting in the wounding of more animals than had been killed and skinned; thousands of buffaloes that had been shot by hunters in excess of what the skinning crews could pelt before they rotted; the untold thousands of hides that had been spoiled by careless handling and not freighted to the railroad; the hordes of calves that had died after their mothers had been killed; the widespread slaughter by outside sportsmen who had wounded several animals, to die eventually, for every one that had fallen to their fire—all these had taken a tremendous toll. Some competent observers testified that three buffaloes had been killed for every hide that had been shipped. Others placed the ratio as high as five to one. It was certain, as Coleman knew, that the waste had been in excess of the number salvaged for their hides. But there'd be no more of that. The only really great herds remaining were south of the Arkansas River, in the Indian country, closed to hunting by the treaty of Medicine Lodge.

XIV

AS THE buffaloes died by millions in the great hide-hunting campaign, so Texas longhorns, in other millions, moved up the trails to feed upon the grass of the northern prairies. As hide-hunting grew to incredible proportions, so the northward trek of surplus Texas cattle increased to unbelievable magnitude. And meanwhile the land-hungry horde of settlers pressed steadily westward in ever-increasing swarms.

The first big year of the Texas-Kansas cattle trade had boomed Baxter Springs in 1866. Year by year, settlers frowned upon the herds that surged in increasing numbers toward the north, trampling down their crops. And as settlement swept westward across Kansas with ever greater impetus, the regular cattle trails necessarily were abandoned and new routes of travel were mapped out farther west. Baxter Springs was first to die after a brief flash of fame as a cattle town. Then Abilene, on the Kansas Pacific, blossomed into world-wide renown as the cattle metropolis of the West and the wickedest town on earth, only to lapse back into the sleepiest of country villages as Hays and Russell took away the play as cow towns on the Kansas Pacific farther to the west. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, farther to the south, built a succession of towns as the end of steel pressed ever westward across the plains, and each town in turn came in for its brief spell of glory, lasting but a few weeks, or months at most, as the new cattle center. Newton became for a brief span the wildest camp. Eleven men died with their boots on in one night in Newton, victims of various shooting affrays. The sounds of the gunshots scarce had died away before Newton died with them as a cow town and Wichita became the new boom camp. Then, in swift succession, Great Bend, Larned and, eventually, Dodge City took the lead.

And Dodge was destined to become the most far-famed of all the cow towns, the last and longest-lived of the whole wild lot. It all had happened with incredible rapidity. The death chant of Baxter Springs had scarcely ceased quivering in the air before the swan song of Abilene began—even as the citizenry of Dodge chanted the war song of that new and rising town that was destined to eclipse all cattle camps before or since. Overlapping waves of land seekers were following so swiftly that already the cattlemen were becoming alarmed. In five years' time, something over two million head of cattle had plodded up the trails from Texas. Now settlement of the Kansas prairies was closing those earlier trails and forcing the trail herds westward at an alarming rate. It was destined to be not many years before the cattlemen, seeing the end in sight, were to meet in St. Louis with intent to protect their interests against over-swift settlement. The Government had subsidized the railroads by giving land grants for right of ways. Why should the Government not subsidize the cattle industry as well? Why not a national cattle trail, six miles in width, with wider spots at various points for pasturage and bed grounds, to extend from Texas north to the Canadian boundary? Otherwise, the trail herding of cattle from Texas to northern points would vanish from the list of occupations, since the insatiable greed of settlers for new land would cover the landscape to such an extent that pastoral transportation of trail herds would be impossible. The thing seemed logical, but the Government failed to act upon the cattlemen's resolution.

Already Coleman could see that his original belief that a man must sometime own land as well as cows in order to succeed in the stock business was coming to pass sooner than he possibly could have anticipated. Well, he had accumulated slightly more than twenty thousand acres of land script, most of which had cost him less than fifty cents an acre, none of it more than a dollar. Various traders and storekeepers still were purchasing script for him in considerable quantities. Men frequently drifted into stores and tried to turn land script in as legal tender for the purchase of necessities.

Within the past two years, as the buffalo vanished and cows came to dot the prairies in their stead, Coleman, while engaged in his hunting, had looked the country over with an eye for a feasible ranch site. There must be running water through it and, if possible, a few timbered bottoms for winter shelter for stock. There could be few places better than the Kansas prairies for grazing stock, he thought; the short, curly buffalo grass cured on the stem, making excellent winter feed. Pasturage of that variety would carry a greater number of stock the year round than could be supported on a similar area of any other type of range land.

But he was in no particular hurry to locate. If he had a woman and a family, he thought, he would pick his spot right now. Not being so blessed, he would go on hunting for a while. It was as much a part of his nature to hunt as it was part of an Indian's nature to subsist by the chase. Since hide hunting had depleted the buffaloes down to the point where only small roving bands were to be found, the demand for buffalo meat at correspondingly greater prices had increased apace. Probably he would go back to meat hunting, he decided, though it would seem rather trifling after the great days of hide hunting.

After disposing of his entire lot of hides and tongues, Coleman lingered on in Dodge. Having come into its own as the wildest camp on earth, Dodge boasted that its dance halls ran night and day, gambling houses never closed their games or saloons their bars. Many of the roughest characters in the West, noted gunmen by the score, cattle buyers, gamblers, and the cow hands who came up the trail from Texas, all forgathered there. Also it was headquarters for railroaders and the hide hunters. On the edge of the Indian country, soldiers still were stationed at Fort Dodge. With these various and often conflicting elements thrown together in a new boom camp, shootings were not a few.

Coleman witnessed half a dozen shooting affrays in as many days. The old desire to hunt and to camp on the open prairies surged over him again. He hired some of his former hunters and, with five mule-drawn wagons, set forth on a meat hunt. While making camp on the first night out, he glanced up to see a horseman ride up out of a coulee, and for an instant he mistook the man for Flack. Then he saw it was merely a stranger with Flack's variety of red whiskers.

Throughout his hide-hunting Coleman had been on the lookout for Flack and Enders, but had set eyes on neither of them since his affray with Bronson in Abilene. The sight of this red-whiskered stranger revived his ambition to chance across them. Some day he would play even for old Ike Williams, Conley and Rapaho Gil.

Stock stealing was more flagrant than ever and he had no doubt that that precious pair still played a prominent part in the traffic. Even the cavalry sometimes took notice of such depredations nowadays. Government mules and horses were not always immune. Thieves decamped with them on occasion. Similarly, beef herds intended for the sustenance of troops quartered in various prairie forts, and herds belonging to government contractors for delivery on Indian reservations, were stolen

with increasing frequency, assembled into trail herds by the predatory gentry, and sold to ranchers in distant points on the range.

It was no unusual occurrence, therefore, to meet small details of cavalry, accompanied in most instances by a civilian scout or two, out scouring the country in search of some audacious group of thieves who had departed with government property. It was seldom, though, that soldiers intervened unless it was government stock that was missing. Similarly, the average civilian stock owner troubled himself but little on the score of apprehending the marauders, unless his own stock happened to be among the missing; in which event the outraged owner usually enlisted the services of his friends and set out in pursuit. So persistent had thievery become that it ranked above murder in popular disesteem, and the horse thief, if captured, was dealt with on the spot.

It was through the cavalry, indirectly, that Coleman next was enabled to pick up Flack's trail of depredations. A detachment of a dozen or more troopers, with Captain Stone at their head, came riding into Coleman's camp on the second night out of Dodge.

Coleman had shot a buffalo cow and calf, and his men were roasting buffalo ribs before a fire.

"Home again. Among friends at last. Here's where my men get fed," Stone greeted Coleman cordially.

"Grub for all hands," Coleman agreed. "Better stop over for the night. We'll even go so far as to give you breakfast—coffee and fryin'-pan bread throwed in."

Stone accepted on the spot.

"Thought you'd been sent back to old Fort Wallace," Coleman said. "Which makes this considerable off your beat."

"Yes," Stone assented. "A contractor on the Kansas Pacific out near Denver finished his work. He sent thirty head of mules east over the Smoky Hill route in charge of three men. The trio decided to join the wild bunch apparently. Somewhere west of Wallace they quit the trail and headed south with the mules. They carelessly took along six of Uncle Sam's mules that a government teamster had turned out to graze for the night. Hence my participation."

"Detailed to recover the mules, eh?" Coleman said. "Right smart of a chore, these days."

"All of that," the officer agreed. "We struck the trail west of Wallace. It angled southeast. We lost it thirty miles west of here. The fact that the thieves had come this far east led me to believe they intended to ride east on the Santa Fé Trail, as if they were coming up from New Mexico, and market the mules in Dodge. Heard of any such outfit arriving within the past week?"

"No. But your reasoning was sound. It's what they would do. They'd bring the mules in in small parcels though. But of late, if suspecting that parties are close on their trail, thieves from the north have been holding on south across the Arkansas into the Injun country, then east to Wichita. Good market for stock there, and they can claim they've come from New Mexico by way of the Cimarron country. Know the names of the three men you're after?"

"Only one—the he coon of the outfit. He was given orders to take the mules east and he hired his own helpers. He's a granger living on a homestead near Abilene. Never have met him, but I've met his family. Two right nice daughters in his tribe. He's an old-like party with a Missouri drawl, named Carrolton."

Coleman looked up, startled. Then he pondered the matter for some minutes before committing himself. "I'm betting my last peso he didn't have a hand in it," he said at last. "Not old man Carrolton. His two helpers might 'a' been members of the wild bunch and they dry-gulched the old man and decamped with the cavvy yard. Or they might have been honest men and the wild bunch downed the lot of them and took the mules. I'll bet my hair that Carrolton is never seen alive again."

"Seems probable," Captain Stone assented.

For the next two days after the departure of the troops, Coleman brooded. He was satisfied that old man Carrolton was dead. That meant that his wages as foreman of the mule skinners could no longer be sent to the family on the homestead out of Abilene. What, then, was to become of Sue and the others?

Buffalo were scarce and his hunters killed only one little bunch of five—four cows and a calf. Then Harper, one of his former hunters, turned up in camp, arriving from the Indian country south of the Arkansas. Already there was much talk among the hide hunters of banding together to march south to the Cimarron, Canadian and Staked Plains country for a last big hide hunt, in defiance of the treaty of Medicine Lodge. Scouts had reported that the prairies of those regions were black with buffalo, as, only a year or two past, the splendid range country between the Arkansas and the Platte had been darkened by the shaggy legion.

Harper, the new arrival, had been scouting the situation for himself. He related to Coleman and the other hunters the incidents of his trip, reporting that buffalo ranged in untold thousands on the Cimarron, the Canadian and out into the edges of the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plains, of Texas and New Mexico.

"We'll have to band together and stage one rip-roarin' hide hunt down thar," Harper insisted. "The buffler is thar waiting for us."

"Likewise we'll find Chief Quanah and his Comanche raiders waiting on us," another hunter prophesied. "Quanah will swoop down on us with his braves like a swarm of hornets, if we invade them herds."

All were agreed on that score. Quanah would never brook such an invasion of his rights. No doubt his prestige was such that the Southern Cheyennes, Kiowas, Arapahoes and scattered bands of Apaches all would rise to follow the great war chief of the Comanches in case of an invasion by white hunters.

"Thar's one sizable outfit part way down thar now," Harper stated. "Either it's hide hunters holed up an' watchin a chance to get into the herds this fall or it's a parcel of hoss thieves. The latter, likely. I come over a rise o' ground and see fifty or so head o' mules an' horses in the bottoms. I ducked back out o' sight and high-tailed it for other parts mighty pronto."

"Where was the camp?" Coleman inquired with sudden interest.

"On Crooked Creek, thirty mile or so this side the Cimarron," Harper informed.

For half an hour Coleman sat and stared into the fire. Unquestionably, a part of the mules seen by Harper on Crooked Creek were those formerly in old man Carrolton's charge.

"It's a thieves' hangout, not a hide hunters' camp," he said at last. "Who all among you'd like to volunteer to ride down with me and clean that nest of murdering miscreants out?"

Every hunter present was eager to join such an expedition on the instant.

"It's apt to be a sizable war," Coleman warned.

"Times has been too peaceable anyhow," Harper declared. "I like wartimes better."

That was the general sentiment among the hunters. All declared in favor of war. So unanimous was the feeling, in fact, that Coleman was forced to promise one man fifty dollars to remain behind and care for the mules

"Which that'll be the hardest fifty I ever earned," the man grumbled. He knew that Coleman had picked him for the job because of the fact that he had been but a skinner during the big hide-hunting campaign and even now was a better camp cook and stock tender than he was an expert rifleman. Those others all were plainsmen of wide experience. All had known scouting service during several Indian campaigns. Each man in the lot was capable of making a stand on buffaloes and dropping one after another of the shaggy beasts at two hundred yards with a Sharp buffalo gun. When under fire they could shoot as accurately at an enemy as when firing upon buffaloes from a stand.

Coleman, Harper and four others rode off to the south, each with a single blanket and a few pounds of buffalo meat tied behind his saddle. It was about seventy miles to the camp on Crooked Creek. The six men covered the distance easily in two days, and on the evening of the second they reconnoitered carefully. There was no evidence of any band of mules in the vicinity. Eight or ten head of horses grazed there; two of the animals picketed, the others hobbled. Four men lounged round a bivouac camp.

"The rest has decamped with the mules—either to run them east to Wichita or southwest into New Mexico or Texas," Coleman surmised. "Sometime after nightfall we'll steal a march on what's left of them. Take some o' them alive if possible. I want to have a medicine talk with them."

The plans were laid. Three hours after nightfall the six men were creeping stealthily as Comanches, upon the sleeping camp from various directions.

Coleman, moving soundlessly in his moccasins, walked within a hundred yards of the dying fire before any of the blanket-swathed forms gave evidence of life. A pony snorted and galloped a few yards, thumping awkwardly in its hobbles. One of the sleeping men wakened and propped himself upon an elbow, listening. Coleman eased himself flat upon the prairie and remained there motionless. Presently the man settled back to his blankets. After a full minute had elapsed, Coleman resumed his stealthy approach. He gained fifty yards before another disturbance occurred to halt his progress. Another horse whistled the alarm.

All four men wakened and wondered profanely what the this and that ailed the horses. One kicked off his blanket and moved out to where the animals grazed, spoke to them soothingly. Sprawled prone, his rifle trained upon the camp, Coleman waited for the shot or the shout of warning that would be inevitable if the man chanced across one of the approaching plainsmen. Coleman had heard no sound to indicate the approach of his men from various directions, but he knew that they, too, were flattened watchfully somewhere close round the camp.

The man returned from the horses and resumed his blankets. The camp quieted down again. Coleman moved up to within a dozen yards. There he waited for a space of minutes to make sure that his men, too, had gained their distance. The fire was so nearly dead as to be but a feeble glow of coals, fanned to added redness by occasional puffs of wind. The four blanket-swathed men were mere dark blots upon the earth.

The ponies evidently had become accustomed to the prowling figures, for there was no further sound from them. In fact, their very silence indicated that they were watching, curiously and alertly, the movements of the several dark figures that converged from all directions upon the sleeping camp. One of the men suddenly raised on his elbow.

"Boys, thar's something wrong," he said softly to his companions. "First, them ponies was snortin' round suspicious. Now they's quiet as the grave. They's a-watching something. It's Injuns maybe. Crawl off a piece and flatten out until we see what busta. Told you all 'twas riskin' your scalps to no purpose to build a fire and sleep at it. Be startin' now."

"Don't you!" Coleman's voice admonished from close at hand. "Steady there! Stay right in your blankets."

The man who had spoken jumped to one knee with an oath, whipped a rifle from beneath his blanket and fired point blank at the sound of Coleman's voice. The roar of Coleman's Sharp was almost simultaneous and the man was knocked flat and lifeless as the buffalo gun tore a great hole through his chest.

"Steady! The rest of you!" Coleman ordered. "There's guns on you from all quarters."

"Better sit tight," Harper's voice counseled from the opposite side of the camp.

"We've got you! Take it setting down or you won't last long enough to draw your breath," a third voice announced from the night.

The three men, still sodden with sleep and with their nether portions still swathed in blankets, heard stern voices on all sides of them. Their companion lay dead within arm's reach. The thing had come to a head too suddenly.

"What you want of us?" one of the trio demanded, his hands rising slowly above his head. The others followed his lead.

"We aim to hold a council talk on your case," Coleman said. "Stand up out o' your blankets, easylike, and don't fetch a gun up with you. First bad move and down goes your meat house."

Dark forms moved forward and tied the hands of the three men behind their backs.

"What I want to know is where the rest of your outfit went with old man Carrolton's mules," Coleman informed the trio.

"Never heard of him," one man declared. "And we ain't seen no mules. We all just come here today and stopped to camp at this p'int because some former outfit had packed a few sticks of firewood here."

"Yeah? Well, you'll talk about those mules—or get your necks stretched a mile long," Coleman promised calmly. "Either way will suit me."

He added fuel to the coals and fanned it to a blaze with his hat. As the flames leaped up he examined the prisoners in the light of them. He found himself gazing upon the hard faces of the two men who had had charge of his stolen mules at the stockyards in Abilene. The third man was younger, tight-mouthed, hard-eyed and reckless.

"I knowed we'd meet again sometime," Coleman said to the two elder men.

One of them shook his head. "Can't recall you, stranger," he declared. "Who might you be?"

"Breck Coleman." He watched the men closely. They had learned long since, of course, that they had killed old Rapaho Gil that night instead of Coleman. "It's a long jump from here to Abilene. But likely your memory will stretch back to that time I tracked the pair of you there after you killed Dick Conley and Rapaho Gil in their beds and stole my mules. Your souls will be yelping their way toward the happy hunting grounds before many minutes, so if you've any last messages to leave behind, we'll hear what you got to say."

"I got this to say"—and the spokesman cursed each and every one of his captors—"and that's all."

"Goes double for me," his companion, less loquacious, seconded.

They were hard men. Human lives meant little to them, including their own. They knew the game was up and were prepared to die as they had lived—defiant to the end.

Coleman recited his facts to the hunters and asked their verdict.

"Not a tree anywhar near," Harper said. "But a rope round the neck and attached to a saddle horn, then jump our ponies off across the prairie, will do the job as well."

"Simpler to line 'em up standing and let daylight through the three of 'em at one clip with a buffler gun," another hunter suggested.

The three prisoners knew that these were not facetious comments but practical suggestions. The six plainsmen were accustomed to taking human life and they intended to execute their prisoners. No false sentiment would stay their hands and permit the three captives to go free to continue their murderous activities. They had an unpleasant job ahead of them and intended to go through with it with all possible dispatch.

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"Any choice as to how you step off?" Coleman asked. "You can name your own medicine."

"Long as I'm due to go, the method don't interest me any, just so you make it as quick as is convenient to you," the youngest man of the trio stated.

"Thar's a scatterin' of cottonwoods three-four mile down the creek," Harper suggested. "Moon'll be up in half an hour."

"We'll ride down," Coleman said.

The prisoners were mounted, the horse of each one snubbed to a hunter's saddle horn.

"Thought you spoke some of a choice between hanging and talking about old man Carrolton's mules," one of the older men suggested when they had neared the cottonwoods.

"That was up until I discovered that you was the same pair that downed Conley and Rapaho Gil," Coleman said. "All hell couldn't get you off now."

They rode up beneath the cottonwoods. A rope was adjusted round one captive's neck and the loose end thrown over a low branch and made fast. He was advised to stand in the saddle so that he would get a drop as the horse moved out from beneath him. He acted on the suggestion. Harper snapped a rope end against the pony's rump and the animal leaped ahead. The man dropped to the end of the rope, his neck broken by the fall. The second man followed shortly. The grim business was carried through almost in silence.

"You know," the younger captive said as his turn came, "I wasn't mixed up in that affair of snuffing out your two friends. Never heard of them. It might just be that I'd consider talking about those mules."

"We'll see," Coleman decided. "I'll put three questions to you. Answer 'em straight and fast, and you can ride off from here. But don't make any slips. I'm not fond of this vigilante business and I want to get it over with and move out of here. The sight of your two departed friends a-swinging there is depressing to me."

"And me," the young man agreed. "Just what was it you was wanting to know?"

"First off, who killed old man Carrolton?" Coleman asked.

"Easy! You're looking right at them. The two you just swung off downed him after hiring out to help him take the mules east." The man laughed, the sound grating through the silence following his revelation. "You wanted to know who they was, so you could catch and hang them, and then you caught and hung them before you found out who they was. That's backfire justice for you. And I could tell without doing them a mite of harm. They was dead before you asked me."

"We'll let it go that it's the truth," Coleman said. "Next in order—was Flack and Enders into this?"

"No," said the prisoner. "Don't know the parties."

"Guess again, mister," Coleman said grimly. "Every horse thief in the country knows that brace of miscreants."

"Feeling as you do," the man said slowly, "I reckon you'll have to go ahead and hang me after all."

"We'll do that fast enough," Coleman said. "But before you decide, you might as well know this: Whatever you say or don't say won't make any difference in their case if I set eyes on them. If you swing without a peep out of you, it don't alter the fact that I've got Flack and Enders earmarked for the happy hunting grounds first time I get a look at them across my sights."

"That does make it different," the man said reflectively. "If I can't save 'em anyhow by not talking, and can save my own neck by talking—why, yes, come to think of it, Flack and Enders did take charge of those mules and started off to market them four-five days back in Wichita. But they'll be gone from there long before you arrive—and they had no hand in downing Carrolton."

"That's better," Coleman said. "Once more: What's the names of these two defunct horse thieves?"

"No harm in answering that. One styled himself Wichita Brown, the other was known to his friends as Rock. I'll swear I don't know no other name for him but that."

Coleman twitched the noose from about the man's neck and freed his arms.

"Pick out your own horse," he instructed. The man complied. "You can be riding on now," Coleman told him.

"How about my guns?" the man inquired. "This is Injun country, don't forget. They might jump me up before I get clear, and without a gun—well, I don't want to get myself staked out. I might wisht you-all had hung me after all."

Coleman nodded, emptied the man's rifle and six-shooter of cartridges, told him to put them in his belt with the others and restored the empty weapons.

"Good-by, Harper," said the ex-captive.

"Adios, Johnny," Harper returned.

"Never a peep out of either of us that we used to team together," the man remarked. "Thanks."

"I wouldn't have told who you was if we'd had to swing you, Johnny," Harper stated.

The man rode away in the bright moonlight.

"Friend o' yours?" one of the hunters inquired of Harper.

"Was," Harper said. "Johnny Rawlins and me used to wolf together. He was a good man to tie to before he went over to the wild bunch. It would have sort of went against the grain if I'd had to stretch him. I ain't sorry it broke the way it did."

The two figures swayed grotesquely, their moon-distorted shadows moving stealthily back and forth across the ground.

"Let's don't camp here, boys," one of the hunters urged. "I don't mind dead men on the ground or in it. But it sartinly would make me rest uneasy to have them hoss thieves' shadders a-gliding back and forth across me all night long."

"A dead man's shadder is bad luck always," another seconded. "I've heerd that whenever a man is touched by one, it's landmarking his own route to the great beyond; and I'd ruther have a dead Injun p'int the way for me than a fresh-hung hoss thief."

They moved a few miles along Crooked Creek, taking the horses and guns of the departed ones with them as a matter of course, and camped for the balance of the night. At Coleman's insistence, they agreed not to mention what they had learned of Flack and Enders, lest that pair seek cover before Coleman met them. On the second day thereafter they rejoined the outfit. The man left in charge of it was solaced upon hearing that there had been no war to speak of after all.

The meat hunt proved a failure. They killed a few head of buffaloes here and there, but failed to locate a band of sufficient size to provide them with a load of meat. Coleman was unconcerned as to the result of the hunt. He relished the life in the open above that in the hustling new prairie towns, so lingered on, even though each day showed him a net loss. His mind, in fact, was concerned with entirely different matters.

Sue Carrolton, in all probability, was not yet aware of the fate of her parent. While the old man had provided from his wages as boss mule skinner the funds to keep the family in food and clothing, Sue had made a home for the younger members of the family. They had helped out, too, by raising garden truck and poultry for home consumption and a surplus for sale in Abilene. But that would not suffice now. How would Sue make out? Young Buckner Carrolton's slender wages as a cow hand would not go far in maintaining the others. Well, Coleman himself owed Sue something. He had killed the man whom she had intended to marry. Not but what he'd always been glad of it. He'd saved Sue a lot more misery by that act than he had caused her. Still and all, he reflected, she'd have had a man to provide for her now, if he hadn't downed Bronson that time.

Coleman never had felt the least bitterness toward Sue for turning him away with tears and fury. That had seemed logical enough just what any woman would do to the one who had shot down the man she intended to wed. It had occasioned within him a profound ache of loneliness and longing. He had tried to eradicate it by seeking the female companionship of the dance-hall girls upon his infrequent visits to various towns. But it was only to discover that their interest in him was exclusively that of obtaining his money, while his interest in them was a mere pretense. So he had given that up. No, he still wanted Sue. He knew that, though he frequently assured himself that it didn't matter. But after all, he owed her something. One day a brilliant idea came to him in a blinding flash. The other hunters observed that he answered absently and at random when addressed, his thoughts, apparently, being far afield. He dwelt long upon the details of his plans. Then he consulted with Harper at some length, schooling him in his part. Shortly thereafter Harper departed for Abilene upon some mysterious errand and Coleman returned with his crew to Dodge.

There he found groups of experienced hide hunters going into daily semisecret sessions. They planned to enlist a band of seasoned plainsmen and launch an expedition among the buffalo herds of the Indian country south of the Arkansas, in defiance of the treaty of Medicine Lodge. To all intents and purposes, such an expedition would constitute an enemy invasion. It would result, inevitably, in war. After all, it would be but one more instance of repetition in the endless series of such events that had characterized the entire history of the white men in America. And in this instance, the hide hunters assured themselves, the war would occur in the heart of the Indian country itself and cause no outbreak of depredations among defenseless settlers. The brunt of the fighting would fall upon the invaders themselves. Well, every man of them was so versed in savage warfare that it had become rather a life habit of thought. They were going away, the expedition already being largely planned and the personnel chosen, so Coleman, a hunter always, decided to throw in his lot with them. It was not to be a partnership venture so far as proceeds were concerned. Each outfit was to conduct its own hunting operations, as always in the past. But it was to be a coöperative affair for mutual protection and defense in case of war.

Adobe Walls, on the Canadian River, was to be the central gathering point. Back in the fur days, Kit Carson—who but recently had passed on to the happy hunting ground to join his friends of the fur brigades—had been operating out of Bent's Fort on the Arkansas. Carson had been detailed to lead a few trappers down into Comanche land to build a post for the purpose of trading with that tribe. Kit and his men had constructed a building and stockade of adobe, and opened up for trade. The Apaches had crept up and stolen their horses. The little party, at great risk and undergoing every conceivable privation, had made their way back to Bent's Fort afoot. The post had been deserted. Later-day plainsmen, finding the crumbling walls still standing, but unaware of their origin, had named the ruins Adobe Walls.

"The plains is black with buffler on every side of 'Dobe Walls," the hide hunters assured one another.

So it was planned that the start should be made not long in the future. Coleman marveled at the swift transitions of the past few years. It had been but a short seven years before when Baxter Springs had blazed into glory as a cattle camp. And now Dodge City, three hundred miles beyond, already felt itself an old and established cow town of first magnitude, while Baxter Springs had been dead on its feet, many of its buildings untenanted, for several years. And despite the seemingly

limitless herds of buffaloes ranging the northern prairies a scant year or two before, hide hunters now were forced to trek far into the heart of the southern plains to find buffaloes upon which to ply their trade.

Rumors of the intended invasion leaked out and spread. The military authorities sent word that no such tactics would be permitted in the Indian country. The hide hunters chuckled and perfected their plans.

And at this juncture, Harper, somewhat crestfallen, returned from Abilene and handed Coleman two thousand dollars in gold.

WHEN Abilene passed as a cow town, its former wildness was equaled in extremes only by its subsequent excessive quiet. The surplus population moved on to newer camps. Dance halls and saloons were no more, and the tolling of village church bells of a Sunday pealed forth into the uncanny silence with which the town was mantled.

Instead of the booming market for vegetables and other produce, there was no market whatever. Even the townsfolk, in the main, raised their own garden truck, tended flocks of chickens, and kept the family cows picketed between milking periods on vacant lots or upon the adjacent commons.

Sue Carrolton could no longer dispose of her surplus foodstuffs in town, so that source of income ceased. However, competent manager that she was, she produced practically all the food that the family consumed. The wages of the elder Carrolton, seldom at home himself these days, were more than ample to clothe the family and provide a small surplus, which the girl saved religiously.

Captain Stone, with supreme confidence in Coleman's opinions in all things pertaining to the plains, did not hesitate to state in his report that it was his opinion that Carrolton had been murdered and the mules stolen, as against the first supposition to the effect that Carrolton himself had decamped with the animals.

The substance of that report fell like a bombshell upon the Carrolton family. Sue had received not so much as an intimation even that her parent was missing. After the first numbing shock had passed, she set herself practically to considering ways and means. Buckner Carrolton was somewhere in Texas or on the way back up the trail to Kansas with a trail herd. She could expect no financial aid from him until such time as he was paid off when the herd reached destination.

For a time the girl drew upon their slender surplus for their few necessities. There was more truth than otherwise in the widespread saying to the effect that the West was hell on horses and womenfolk. But the truth consisted of the actual deprivations which frontier women must encounter, not in the attitude of frontier men toward women. The early settlers of the West revered good women above anything else on earth, but all too frequently found themselves powerless to alleviate the primitive conditions which the revered women faced.

Sympathetic neighbors aided Sue Carrolton in every possible way. But in the main, every settler was almost as impoverished as the Carroltons themselves. Linda was on the point of wedding a young farmer of the neighborhood. As Sue once had deferred her hoped-for wedding with Breck Coleman, so now Linda as bravely postponed her own in deference to family necessities. She planned to take over Sue's household duties while Sue sought work in town. But work of any sort in Abilene was far from plentiful. Work that a woman could do was almost nonexistent. More through sympathy and personal friendship than from any active need of help, one of the more affluent of the town's families installed Sue in the general capacity of household helpmeet. She was to help in the kitchen, with the general housework and with the family sewing, for which she was to receive twelve dollars a month. To Sue, the offer held forth visions of affluence. She would share a room with the elder daughter and be treated as one of the family.

The hunters had spoken freely of having hung the two horse thieves who had murdered Carrolton. So, on Sue's first day, she heard that Coleman and his hunters had followed her father's murderers far into the Indian country and imposed summary plains justice upon them. The news not only lifted any last trace of suspicion that might have lingered round her father's name but seemed to create afresh, or rather to strengthen, the old-time bond that drew her heart toward Coleman and prevented other men from entering it. His recent act seemed in some indefinable way to attest his continued interest in her.

From the moment of his departure, after accepting literally the assertions made during her perfectly natural feminine emotional storm, she had faced the fact that she must wait for him to return. There was something inevitable in her love for him. And some day, inevitably, she would see him again and explain. She had instructed Buckner Carrolton to tell Coleman at the first opportunity that she wished to see him. And when Buck, on two successive occasions, had visited the family homestead briefly after returning up the trail from Texas with a herd and still confessed that he had failed to effect a meeting with Coleman, she had reproached him for his remissness.

Her brother, having far less interest in Coleman, had deemed himself unjustly censured. "Suffering cats, woman!" he had expostulated. "I'm on the trail three-quarters the time. Coleman's one of the big guns among the hide hunters and is always out somewhere among the buffalo herds. Expect me to lay off work for a year and hunt him up? I'll tell him when I see him. It was you chased him off with your foolishness, not me. But if you say the word, I'll tell every soul I meet and noise it abroad in every cow town from Texas to Montana that you're a-pining for him. Then he'll be bound to hear. . . . No?" he queried when his sister vetoed any such suggestion. "Then give me time, girl—give me time."

And so matters stood when, during the third week of her sojourn with the Bonner family, a man inquired for her and introduced himself as Harper. He was a grizzled old party, and at the sight of his plainsman's garb the girl's thoughts flew to Coleman.

"I was a great friend of your pa's, miss," Harper said. "A while back, afore bad luck romped up behind him, he lent me a little money he'd laid up agin a dry spell. I'm returning it to you."

The girl thanked him warmly, but when she took from him the heavy buckskin sack, opened it and peered inside, her eyes widened at the hundred golden eagles that reposed therein. Here were untold riches! Where on earth could her father have secured so much wealth to lend casually to someone whose very name she had never heard him mention?

"Where did pa get all this money?" she cried.

"Well, he made a little turn in business," Harper said. "Or so I gathered."

"What business?" she insisted. Incredulity was spreading, her mind darting to every possibility, only to encounter blank walls at the end of every corridor of thought, for she knew her father's limitations.

"Well," said Harper again, considering, "seems to me he made considerable of a deal in buffler hides, way I recall it now."

On the spur of the moment he had chosen the one business with which he himself was most familiar and the last one in which Carrolton would have been apt to engage. If he had accused her father of having made a turn in mules or oxen, taking a contract in hay cutting, grading or freighting, the girl might have lent a credulous ear, but not to this tale of his having engaged in a business so foreign to his natural ways of life. The mention of hide hunting—or perhaps because the thought of him was ever near the surface of her consciousness—drew her thoughts to Coleman. He had hunted down her father's killers. With uncanny perception, she suddenly was quite positive that this, too, was his handiwork. Happiness flooded her as sunshine disperses a shower.

"Where is Breck Coleman?" she asked.

"Couldn't say, miss. I don't know no party of that name," Harper, surprised, replied too quickly.

"Tut!" the girl admonished. "Every plainsman knows Breck Coleman. Do you think he'd come to me if he knew I needed him very badly?"

"Any man would, I reckon," Harper said. Wily strategist in plains craft and in Indian warfare, Harper was helpless to match the subtlety of a woman's guile. The girl took a blind shot.

"If you don't know him, how does it happen that you rode with him to capture the men who killed my father?" she demanded.

Harper knew that his part in that affair had been widely noised abroad. It was unfortunate that the girl had heard it. Nevertheless, he was resolved to do his utmost to carry out his chief's instructions.

"I didn't know the names of all the men that was along," he lied feebly. "If this feller you speak of was there, then he was one of them I didn't know."

Belief now crystallized into certainty in the girl. She leaned forward, smiling at him mistily, and placed her hands upon his shoulders.

"Thanks for riding with Breck that time," she said. "Pa would thank you, too, if he only could. Now listen. I want you to take a message from me to Breck. Will you?"

"I tell you I don't know him! Never hear tell of him, even!" Harper insisted stubbornly.

She brushed that aside as if it remained unuttered. "Tell him I can't take his money, but that I need him. I want to see him. Tell him to come here as soon as he can."

"Never heard o' him," Harper was still protesting, his unwilling fingers closing around the buckskin sack that she thrust into them.

"I know," she soothed. "You promised not to tell; so don't you. But remember the message." She repeated it again. "Have you got it now?"

"Yes, but ——"

"All right. Now be sure you don't forget it. And I'll always thank you in my heart for riding down there with him."

And so it was that Harper, keeping faith with Coleman and protesting to the last that he had never so much as heard the latter's name, rode crestfallen back to Dodge and delivered the message as the girl had given it to him. And within the hour Coleman, mounted on Fleabit, was striking a direct northeast course across the plains toward Abilene.

Harper, in the shame of his failure in the realms of diplomacy, had neglected to mention the fact that Sue Carrolton was not residing on the homestead, but, instead, was working in Abilene. Hence it was that Coleman, riding across the farm from the southwest, came first upon the blank rear wall of the sod-house portion of the Carrolton home, dismounted and dropped Fleabit's reins, then stepped round to the front. It was a warm summer's day, in late afternoon, and the pine door of the front room stood open. His thoughts were all upon Sue.

But a lifetime of hazardous adventure had so fortified him against surprise that his mind functioned swiftly and with utmost coolness at the instant of facing some unsuspected danger. When, therefore, he stepped to the open front door and found himself facing not Sue but Flack, the move to cover the man with his gun was instantaneous and almost without conscious volition. Then, swiftly, the weapon swung slightly to cover Enders instead, the two men being seated some six feet apart in the rear of the front room.

"Sit tight," Coleman advised tersely. The two men had been taken completely by surprise. Coleman kept his gun trained on Enders from the doorway while he watched Flack from the tail of his eye. Flack, he had always felt, despite the man's animal courage in a physical contest and his ruthlessness in shooting from behind, lacked the cold hardihood to take an even break with a knife or gun when life was the stake at issue. Enders, on the contrary, was something of an unknown quantity and Coleman could not be sure of him. So he held the gun on Enders and held Flack with his eye.

Almost, he had shot Flack at the first glimpse of him, remembering just in time. He had come with joy in his heart at the prospect of seeing Sue Carrolton again. He could not wreck that meeting by shooting down a man in her home. Sue was nowhere in evidence, but Linda sat at one side of the room, regarding him in wide-eyed amazement. Two of the younger Carroltons stared at him from the door leading into the sod house in rear. In a space of ten seconds, Coleman had decided upon his course.

"Stand up with your hands in the air, the pair of you," he instructed, stepping inside the room, "and march past me, going out. Then keep going."

Flack, at this intimation that Coleman did not intend to shoot unless it became necessary, glanced furtively at Linda. Frontier bred, the girl knew a crisis when she saw one and was aware that silence was her cue. These men would do whatever was down in the cards for them to do. Flack blustered.

"Who give you the right to order me around?" he demanded.

"You go from here," Coleman said with such repressed deadliness that it almost lifted Flack from his chair. "You're back from Wichita after selling the mules you stole from Carrolton, eh? Ain't you heard that we hung Wichita Brown and Rock on Crooked Creek, missing you two by a hair? And Johnny Rawlins told us all about you and Enders. I'm letting you go because you're setting in Sue Carrolton's house. Anywheres else on God's green earth I'd have shot the pair of you down on sight. And will yet. Now get going."

Enders, if it had been Coleman's purpose to capture him, would have made a move for his gun. Since, patently, it was Coleman's plan to let him pass, a gun play at the man who had the drop would be sheer idiocy.

"We'll go," he said, rising and elevating his hands. "But under protest, of course." He and Flack passed through the door. "I want it to be understood that there's no truth in your accusation. It's a misunderstanding all round."

"If you think I haven't proof enough to convince the world," Coleman challenged from the doorway, "ride on into Abilene and stay there half an hour. About that time I'll come riding down the street. If you're there, you'll either shoot it out with me or I'll turn you over to the marshal and have you hung. Step aboard your ponies and get moving."

"We'll be there when you arrive," Enders promised.

"You'd better stay out of Abilene yourself," Flack threatened. "We'll be there."

"You'll be miles away, with your horses in a lather and still running," Coleman prophesied. "The whole rest of your natural lives will be spent on the run from now on. Don't forget it. Now vamoose."

The men rode away. Coleman watched them regretfully. Now he had snarled matters up for fair. They'd be a hard pair to get within gunshot of after this. It seemed that he always overplayed his hand with Flack. Then, as his mind had leaped so swiftly from Sue Carrolton to Flack, upon having confronted the latter unexpectedly, so, now, it dismissed the vanishing horsemen and returned eagerly to Sue.

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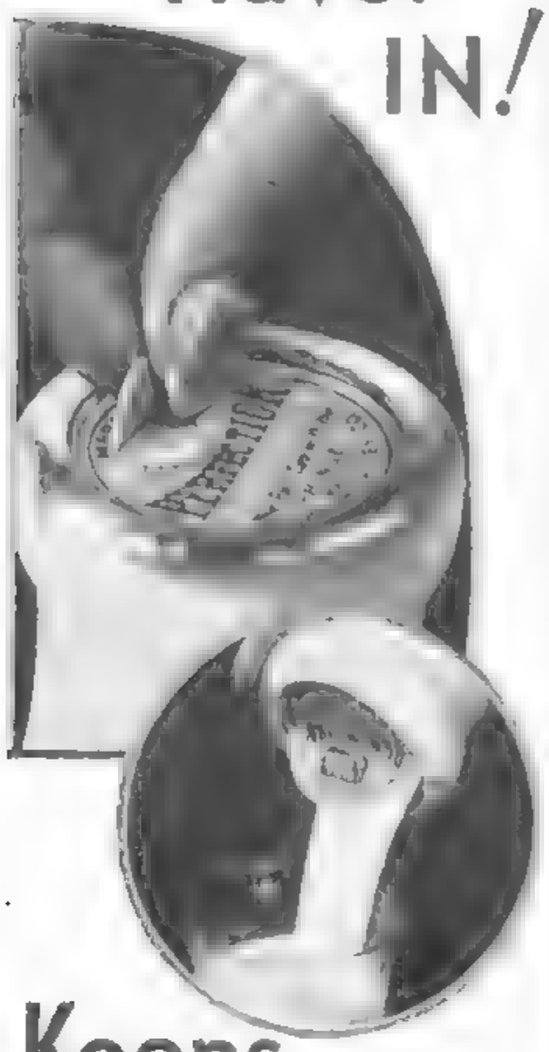

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"Where's Sue?" he inquired of Linda.

The girl had risen to face him. "She's in town, Breck. . . . Was what you said of them true?"

Coleman nodded. "I'd sworn to down the pair of them at first sight. Then, to think I'd run across them setting here!"

"Why didn't you shoot?" the girl demanded. "What more fitting place for them to die than on the Carrolton farm?" She, too, was the daughter of a feudal clan that clung to the law of reprisal.

"They can be tended to some other time," he said. "You say Sue's in town?"

Linda told him where to find her, and Coleman headed forthwith for Abilene.

From the day of Harper's departure, still protesting his innocence of Coleman's acquaintance, Sue had started up at the sound of every horse in the quiet side street. Her heart seemed to pulse in unison to the hoof beats as they approached, then to check its fluttering as the sound passed by. She told herself that she could not be wrong in her surmise that Harper had come from Coleman. Then the fear would rise that she had been mistaken. But hope sprang afresh with the sound of every horse that carried a rider along the street. It so chanced that when Coleman did arrive, Sue was engaged in making butter on the rear porch, and the splash of the dasher in the tall wooden churn drowned out the sound of his horse's feet.

The daughter of the household admitted him at the front door and informed him that Sue was churning on the back porch.

"Friend of her brother's?" the girl inquired, mistaking his plainsman's garb for that of a cowboy.

"You might say," Coleman conceded.

"Well, go right on through," the Bonner girl invited cordially.

So Sue did not know of his presence until he opened the kitchen door and stepped outside. She glanced up to see him standing there, looking down at her. Her hands remained clamped upon the dasher of the churn as her eager eyes devoured him.

"Harper said you wanted me, Sue," he said.

"I've always wanted you," she answered.

It came about as simply as that.

"Well, girl, I reckon you know how I've always felt about it," was all Coleman could find to say.

The Bonner girl, scenting romance, had left off her dusting in the fore part of the house and now was busying herself in the kitchen.

"Come for a walk, Sue," Coleman urged.

"Wait till I finish the churning," Sue said. "I'll have a few minutes then before starting supper."

"You stay as long as you like, Sue dear. I'll get supper," the Bonner girl volunteered from within.

"Thanks, honey," Sue accepted.

She began again the rhythmic strokes of the dasher. Coleman seated himself on the porch step, loaded his pipe and watched her hungrily. Deftly she extracted, kneaded together and worked with a wooden paddle the golden butter. He was thinking what a glowing picture she would make kneading butter on the porch of their own ranch house. She finished at last and they walked together out beyond the edge of town. Sue's happiness suddenly was clouded slightly by realization of the responsibilities which, now more than ever, she could not lay down.

"You won't mind waiting just a little longer, will you, Breck?" she asked wistfully.

But Coleman, with the prize of his heart now seemingly within his grasp at last, was in no mood to risk losing it again.

"We've waited too long now, Sue, the both of us," he declared.

"I know. It's been hard. But the children—I couldn't leave them now; not yet awhile," the girl faltered.

"Who's asking you to leave 'em?" Coleman demanded. "I won't be any great handicap to you in wrangling the doggie detail, will I? Someone's got to drive the calf wagon."

"Breck, you don't mean that you'd have them with us, do you? That you'd like to?" Sue asked, a note of undiluted joy creeping into her tones.

"Why not? With Buck out on his own and Linda wanting to get spliced, it don't leave many, does it? Three? Four?"

"About that. I haven't made a count lately." The girl laughed unsteadily. "Then you wouldn't mind coming here and living on the place and having them underfoot?"

The limitless horizons amid which he had lived his life seemed suddenly to constrict and close in upon Coleman. He was accorded one brief terrifying vision of the restricted limits within which most mortals spent their daily lot.

"Me? Live here on a little patch o' ground with folks cluttered round on every hand thicker'n a swarm o' bees?" he demanded, unable to picture the terrors of such an existence.

"Then what ——" the girl began falteringly, and found herself unable to proceed.

"Bring 'em along," Coleman said. "They're pretty near growed up now, as it is. The youngest is round nine, now ain't he or she? They'll come in handy. We'll set 'em to wrangling chickens and such around the ranch. They'll all be growed up and gone before you know it. Meanwhile they won't be any bother."

The girl turned and took him to her, held him close, disregarding the fact that it was not yet dark. "Breck, honey, I didn't know you had a place of your own."

Always she had pictured him as the very essence of wandering, one to whom the whole wide West had seemed his own, never to be restricted to any one particular spot which he would call home.

Her words recalled to Coleman the fact that his ranch existed merely in his imagination up to date.

"I ain't actually got it pegged down yet, blossom," he told her. "But I've collected better'n twenty thousand acres of land script, so's we'll have room to turn around in, and I'm still buying more. I've got the place all picked out. It's way off down in the Injun country yet. But it won't be Injun country long. The boys is going in on a big hide hunt. Cattlemen will come with their cows as the buffaloes is killed off. That'll open it up. It ain't open to entry yet, but it will be before so many moons. Meanwhile, I can put up buildings and corrals, and squat there. Then, when it's open, I'll lay my script and get deed to it."

He described to her the location that he had decided upon—broad miles of solid grass lands with a prairie stream traversing the half-mile timbered bottom that cut through it.

"There's wood a-plenty and good winter shelter for the stock. There's meadows on it that will cut a thousand ton of prairie hay. It's no end pretty to look at too."

Stroke by stroke, he painted for her a vivid word picture of the spot which, not so long thereafter, he hoped to make a vast ranch home. And the girl listened, enthralled by the picture that he sketched for her.

"I'm going in with the boys on the hide hunt, Sue," he said. "I'll leave plenty money with you. I've got barrels of it. You can close out your things here, farm and all, and wrangle the calf detail over to Dodge by train, so's you'll be waiting for me when I come back from the Injun country."

And so it was arranged. "Breck," the girl confided, clinging to him later that night before they parted, "never in all my life have I been so glad just to be alive as I am right this minute."

"And I aim to keep you feeling thataway, girl," he promised. "You're sure a-deserving of it."

As he rode back toward Dodge he found the central Kansas prairies covered with cattle, ranging there in hundreds of thousands where once the buffalo had ranged. And still other hundreds of thousands of longhorns, he knew, were plodding northward up the long trail from Texas.

A trail herd passed, headed north in charge of round a dozen cowboys. One of the flank riders drew aside to borrow a smoke from Coleman.

"Where you bound?" Coleman asked.

"Dakoty," the cowman informed

"Quite a stretch to cover yet," Coleman commented.

"Well, I don't know," the loyal Texan demurred. "Texas herself is such a 'tarnal big stretch o' country that the big part of a man's time is spent in travelin' to get outside it. Whenever I start out with a trail herd, once we reach the Texas line I always figure that we're almost thar, no matter whar we're bound for."

Coleman passed settlers' sod houses on every hand. Here and there glistening black streaks showed against the green of the prairie where some nester had broken the age-old sod to plant a crop.

"I saw it coming, but I'd never have believed it would come to pass so fast. The whole country will be jammed up like this some day, Fleabit, you mark what I say," Coleman prophesied to his horse. "But before that time comes we'll stake us out a piece of ground big enough so's they can't crowd in on us too close."

He found the picked bunch of hide hunters preparing to move south into the Indian country.

"What do you think of it?" he inquired of Bat Masterson and Bob Wright.

"The merchants of Dodge are in favor of it," Masterson told him. "They want to open up the business."

Coleman decided to risk but three of his wagons in the venture. He knew there was trouble ahead and plenty of it. So, with twelve mules and three wagons, he prepared to set forth with the others. His remaining mules he rented to parties in Dodge City.

Every man in that picked band was an old hand at the business, sharpshooters every one. Most of them were veterans of many an Indian war and had seen much service scouting against the savages. They were men to whom fighting was a part of their everyday affairs, handling their weapons in the most desperate scrimmage as coolly as a woodsman wields his ax. It is probable that never since the days of the fur brigades had so peculiarly able a body of men assembled together as the seventy-odd hide hunters who crossed the Arkansas River and headed south through the Indian country toward Adobe Walls.

At the first night's camp, while feasting once again on roast buffalo ribs, the men engaged in rough badinage.

"Better pin your scalp down to your ears," a hunter shouted across the fire to Coleman. "Chief Quanah will be reachin' for your ha'r."

The name of Chief Quanah came in for frequent mention as the hard-bitten cavalcade moved on toward Adobe Walls.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER

(Continued from Page 19)

"Yes, he's a fiery fellar," said Druce-Grant.

"You think I had better not tell him I'm married?" asked Bowers. "Just stall along, you know."

Druce-Grant pursed out his lips. "I think that might be fairly dangerous too," he said, shaking his head.

"Dangerous!" exclaimed Oswald. "You surely don't take this threat—this comic-opera threat seriously!"

"I take it very seriously," answered Druce-Grant. "What's the matter with you Americans? Don't you think murders can be committed anywhere but in your own principal cities? I think Daritzia will have worked himself into a great state of righteous indignation and cupidity, and when he finds himself absolutely balked, I shouldn't be a bit surprised ——" He paused and turned to his host. "Upon my word," he said, "I'd get away tonight, if I were you."

Bowers looked obstinate. "I shall not run away," he said. "Certainly not until I have seen the princess." Already the idea of marriage with her was beginning to increase her importance in his eyes. "I shall send down and ask for—for an audience after dinner."

Outside in the corridor, Druce-Grant grabbed Oswald's arm and whispered, "Don't let him off, Petres; don't, for heaven's sake, be national. I'm for this girl. You don't know her at all, but I've had several talks with her. She's a sweet creature. I can't bear to think of her being left here to starve. Marriage, even with a fat bounder like our host, would be better than that."

"I disagree with you," said Oswald.

"Easy for you, my dear man; you don't have to do the starving. But even if it doesn't get to marriage—if she and her father manage to wangle a little of the filthy out of Bowers—you won't interfere, will you?"

"I don't like blackmail," answered Oswald, feeling it was rather puritanical to confess it.

Druce-Grant laughed. "Every man to his taste, *de gustibus*, you know. I've always had rather a leaning that way myself. However, it's a tricky business; it needs a little doing."

He went into his own room, still laughing, leaving Oswald standing reflectively in the hall.

The conviction was borne in upon him that if Stephanie had waved to anyone from the lodge, it had been to him. He knew now—he had always known, only he had not let himself admit it before—that she had regretted her ill-considered repudiation of their friendship. He had been proud and egotistical and stupid about it. If he had been kinder he might have gone further with their relation; he might now be in a position to offer her an alternative to this ridiculous marriage with Bowers. He raised his head as if listening to distant music. Was he not already in such a position?

He went downstairs, out across the court, and knocked at the door of the schoolroom wing.

It was almost eight o'clock, and Stephanie and Miss Eden had just finished their simple evening meal. As little Anna opened the door in answer to his knock, the strains of "I'm alone; I'm so all alone" floated to him from the schoolroom. It was a tune he had been fond of in its day; it made him think of a dance at a country club near Baltimore, and a girl—gracious, how many years ago? He heard the piano stop, as Anna announced him, and Miss Eden's voice:

"No, my dear, certainly not. Your father would be very much displeased."

"But I want so much to see him, Edie," said the princess' voice.

It would have been inhuman to have waited to hear more. The girl's voice had a note of tremulous eagerness.

Petres walked into the room.

"I'm sorry, Your Highness, Miss Eden," he said, "to force my way in like this, but I really have something important to say to you."

"And I have something to say to you," said Stephanie, and she rose and stood beside her chair like a soldier on parade, or, perhaps, more like a child about to recite a well-learned piece. "I wish to apologize to you for an act of rudeness. I must explain that I have been brought up to believe in rank and to be loyal to that belief. It shocked me to see you dressed like a peasant. I did not stop to think that dress means nothing. I have regretted it. I am sorry. I hope you will forgive me."

Oswald laughed, and she looked at him, horrified at his laughter. Then he came to her and kissed her hand. Miss Eden felt dissatisfied with his action as a gesture of homage, for he kissed it, held it a second, patted it and put it down, and then he explained his laugh.

"I forgive you so thoroughly," he said, "that I have come to make you an offer of marriage."

"Mr. Petres!" cried Miss Eden. "This is really going too far!"

"If I knew any way of going further ——"

"It is an insult."

"No, it isn't," said Oswald, unabashed "It's the highest compliment I can pay any woman, princess or not. If you will listen to me ——"

"I cannot listen to you," said Miss Eden, rising firmly, as if to dismiss him.

"I can," said Stephanie, and she sat down and assumed a pose of attention.

Thus encouraged, Oswald sat down beside her and said: "Princess, I am about to make you as respectful an offer of marriage as is consistent with my being pretty eager about it. I am trying to think of all the things your father would ask me if I were talking to him instead of you. I am twenty-nine, healthy, and making a good salary—ten thousand dollars—two thousand pounds. But that's all I have; nothing to inherit—or rather a lot of brothers to inherit it, too, but you'll like them all, because they are swell people and will adore you. Still, financially, it isn't brilliant, except that I believe I shall make a great business success. Only I must warn you that every other young American in my position believes the same thing, and about 99 per cent of us are wrong."

"Stephanie," said Miss Eden, "this is not fair to me. Think how your father would feel if he knew. To marry without your father's consent."

"Of course I would not do that, Edie."

"Promise me you would not."

"Don't promise," said Oswald quickly, but he was too late.

"Of course I promise," said the girl. "To marry without my father's consent would be unthinkable, but I see no reason why I should not listen when I want to so much."

Oswald hurried on, knowing that his time was short. "You see," he said, and took her hand again—"you see, I have loved you since the first day I saw you, but it would never have occurred to me to ask you to marry me as things were going between us, if—if"—he paused, and then went on—"I were not almost sure that a very much less desirable marriage was going to be urged on you."

"Undesirable from whose point of view?" said Miss Eden. "And would you be so kind as to release the princess' hand?"

Stephanie started and withdrew hers, as if she had only just noticed where it was.

"Undesirable from every point of view, I should think. I mean Mr. Bowers."

"Mr. Bowers," said Stephanie, and her tone was a shudder.

"I can assure you," said Miss Eden, with her nose getting very sharp, "that the Prince of Daritzia would never contemplate such a degradation for his child. Mr. Bowers indeed! I understand that in America riches are considered the equivalent of rank, but in Europe, the poorest gentleman would be a more likely candidate."

"It is true what she says," said Stephanie gently. "My father would not think of marrying me to such a man. He has never seen him, and if he had ——" She gave a little sketch of the prince's horror.

In the silence, little Anna came in again to say, with the gust of delight with which she greeted any incident whatever, that there was another gentleman from the *Schloss* wishing to see the gracious ladies, and though she made great havoc with his name, it was of course Druce-Grant.

He came in, in evening dress, presenting a sort of gaunt, wolflike elegance, and went straight to the point in his best manner.

"I have a message from Mr. Bowers, ladies. He wants to know if you would do him the honor of receiving him after dinner for a few minutes—say at nine?"

Miss Eden looked at Stephanie, and Stephanie looked at Miss Eden.

"We never receive visitors in the evening," said the governess; "not, at least, if we are given any choice in the matter," and she glanced coldly at Oswald.

"I understand that Mr. Bowers has a message to deliver from Prince Conrad."

Just a flicker of doubt, a possibility that Oswald's story of the prince's designs might be true, crossed Miss Eden's mind, but she answered firmly:

"The prince usually communicates his wishes directly to his daughter. However, we shall be glad to see Mr. Bowers in the morning."

Druce-Grant bowed. "I'll tell him," he said. . . . "Are you coming with me, Petres? Dinner is ready."

"Ask Bowers to sit down without me," said Oswald.

"No," said Miss Eden. "You will go, too, please, Mr. Petres. There has been quite enough of this sort of thing."

"Not for my taste," said Oswald; "there hasn't been half enough of it."

Stephanie laughed out loud, and then said very solemnly: "Good night, Mr. Petres."

"You want me to go?"

"There's always tomorrow," she answered gently.

"You give me an idea. There's always tomorrow morning."

"Yes, about ten o'clock?"

"Stephanie," said Miss Eden, "this is not like you."

"Good night, Mr. Petres."

"Good night, Your Highness."

"You will not see us at ten tomorrow," said Miss Eden.

To say the princess winked would be a gross libel, but she gave Oswald a quick look that said: "You will, if you're half the man I think you."

Out in the court, Druce-Grant took his arm. "What's this, my dear fellow?" he asked. "What are you doing—riding our kind host off the ball?"

"I was presuming to ask the princess to marry me," replied Oswald, for he could not help liking Druce-Grant's reckless candor.

"Oh, what a pity!" said the other. "A pity, I mean, that it can't be. That girl would be very happy in the States."

"You know my country?"

"Oh, very well. I worked in a mine there, took in tickets at a baseball field—park, I should say—and nearly got put in jail. It's not a country everyone likes, but she'd like it."

"Then why is it so utterly impossible?"

"I'll tell you, my dear fellow, in a word. That girl will never marry without her father's consent. In the first place, she loves that old reprobate—and he has charm—but even if she didn't, it is deeply in her blood that her marriage is not her affair but the affair of all the family. I'm not perfectly sure that she could marry legally without the prince's consent. And he would be about as likely to consent to her marrying you, as to her marrying a Bedouin who lived in a tent. A great chief, like Lady Hester Stanhope's young man; but then you are not a great chief."

"I may be some day," said Oswald.

"You can hardly imagine how little Conrad XXI knows about the States, and the idea of his daughter going there with an unknown young man ——"

"He'd let her go there with Bowers."

"Oh, not at all—not at all. It will be arranged that she need never leave Europe. They'll anchor Bowers here. Oh, perhaps a trip now and then, but they won't let her live there."

"You feel sure she will marry Bowers if the prince says so?"

"I think so. There'll be a struggle and tears, but in the end the family will triumphs."

The remark brought them to the drawing-room, where Bowers was nervously waiting for the answer to his message.

"Well, they won't see you tonight, Bowers," said Druce-Grant cheerfully. "Just as well, I fancy, too. What can you say—that you respectfully adore the princess and would make magnificent settlements, only that six months or a year must elapse before you return to claim the bride? Sounds odd, you know. That old griffin with the sharp nose would be on to the whole thing as quick as you could say 'knife.' Let the prince get here and do his own dirty work."

And then they went in to dinner, and conversation on this subject became impossible.

Now, Mr. Bowers, unaccustomed to strong emotions, had had no experience of their devastating effect upon the digestion. A man more used to being shaken by fears and excitement would have nibbled at a bit of toast, but Bowers went steadily through an excellent dinner—black bean soup, trout, roebuck and vegetables, salad and cheese, a glassy peach tart, and at the end the dish he preferred to all others—currants dipped first in the white of egg and then in confectioner's sugar. He ate a great many of these.

The consequence was that he woke about three o'clock in great agony. He had never had acute indigestion before, and he honestly thought that he was dying. The doctor who had bandaged his ankle was now summoned to save his life, and did not leave him until daylight. Then he administered a sleeping draft and gave orders that Mr. Bowers was not to be disturbed before noon.

Petres, who had not had much sleep either, but from different causes, was breakfasting alone about half-past eight. Breakfast in the castle was served in the English style—that is to say, it was not served at all. Everything was left on heated dishes on the side table, except the coffee, which stood in front of Bowers' place in a tall urn. The dining room was an enormous room on the ground floor; it was painted white, and the ancestors who hung upon its walls were all martial in character, men in plate armor, in coats of mail, or furred uniforms. Sitting there, you didn't easily forget that the Daritzias were an old and militant race.

Druce-Grant had not come down, and Petres could continue a train of thought that had lasted through the night. It seemed clear to him, without undue conceit, that Stephanie would be happier with him than with Bowers; but, if Druce-Grant were right, the only way to save her from Bowers was to run off with her at once. If he could induce her to go, was he justified in taking such a step? Was he the man to make her happy? Could she be happy separated from her father? Suppose she hated the simple commercial life which, for many years, at least, he would be obliged to live? Suppose, when they went home, she hated America? How did he know what she liked? Suppose he fell ill or lost his job? Late the night before he had received a peremptory telegram from Turin, ordering him back. He could

Rip Van Winkles

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REMEMBER Washington Irving's lovable, irresponsible Rip Van Winkle? How persistently he tricked himself! Time and again when temptation was too strong and nature too weak, he would lift his glass and say, "I won't count this one".

THERE are many Rip Van Winkles in the world right now—some are weak in self-control; some are sadly behind the times in a matter of vital importance to them. They are the unfortunates among the million diabetics in the United States today.

Old Rip's giant spree put him to sleep for twenty years—but "food sprees" are bringing death to present-day Rip Van Winkles because they lack self-control or lack knowledge as to what insulin can do for them.

Thanks to insulin, a diabetic is not confined nowadays to a scanty, spirit-breaking diet. He can have varied and much more appetizing food than was allowed in the old days. But even now, if he fails to find out what he should eat and drink—or if he fails to be steadfast in obeying orders—he practically commits suicide.

When diabetes attacks, it has come to stay. It rarely gives up. A diabetic has one of two choices, either to put up a cheerful, continuous fight or weakly surrender. Halfway defense spells defeat. But a courageous, unyielding fight is almost sure to win.

One great danger is that with the aid of insulin and correct diet, the diabetic feels so much better that he is lulled into a false sense of security. He takes liberties with his diet or neglects to take the insulin as directed. Then, with crushing swiftness, diabetes may claim another victim.

Thousands of diabetics are not even aware of the fact that they are in danger because they have not had a physical examination which would have revealed the presence of this old enemy of mankind and because, also, during most of its course, diabetes is painless.

Of the 20,000 deaths caused by diabetes last year in the United States, 8,000 were of the acute type ending in coma. Yet a world-famous specialist says, "Diabetic coma is always preventable and nearly always curable . . . Many of my patients have actually lived longer than would have been expected of them had they been normal, healthy people"

* * * *

The deathrate from diabetes is rising. It can be forced downward. The Metropolitan's booklet, "Diabetes," together with recently published information for physicians and their patients on prevention of diabetic coma, will be mailed free on request.

Ask for Booklet 130-E.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

have caught a late train, and he had done nothing. Was his job still his? Wasn't it possible that a person like Stephanie, brought up to occupy a certain rank, would never be happy unless that rank was acknowledged? Had he any reason whatsoever for thinking that she loved him, or might love him some day?

He was not, he told himself, a man who shirked responsibility, but these were hard questions to answer. He had not answered them when the dining-room door opened. Miss Eden came in, looking unusually pinched about the mouth and pink about the eyes.

"I want a word with you, Mr. Petres," she said.

Oswald had been wandering about selecting eggs and bacon and toast for himself, and he now sat down at the head of the table, not from any wish to usurp Bowers' place but because the coffee urn was there.

"Have some coffee?" he said.

"Coffee?" said Miss Eden proudly. "No, indeed; I never touch anything but tea for breakfast. Mr. Petres, I think you are a serious and honorable man. I want to point out to you that it is not honorable to engage the affections of a woman you cannot in any conceivable circumstances marry."

"Have I engaged them?" said Oswald gravely.

"I do not admit it. The princess is interested, but she would very easily forget you, if you would only go away now. I cannot think you wish to hurt her."

"Miss Eden," said Oswald, "let me ask you this: If it were a question between me and Bowers, wouldn't you rather see her married to me?"

"I will not answer any such ridiculous question. There is no such alternative. I can assure you that the prince would as lief see his daughter dead as married to either of you."

"You're very kind," said Oswald.

"I ask you to go away, Mr. Petres; not to see the princess again. Her whole happiness is at stake. You can hardly imagine her lack of experience. No man has ever talked to her as you do. She has told me about your meetings. I hope, I believe you understand how innocent they were. But if you stay here and disturb her and make love to her, you may spoil all her chances of being happy with the man her father does eventually select for her."

"Miss Eden, he has already selected him. He is Albert Bowers."

"I do not think so badly of the prince as to believe you," said Miss Eden.

"You don't think there is any possibility that she could be happy as my wife?" asked Oswald.

"I know she could not be."

There was a pause, full of pain to Oswald, and then someone outside was heard whistling, and Druce-Grant came sauntering in.

"Good morning, Miss Eden," he said. "Ah, Petres, the scribes and pharisees sit in Moses' seat, I see. Well, I'm going out to get a chammy today, or die in the attempt. Will you go with me? I hear our host has eaten something that disagreed with him, and is not to be disturbed until noon."

Miss Eden, seeing that further conversation was impossible, had risen to depart, when there was a sound of wheels and voices outside, the dining-room door was flung open, and the whole room was instantly filled with the august and furious personality of Conrad XXI.

Strangely enough, it was the sight of Miss Eden sitting at the table that maddened the prince most.

He nodded to Druce-Grant, whom he once had known somewhere or other, and took no immediate notice of Oswald, but he addressed the governess.

"So this is where you are," he said; "eating with these men, as if nothing had happened."

"Nothing has happened, sir," said Miss Eden.

"Nothing?" cried Conrad. "Do you call it nothing that Paris is ringing with the story of the seduction of a princess of Daritzia by a damned American?"

"I must trouble you to speak more civilly of my country," said Oswald.

"Your Highness is out of your head," said Miss Eden.

"Seduced -seduced under your nose," the prince went on.

"The servants will hear you, sir, if you speak so loud," said Miss Eden. She really thought the prince had gone suddenly insane.

The prince now turned to Oswald. "You had my letter?" he said.

"I read a very intemperate letter signed with your name," answered Oswald.

"And what is your answer, Mr. Bowers?"

There was a short silence. All three of his auditors opened their mouths to say that this was not Mr. Bowers, but no one said it. The reason, perhaps, was that obviously it was Petres' place to say that his name was not Bowers, and he did not say it, because a possibility, a hope, held him back from speaking, and the silence continued.

The prince spoke again, "I ask you what your answer is?"

"My answer is that you seemed to me not very happy in the form you chose in which to propose marriage."

"*Gott im Himmel!*" cried the prince. "I did not propose marriage to you. You are about the last man in the world I should desire to make my son-in-law, if I had any choice in the matter. I offer you the alternative of marrying my daughter or being shot like a dog."

"Dear me!" said Miss Eden, with a certain inadequate spiritedness, very hostile to the prince.

"Now let us get this clear," said Oswald. "You are sincere in wishing me to marry the Princess Stephanie?"

"Yes, yes!" yelled the prince. "Don't you understand the English language? I should infinitely rather kill you, but I will let you off with marriage!"

"And suppose I refuse?"

"Your body will be found tomorrow morning on one of my mountains."

"Dear me," said Miss Eden again.

"Ask His Serene Highness," said Druce-Grant, with his hands in his pockets, "if you couldn't buy your life for, say, a quarter of a million?"

"Pounds?" said the prince, and felt he had spoken too quickly.

"Well, I had dollars in mind," said Druce-Grant.

"Do you think you can bribe me?" said the prince, a little too late.

Oswald smiled. "We were just trying to find out," he remarked, "and I think we have the answer. However, it won't be necessary. I shall be delighted to marry the princess. In fact, I proposed to her last evening."

The prince turned on Miss Eden. "You did not tell me this," he said.

Miss Eden, like most English people in a crisis to which she felt unsympathetic, was absolutely calm.

"Really, sir," she said, "I haven't had an opportunity of telling you anything, and I'm at a loss to know what it is all about."

Daritzia turned from her as from a worm in his path.

"You proposed to my daughter last evening, and I can guess what she said—that she could not even give you an answer until she had asked my consent."

"Well, in effect, yes," said Oswald. "She was a little more encouraging—or I allowed myself to think so—but, in effect, that was what she said."

The prince smiled a trifle complacently at this proof of his child's devotion, and asked Miss Eden to go and bring the princess to him. She rose with the instinct of obedience, and then stopped.

"No, Your Highness," she said, "I will not bring Stephanie here until this situation has been cleared. You are being deceived. Nothing took place between her and Mr. Bowers—nothing whatever."

"Will you do as I tell you?" said the prince.

"Do you not wish to hear my report?"

"No, no," answered the prince, "I do not wish to hear you gloss over the fact that

you have been too careless or lazy or old to protect your charge."

There was no subject in the world on which Miss Eden was so sensitive as age, not through vanity or fear of losing her charms, but professionally, out of terror of being unable to hold a position. She colored now to the tip of her nose.

"Your Highness," she said, and her voice shook a little, "you have known me now for almost twenty years and, old or not, you should listen to me when I tell you that you are doing something cruel, wicked and unnecessary in insisting that your daughter ——"

"Great heavens!" cried the prince. "Are you the only person in all Europe who does not know that under pretense of a sprained ankle, this man induced Stephanie to spend the better part of a night in one of the lodges?"

"That," said Miss Eden loudly, "is utterly untrue."

"Go and bring Stephanie here immediately," said the prince.

Miss Eden raised her eyes to Oswald, and they exchanged one of those long, deep looks that animals sometimes exchange—looks that seem freighted with meaning beyond anything that words could ever express. Then she turned and left the room.

The prince became easier after her departure. "I have had the contract drawn up by my lawyers in Paris," he said, and there was something almost jaunty in his tone. "The settlements are liberal; but not unduly so, I think, considering the difference in rank."

"You would perhaps be so very kind as to allow me to glance at them," said Oswald.

The prince either did not know or did not care that there was a certain irony in the tone. He unbuttoned his coat and gave Oswald a paper. Oswald glanced through it. The settlements were, as the prince said, liberal. Also, there was a clause that the princess should never under any circumstances be required to live in the United States and that if her husband should make a prolonged stay there, separate residence on a scale commensurate with her rank should be provided for her in a part of Europe to be designated.

Oswald had not finished reading the document, in which his interest was milder than the prince expected, when Stephanie and Miss Eden entered. He looked up and said to himself: "Thank God, she has been tipped off."

The girl's eyes were shining with a sort of exalted amusement. Many a better-laid plot has succeeded less well. In these three people it had sprung up almost of itself, but here it was.

As Stephanie entered, the prince held out his hand to her with a gesture really paternal and princely. "My child," he said gravely, "you have wrecked your life by conduct I prefer to think was only ignorant or foolish. I do not blame you as much as I do those who were supposed to take care of you. The fact remains that the only solution now is marriage with this—gentleman." For an instant the word seemed to stick in the prince's throat. "He tells me that last evening he asked you to marry him, and that you very properly replied that you must be guided by me. Well, I need not tell you that this is not the marriage I should wish for you. It is in every way inferior and undesirable, but it is the only one now open to you, and I wish you to do it." He turned to Oswald. "I assume you will sign the contract?"

"Yes, I'm willing to sign it," said Oswald. He kept listening, as it were, for a first crack that would tell that the whole structure was falling, but he heard nothing of the kind. Stephanie looked at him and the corner of her mouth twitched.

"You have witnesses, I suppose," said the prince. "This gentleman ——" He waved his hand toward Druce-Grant.

"I shall be delighted to be a witness," said the Scotchman. "Druce-Grant is the name."

"One moment," said Oswald. "I have a condition to make."

"You?" exclaimed the prince and scowled at him, indicating that it was not for such as him to make conditions.

"Yes," Oswald went on. "I am delighted to marry your daughter, but I insist that the ceremony take place now—at once—and that we leave the castle—she and I—instantly afterward."

To get the ceremony over as quickly as possible was exactly what the prince wished; in fact, he had stopped in the village on his way from the station and brought the village priest with him, but he was not sure about this hasty departure afterward.

"Why do you wish to leave immediately?" he asked.

"Has Your Highness forgotten that you have threatened my life?"

"As my daughter's husband, you would be entirely safe."

"Maybe, and maybe not," answered Oswald. "Anyhow, that is my condition."

The prince reflected. "I see no objection to it; at least if my daughter does not." He bent over her. "Will that be agreeable to you, my dear? Don't hesitate to speak if you object."

The princess' voice was almost inaudible, but it was gathered that she did not object.

"Have the candles lit in the chapel," said the prince rather grandly.

"And have the large car brought round, will you, Druce-Grant," said Oswald, "filled and ready for a long trip?"

"Yes, Bowers, my dear fellow; your largest and fastest car," said Druce-Grant, and went out of the room laughing.

The prince turned again to his daughter. "I have a word to say to you, my dear child," he said, and drew her away into the deep embrasure of one of the dining-room windows, where he stood apparently giving her a parent's advice about the holy state.

Oswald and Miss Eden were thus left in a sort of solitude. She beckoned him nearer to the door, out of earshot.

"Oh, I hope I'm doing right," she murmured. "I never did anything like this before, but it all seemed to happen before I knew. I hope it is best for her."

"I'll do my best to make it so."

"You'll be married again at once; for of course you know that a marriage under a wrong name ——"

"I'll be married twenty times, if it will make you feel any better."

"And you'll always be kind to her, Mr. Petres. Oh, I don't know what will happen when the prince finds out!"

"You had better come to us in Turin. We shall always want you."

"I have never left her before, Mr. Petres."

"And I shall never leave her again, Miss Eden."

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Eden, and began to cry.

Oswald felt a strong impulse to take the hard, little, gray figure in his arms, but was prevented by the entrance of Herr Potzi.

"Ah, Mr. Petres," he began, "might I trouble you to come to the cellars and have a last look?" And then his eye fell on the prince, conversing in the window, and in his heart welled up that respect and adoration which always sprang within him at the sight of his prince.

"Your Serene Highness," he began, "I kiss the hand ——"

The prince waved his hand. "Ah, my excellent Potzi. We must have you at the wedding."

"The wedding," exclaimed Potzi, looking about him in surprise.

"The wedding of my daughter and Herr Bowers," answered the prince, with a wave toward Petres.

"But Herr Bowers ——" began Potzi. It was a critical moment. Everyone seemed paralyzed except Petres, who came forward and took Potzi's arm.

"Very true," he said kindly—"very true. You must let me tell you the whole story as we go to the cellar. But I am not going to be here long, and so, if you want my advice ——"

"I do, I do," said Potzi, "but *Gott im Himmel*, I do not understand about this wedding"—they were already outside the door, and Petres let him finish—"with Herr Bowers. The prince does not know him as I do, Herr Petres, but he is a man of vulgar and violent feelings. It is impossible—utterly impossible—that he should marry the Princess Stephanie of Daritzia. He is nothing more than a peasant. Is it on account of the talk? But that is all untrue. I can prove to the prince that there is not a word of truth ——"

The cellars of old castles are large spaces, partly masonry, partly caverns, containing usually strong rooms and hidden wells and old casks, and sometimes rooms for storing valuable documents or family archives. The cellar of the Daritzia castle was no exception. Oswald knew it well, for he had been working in it every day for almost two weeks.

He allowed Potzi to go on talking in this vein until they had descended the worn stone stairs, and then he stopped him.

"Herr Potzi," he said, "if we were on a desert island and it were a question of my marrying the princess or Herr Bowers, which would you vote for?"

It was quite the wrong way to approach Potzi. He was an utterly unimaginative man, and this hypothesis seemed to him frivolous and troublesome.

"I do not understand you," he said crossly.

Petres began afresh. "Herr Potzi, your prince, partly on account of the scandal, but more on account of the money, I'm afraid, is going to force his daughter into marriage with Bowers."

Herr Potzi put two little fat hands to his cheeks. "*Ach*," he cried, "the poor pitiful child!"

"The marriage is to take place in fifteen minutes. . . . Yes, I know, Herr Bowers is peacefully sleeping and knows nothing about it; for the reason that the prince has mistaken me for Bowers, and, so far, no one has undeceived him. I adore your princess, Herr Potzi, and she at least does not detest me as she does Bowers. I am going to take his place."

Feelings—agonies, rather—ran across Potzi's face. "Ah, no, no," he said at last; "I cannot permit it. I cannot deceive the prince. He would never forgive me."

"Not even when he is going to do such a dirty trick to his daughter?"

Potzi wrung his hands.

"No," he said, "not even then. It is to him that I owe all my allegiance. I cannot begin, at my time of life, to ask if he is right or wrong. I could not do it, Herr Petres. What you are doing is wrong, too—very wicked. No."

"Are you quite sure?" asked Petres.

"Yes, yes," said Potzi, and the next second was shoved firmly backward into a room in front of the open door of which he had been innocently standing, and the key was turned in the lock.

The key was not one that could be slipped in the pocket and forgotten; it was almost a foot long, and was made of wrought iron. Oswald laid it in the embrasure of a window on the stairs, which he then mounted two steps at a time. He did not dare absent himself longer from the situation in the dining room.

He had hoped for a few words alone with Stephanie, but the next few minutes were filled with a wild activity—bags were to be packed, Bowers' largest and fastest car was ordered, and then, of course, the contracts were to be signed. A stuffy little notary had been sent for from the village, and was there to be sure all was in order. The prince was not without a business sense.

"Where is Potzi?" he kept saying. "My good Potzi would be valuable just now."

"Wouldn't he just?" said Druce-Grant.

"He must be somewhere in the castle," said Oswald. He was wondering whether it was forgery to sign a name that might possibly be Bowers, and certainly was not Petres.

The prince examined the signature. "It is not very clear writing," he said, more in criticism than suspicion.

"In America," answered Oswald, "our signatures are more like a trade-mark than a legible name. You see, there is so much forgery there."

"It must be a dreadful country," said the prince almost gayly. He felt that now the most important part of the business was accomplished. "I think the chapel and the priest are ready," he said.

As they moved across the court to the distant wing which ended in the castle chapel, he observed, "Oh, a telegram came for a Mr. Petres. Who is that?"

"I know where he can be found," said Oswald, and took the telegram from the prince's hand.

Presently, while the prince was folding Stephanie in a last embrace before entering the church, he had a moment to read it. It said:

HAVE RECEIVED NO ANSWER TO TELEGRAM ASKING YOUR IMMEDIATE RETURN. THE NEW YORK OFFICE REQUIRES YOU THERE. YOU WILL SAIL FROM GENOA ON SATURDAY. HAVE YOUR ACCOMMODATION. SORRY TO LOSE YOU. QUINN.

His heart beat faster. The New York office! Would she like New York?

"Are you ready, Bowers?" said the prince.

The chapel had been built in the late eighteenth century; it was tiny and littered with objects in silver, pink and dark blue, so that it had more the effect of a small boudoir than a chapel. Stephanie took her father's arm; Druce-Grant, a solid, towering figure, stood at Oswald's side. The ritual was spoken in a language Oswald did not understand; halfway through he began to think about a ring—he had none. But this had all been taken care of by the prince, who at the right moment produced not one but two. Oswald was surprised to find himself wearing a broad band of gold on his fourth finger. . . . Well, well, you live and learn.

It was over; they were once more in the courtyard

The prince now begged them not to go at once, to stay for luncheon. Petres was firm; he had made his condition.

"You must understand, sir," he said sternly to the prince, "that I do not wish to linger in these surroundings, to subject my wife to the curiosity and comment of this neighborhood."

The prince embraced Stephanie. "I hope you will always feel, my child," he said, "that I have done what I honestly believe is for your best happiness."

"My dear father," said Stephanie, "I feel no doubt of it at all"—and she smiled over her father's shoulder at a man who was perhaps her husband, or perhaps not—she could not be quite sure.

"Well, Bowers, old man, here are your bags," said Druce-Grant, very bluff and loud, and then dropping his voice, added: "All marked, oddly enough, O. P., but I've turned them so that the initials won't show. And if you take my advice you won't linger."

"I'll do something handsome for you some day," said Oswald, grasping the large, bony hand of his friend.

"Oh, you have already. I'm looking forward to the next few hours. Sorry you have to miss it, but of course you can't have everything."

"And just one more thing," Oswald added, as Stephanie got into the car. He bent his head to Druce-Grant's ear. "Let Potzi out when you get a minute. He's locked in the archive room; the key's on the ledge of the last window going down." He turned to Miss Eden. "Remember," he said; "your home must always be with us."

"Now that's nice of you, Bowers," said the prince—"that's generous—that will please Stephanie."

"Good-by, sir," Oswald answered. "I feel that you have done me the greatest kindness one man can do another."

"Nice of you to say so," said the prince. Druce-Grant slammed the door, and the car moved out of the court and disappeared down the drive of beeches.

The prince turned to Druce-Grant as one man of the world to another. "The fellow puts a good face on it," he said.

"Doesn't he though?" answered the Scotchman cordially. "He's a nice man,

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prince; you'd like him, if you should ever get to know him."

The prince thought this remark too silly to answer—if he should ever get to know a son-in-law; particularly a son-in-law who promised to be so rewarding to know.

"I should like a word with Potzi," said the prince.

Druce-Grant did not answer, for he cherished a belief that the time had not quite come yet for an interview. "Herr Potzi does not seem to be about," he said.

"Well," replied Prince Conrad, "I believe I'll go to my room and have a bath"—and he rang the bell for Fräulein Sophie, who came in, dipping and smiling, and kissing the gracious hand.

"Ah, Sophie," said the prince, "I believe I'll spend the night here. What room shall I have?"

Fräulein Sophie regretted that Herr Bowers had taken the prince's own room; if His Serene Highness would not object to the pink room ——

"Mr. Bowers has just left," said the prince, with a smile at Druce-Grant, who returned it with an extra beam.

"So?" said Fräulein Sophie, very much surprised. "I thought he was ill in bed, poor gentleman."

"No," said the prince, "he's gone. So I think I'll take my own room—his room. It won't take long to put it to rights, will it, Sophie? I'll go up there now."

"I'll go with you," said Druce-Grant brightly, and all three moved upstairs. The prince opened the door of the great bedroom that had always been his, and saw a figure in bed, a pale large face with its mouth open and its eyes shut. The prince stepped out again and shut the door.

"Who is this?" he asked.

"*Aber das ist der Herr Bowers, Fürst,*" said Fräulein Sophie, not above a sensation of triumph at proving to be right.

"Yes, that is your tenant, Albert Bowers," said Druce-Grant.

"Then who—then what——" stammered the prince.

"That young man you insisted on marrying your daughter to is a young American heating expert called Petres—Oswald Petres—a very nice young man."

The prince sprang forward with a terrible oath in his native tongue. "They are not married!" he cried. "I shall stop them at the frontier!"

"Now, my dear prince," said Druce-Grant, "remember the size of this territory of yours—as big as a pocket handkerchief. They will be well over your frontiers before you can reach them."

"Who is to blame for this?"

But Druce-Grant was unruffled. "You and I, my dear prince—you and I," he answered. "You for being a little greedy, and I for loving a joke too much."

"And between us we have sacrificed my child," exclaimed the prince. Tears came to his eyes. "Where is she? Who is this man?"

"There I can relieve your mind. He is an honorable high-minded young man—much more honorable and high-minded than you and I, prince, I need hardly say. And you know how Americans are to their women—idiotically indulgent. Well, he's like that. I give you my word, she's safe enough. I took a great liking to your daughter. I really wouldn't have let it happen if Petres hadn't been a good sort; if he had been anything like Bowers, for instance."

The prince felt the reproach. Wiping his eyes, as the two men stood in the corridor, he murmured: "I did it for her sake—her future, you know. Of course, with this fat fellow in there she would have been very unhappy for a few years, but she would have passed through all that, and by the time she was thirty, with her looks and my rank and his money, she would have had one of the most interesting and delightful positions in Europe. She would have thanked me in the end, Grant. I really think she would have."

"She'll thank you as it is," said Druce-Grant. "She'll be very happy. She will go back to the States with this boy, and in a few years they'll have a nice little country place and a couple of fine children, a car or two, a fast boat, and a radio."

"It sounds terribly middle class," said the prince.

"My dear prince, the world has gone middle class, where it hasn't gone Bolshevik," replied Druce-Grant; "and happy are those who like it that way."

He led the prince toward his room for a stiff drink of whisky. He was revolving an idea that a certain amount of hush money might still be abstracted from Bowers, but he hesitated to expound the plan while the prince was in this melting and noble mood. Besides, nothing much could be done until Bowers waked up.

He had been quite right in saying the fugitives would be over the border; they were already slipping down the winding mountain roads toward Italy. In the broad, deep, comfortable seat of Bowers' luxurious car, they were not talking about their marriage, or the prince's displeasure, or the prospects of a life in the United States; not about Potzi, locked in the cellar, or Miss Eden's chances of getting to Liverpool without a scene with the prince; they were not even talking about their love; but, like two idiots, they had gone straight back to the game they had been playing the day of their tea party on the mountains—the make-believe about the dragon, the forlorn maiden, and the prince's son. Only there was this difference, now, as they played it—they were holding hands under the rug; supposing, wrongly, that when the chauffeur turned for instructions, he did not know that they were holding hands.

(THE END)

Lost Pup! "Seen Anything of a Skinny Pair in Lavender Trim?"

A ROYAL REBEL

(Continued from Page 15)

The extravagances of the Prince of Wales were beyond the comprehension of his economical mother. His annual income from his estates was only about eighty thousand pounds, and the calls on it were endless. Always he was short, and beyond this sum it was Victoria who controlled the Privy Purse. Therefore, it was his sister, Louise, to whom "Bertie" turned for assistance in his all too frequent periods of financial embarrassment.

"At least, Edward, you spend money like a prince," she would say as she emptied her purse for him.

Yet the very faults which Victoria deplored in her son caught the popular fancy of his subjects. Edward was truly and in every sense of the word "the first gentleman of Europe." Always hearty and cheery, with a genius for diplomacy and tact, a readiness in conversation and a gift for never forgetting anyone whom he once met, there was a picture of him on the popular retina that was always genial and bright.

His birth in 1841 was hailed with peculiar rejoicing by the nation. Not for eighty years previously had a son been born to a ruling sovereign, and England sent up prayers of thankfulness that the succession, which earlier in the century had been so uncertain, was now assured. Born Duke of Cornwall, the royal infant was made Prince of Wales at the age of four months and imparted to that title a luster it had never before possessed. It is a title not inherited but conferred in accordance with the old tradition whereby Edward I placated the hot-tempered Welsh, who were always scrapping, by making his first-born son their prince. And no Prince of Wales was ever more overwhelmingly popular than Victoria's first-born son. A statesman and a pioneer in philanthropy, and at the same time a wonderful host, fond of racing, sports and good living, he was adored by his companions at court, and his popularity in poor families was so frank as to be almost undignified. He was spoken of by tinkers and tailors as though he were some gay and prosperous member of their own families.

Nothing illustrates more clearly the fearless independence of the Princess Louise than her marriage to the Marquis of Lorne, who later became the ninth Duke of Argyll. Victoria had higher aspirations for her daughter—not a dukedom but a kingdom. Having married her eldest, the Princess Royal, to the Emperor of Germany, her ambition was to bind other thrones in Europe to her own by blood.

There were plenty of kings in Europe then, particularly Central Europe, and the good Queen had the worthy idea that to place her various daughters upon these thrones might be a step toward international peace.

Exulting in Exile

But Princess Louise had her own plans for marriage. It was contrary to her ideas of freedom to marry outside of England, and the last thing she wanted was a throne. Besides, she had fallen in love.

She had fallen in love with the Marquis of Lorne, who was not even of royal blood, though to any mother except a queen he would appear to be a very eligible young man. He was a descendant of one of the oldest families in the kingdom, so long established it made William the Conqueror seem like a parvenu. He was sprung from the Scotch-Irish chieftain that founded the clan of Campbell; one of his ancestors, it was claimed, was a knight of King Arthur's Round Table, and the Duke's own titles were so numerous that I doubt if he could have named them himself without consulting family records. His mother, Elizabeth of Sutherland, was Victoria's dearest friend; the Argyll children were always invited to the royal children's parties at Windsor. In fact, Victoria herself had started the mischief when she introduced the pair at Princess Louise's first birthday celebration. In the Queen's diary of that date we read:

> The Marquis of Lorne is a dear, fat little fellow with reddish hair and delicate features like both his father and mother. He is a merry, independent little lad.

But when, some eighteen years later, Victoria's bright eyes detected a budding romance between the pair, she promptly packed the young Princess off to Bermuda on a kind of exile, where she hoped the tropical breezes might blow from her royal head all thought of the handsome young commoner.

Here Louise had just the life she loved. She drove a pair of spirited ponies from one end of the island to the other; she swam, she rode, she danced—the belle of the English colony. She never forgot it. Even when I knew her, I often heard her say: "I never had such a wonderful time in my life as on my exile."

Married to a Commoner

But during it she did not for an hour forget the Marquis of Lorne. Marry him she would; her determination was a match for Victoria's own. Shortly after her return, the two met at a house party in Scotland and, at their first opportunity, sauntered off together. That day—October 3, 1870—Victoria wrote in her diary:

> This is an eventful day. Our dear Louise is engaged to Lord Lorne. The event took place during a walk from Glassalt Shiel to Dhu Loch. Though I was not unprepared for this, I feel painfully the thought of losing her. But I gave my consent and can only pray she may be happy.

They were married in state at Windsor, March 21, 1871, and she was truly a Scotch bride, with a sprig of heather in her veil, a thistle with a rose on her cake; in true Scotch fashion, an old broom was thrown after them for good luck.

Edward, then Prince of Wales, gave the groom, as his wedding present, an exact reproduction of the famous brooch of Lorne which, according to tradition, was torn from the robe of Bruce and thereafter used to clasp the plaid of the victorious Campbells, the same which Scott refers to in his Lord of the Isles.

> *When the brooch of burning gold*
> *That clasped the chieftain's mantle fold,*
> *Wrought and closed with rare device,*
> *Studded fair with gems of price ——*

The honeymoon was at Inverary Castle, the seat of the Argylls in Scotland. I often heard the Princess tell of it—how they arrived in a downpour of rain an hour before they were expected, to find not even a hall porter to greet them; how, in order not to disappoint the villagers, they drove round the back roads in the rain until the stage was all set for the big celebration of the marriage of their own Argyll into the royal family; of how the Princess footed the hornpipe and the reels, and how an old Argyll farmer reported to her husband, after watching her,

"She's verra weel eddicated."

If ever a princess made a true love match, here was one, and, like the fairy tale, they lived happily ever after. No pair could have been more congenial. Both were artists; her interests were sculpture and painting; his, music, the theater and books. Among his writings are Lives and Times of Queen Victoria; Queen Victoria, Her Life and Empire; also a brief history of the United States in the period following the Civil War, written while he was Governor General of Canada. As a pastime he wrote lyrics for Oscar Hammerstein's operas. One of them—The Dairy Maids—had a long run in London. The Duke and the Duchess shared keen interest in each other's work. She would sit for hours in his library listening to passages he read aloud to her, and he, in turn, loved to watch her as, in great sculptor's apron, she chiseled and hammered in her studio.

Like his Duchess, the Duke loved simplicity and shrank from pomp and display. He would not even have a valet. One of the footmen looked after his clothes.

"Any boy will do," he used to say. "I won't have a man hanging over my back"

It was a great source of regret to the Princess that her husband, the Duke, and her brother, the King, were not congenial. Lorne, the idealist, Edward, the materialist, were so fundamentally different in temperament that every subject discussed by them, whether politics or wine, invariably ended in an argument. When I came, it was no court secret that relations between them were strained. Once, at a family gathering at Windsor, His Majesty openly slighted the Duke. The King had planned a big shooting party—a sport which Louise dearly loved—and she was all dressed and ready to start, when she learned her husband had not been included. At once she flew into a rage, flung her hat on the floor and announced:

"Very well; I shan't go, either!"

She joined the Duke in the library, built a fire with her own hands, and spent the morning with him, reading aloud. Later, in no uncertain terms, she told His Majesty just what she thought of him.

The Princess' temper was no secret, but the Duke knew just how to handle her when she was angry. In his quiet, gentle way he would say, "Now, now, Louise; what's the matter?"

In these moods he treated her just like a child, and I, after a little experience as the victim of these outbursts, discovered it was the only way to do.

Once she threw a hat at me—a blue velvet one trimmed with an aigrette which had just come from Paris and cost twenty-five guineas. I looked around in amazement.

"What, what!" I exclaimed, as though I were speaking to a child of four.

"Nothing at all. It belongs to you," she said with the sweetest smile in the world. Each time there was a row there was always a present. I have that aigrette still.

A Princess in a Tantrum

You could always count on one of these explosions when court etiquette forced her to do something she didn't want to do, as when an edict summoned her to a function that bored her. It stated just what type of gown she must wear, what jewels and royal insignia, where she must sit at table—almost what she must say.

"See!" she would cry, blue sparks flying from her eyes. "I am nothing but a dummy!"

My own unhappiness at the Austrian court, my rebellion against its restrictions, enabled me to understand her. I knew these outbursts of temper were only protests against the restrictions of her rank. Besides, she was primarily an artist; therefore, entitled to some display of the artistic temperament. Underneath, she had a heart as big as the kingdom, and generosity that I have rarely seen equaled. I have seen her nurse with her own hands a servant girl who fell ill in her palace, and be as courteous to a costermonger in White Chapel as she was to visiting royalty.

Her flare-ups lasted only a moment and then she was gentle as a lamb. She didn't take them seriously herself and was annoyed when anyone else did.

One day, in one of these tempers, she cried, "I'm going to tell the King on you!"

"What do I care about the King?" I retorted. "He has nothing to do with me. He doesn't even pay my salary."

She sat down and laughed.

"I like to make people mad," she said. "It shows what is really in them."

So, though everyone else in the palace stood in fear when she fell into one of her tempers, she didn't frighten me at all. I knew they were no more dangerous than the explosions of an exhaust pipe. I had the courage to treat her not as a princess but as a woman and, strangely, she seemed grateful to me for this. She knew how I admired her, was devoted to her; and as time went on she grew fond of me. Eventually all the other members of her household called on me when they couldn't manage her.

Schrecklichkeit in Millinery

Once, sitting in my room above her boudoir, I heard the familiar racket that meant trouble below. Julia was knocking at my door.

"Please come down. I cannot dress the Princess."

I followed her down the stairs to the Princess' room, which looked as though a small cyclone had struck it.

Hats, shoes, silken garments strewed the floor, and in the center was an empty jewel tray lying just where the Princess had flung it. I had all but stepped on a diamond bracelet, on the hearth gleamed her fire opal necklace, here was a ring, there was a brooch, and in the midst of all stood the Princess, eyes ablaze!

Like a flash she whirled on me, "Who asked you to come down?"

Ignoring her question, I stood there, calmly viewing the confusion. Then: "What's going on here?" I quietly asked, then, walking across the room I added, "Just look at the clock. You're due at the bazaar this minute. The footman's at the door. The carriage is waiting and you are not even dressed."

Without a word she walked to her dressing table, sat down and let the maid finish her hair. Ten minutes later she was on her way.

Again and again she told me I was the only person from whom she heard the truth. Once while traveling incognito in a small city in Scotland, she bought an entire job lot of hats from a poor manufacturer. She was always doing things like this. It was nothing for her to buy out an entire stock of merchandise to save a poor shopkeeper from bankruptcy. Most of these hats she sent to a charity bazaar, but in a spirit of fun she put one on her head and wore it home. It was an ugly green felt thing with a skimpy crown and a stiff, awkward brim.

"How do you like my new hat?" she asked as I met her at the door.

"*Schrecklich!*" I cried. "How can you put a thing like that on your head?"

"Oh, but you should have heard what Lady —— said when I asked her the same question. 'Beautiful, Your Highness! It suits you to perfection!'" And the Princess swept her hands to the ground in a gesture that mocked perfectly the ingratiating tone and manner of Lady —— "But I always get the truth from you!" And she shook her finger at me.

The Princess could never appear in public, even walk in Kensington Gardens, unless accompanied by a lady in waiting. She had two of them, one, Lady Lucas, young and attractive, who went with her on shopping tours, walks, any daily excursion; the other, Lady Victoria Russell, her companion at court functions. To be lady in waiting to a royal princess was a tremendous honor; it meant the freedom of the palace, a card of admittance to throne rooms, intimacy with the royal family; hence the position was sought for by titled ladies all over the realm. To achieve it, some have been known to use court intrigue and tactics worthy of a seasoned diplomat.

Although Princess Louise kept the simplest possible household her rank permitted,

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she couldn't touch a comb to her hair, tie a shoe or fasten a glove without someone dancing attendance upon her. And she couldn't step outside her door without a row of bowing, scraping attendants to curtsy her out and curtsy her in.

My duty was her physical care, exercise, massage, rest and diet. She had two personal maids known as "dressers," and I doubt if ever in her life she had slipped her own dress over her head. She had no idea where her wardrobe was kept, but she never retired for the night without having a complete outfit, from shoes to hat, laid out on a chair by her bed.

Once in Canada and again in Scotland, she had been caught in a fire and had escaped only in her nightdress. She had a horror lest this happen again; hence this costume always within her reach. We called it her "fire suit." On rainy nights it would be warm tweeds; in warm weather, something lighter.

All contact with the outside world was made through her secretary, who presented her each morning with her schedule for the day. The Princess' approval of it was largely a matter of form, for most of the engagements were compulsory. England insists her royalty shall lend their decorative presence to every big social and charitable affair. Otherwise it is not a success. Thus, at ten o'clock, the Duchess of Argyll must appear at a child-welfare lecture; at eleven, open a new hospital; at one, attend a luncheon; at three, sponsor a charity bazaar; at five, a benefit garden party. No wonder the Princess fretted.

"We royals earn our living," I have often heard her say.

She hated fashionable charities. Those she really loved and for which I have seen her work like a slave were her own private ones, which the public never knew she sponsored and which she visited incognito.

"Don't give me any white gloves today. I'm going to shake hands with everyone," she would say, and steal off to open a settlement school in White Chapel, in almost shabby clothes.

Her pet project, however, was a hospital for illegitimate children in the very heart of the London slums. Few of her friends knew of its existence, and those who did know didn't tell. In those days it was not respectable for a fine lady to interest herself in matters so degrading, and for a princess it was scandalous.

"Well, what are we going to do about it? These children have been hurled into the world. We can't let them grow up as thieves," was her answer to such prudish protests.

Even those in closest contact with the Princess showed so little interest in this venture that finally she deputized me to do shopping for it. I have bought dozens of sheets and pillow cases for it, hundreds of towels and napkins, and I couldn't count the layettes I have bought, but the Princess knew the history of every baby who wore them.

One rainy day as we were walking in that district, the Princess carefully lifting her skirts to avoid the mud puddles on the street, a fresh young bloke called out:

"'Ere, 'ere, lidy! Not so 'igh!"

Instead of being offended, she laughed.

She was more interested in the struggles of the poor than in the scandals of the rich, and as for people who led an idle existence, they bored her unutterably.

"Every gentlewoman," she used to say, "should know how to earn her own living."

Although she gave lavishly to charity, she was far from extravagant in personal affairs, schooled as she had been by her father in German economy and thrift. In fact, all of Victoria's children had been raised to a tradition of work. As tiny tots the princesses, dressed in dainty kitchen aprons and floured to the elbows, had been initiated into the mysteries of baking, or, like rosy English farm girls, they cooked and preserved the fruit and vegetables they raised in their own little gardens at Windsor. And Victoria's practical ideas have persisted even to the second and third generation. Even when I was at Kensington Palace, Princess Mary, now Lady Lascelles, then a little girl who wrote her age with one figure, earned her pin money by raising pigeons which she sold to the kitchen of Buckingham Palace.

And among the boys of the royal family clothes were always handed down from the tallest to the smallest. When the present Prince of Wales, a mere lad, went away to school and was asked by his excited schoolmates how it felt to be the eldest son of a king, he replied, "Corking! I don't have to wear my brother's cast-off clothes."

"Isn't that just like him?" laughed Princess Louise when this story of her grandnephew was told her.

I am told that in recent years a strong friendship has sprung up between these two—the present Prince of Wales, whose striking resemblance to King Edward is mentioned wherever he goes, and his Victorian aunt, who was never a Victorian, but is a royal rebel still. I am told that Saturday afternoons, whenever he is in London, this popular, sought-after young man finds time to drop in to Kensington Palace for a cup of tea with her.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Madame Klopsd. The second will appear next week

THE WOLF AND THE LAMB

(Continued from Page 11)

"A few hors d'œuvres," said Philippe. "Your plate, monsieur. A touch of caviar, some *cèpes*, shrimps, *hareng*, *moules*, olives, radishes, sardines, *saucisson*, and salad of vegetables."

"Whoa!" said Little Maxie. "I'm a small guy."

However, there was nothing but the enamel left on the plate when he finished.

"And now," said Philippe, "soup is indicated. But no common soup. Ah, no. In this city, for soup one gets something a bit warm tasting of dish water; but this, monsieur, is a *bortsch* of my own making, a Russian dish, the secret of which I learned at La Rue's; a dish elusive, I assure you, made of beets boiled with infinite care, spices, and strips of well-done beef and sour cream, and in it floats light, ethereal *pâtisserie*. I have made a lot. I trust monsieur cares for it."

"It's the eagle's step-ins," said Little Maxie.

"You have but begun," said Philippe, taking away the soup plate, twice filled, twice emptied. "We begin now on the dinner. There is a fillet of sole, Marguery, those incredibly succulent little snow-white fish, in the pink sauce of a genius, with its wine, its mushrooms, its oysters and other things which I cannot disclose even to a partner."

"I never was very hot about fish before," said Little Maxie. "But this ain't food. It ought to be made into a necklace."

"Monsieur approves? "beamed Philippe.

"It's the antelope's corsets," said Little Maxie.

"Of course," said Philippe, "no fish course is complete without the proper white wine. May I be permitted to pour you a glass of Graves—Château Haut-Brion, 1916—my last bottle?"

"That's a blow," said Little Maxie. "I been drinking dago red, aged three weeks in an old beer barrel. But this stuff! Weeping cats, but I hope to drown in a vat of it!"

"Monsieur will honor me by finishing the bottle."

"You can bet your tonsils monsieur will," said Little Maxie.

"And now we come," said Philippe, "to the more serious part of the meal. It gives me pleasure to place before you my own interpretation of faisan truffe—a pheasant, stuffed with truffles, and taken from the fire at a moment known only to a few experts, of whom, may I say, I am one. With it, naturally, goes *choucroute*—which you call sauerkraut—and *petits pois*—little peas—on each one of which I have bestowed the care of a doting parent."

"Am I lucky?" exclaimed Little Maxie, and started to eat.

"With game," said Philippe, "there goes, of course, a red wine, a Burgundy—it is a Romanée of an admirable year. I have but a few bottles left, but they are yours, if you like."

"Do I like?" said Little Maxie. "Don't be silly."

He ate long and fairly silently. Philippe hovered attentively about, filling his glass when it was empty.

Presently he said, "Now we have a salad."

"Never eat it," said Little Maxie.

"But I beg of you, try this," said Philippe. "It has a special sauce—my own thought."

Little Maxie tried it. "I may bust," he said, "but if I do, tell 'em I died happy."

"And now ——" said Philippe.

"Good Lord, there just can't be anything more," said Little Maxie.

"But, surely, a light dessert ——"

"I'm groggy, but I'm game," Little Maxie said.

"We will have a *bombe*," said Philippe.

Little Maxie grew suddenly tense.

"Hey? What do you mean—a bomb?" he said.

"Of ice cream," said Philippe. "I have named it the Bombe Maxie. It is a frozen pudding, soaked in port wine, with *marrons*, whipped cream, pecans and cherries. Also a few trifles in the way of cakes."

Little Maxie inserted his spoon into the *bombe*, which was the size of a grapefruit.

"Frog," he said earnestly, "it's worth ten dollars just to look at food like this."

"By custom and usage," said Philippe, "one serves with the dessert champagne, so I produce a half bottle of demi-sec, Lanson Père et Fils, 1911, one of the few survivors of that noble race."

"Why wasn't I born twins?" said Little Maxie.

His glass made wavering circles in the air as he raised it toward Philippe.

"I busy myself now," Philippe said, "with preparing the last touch to our little banquet. It is Café Diabolo. First, as you see, I have coffee, black as night and strong as love; and then I brew together certain liqueurs—chartreuse, benedictine, Cointreau—with spices—cinnamon, cloves, and others—and I set them afire and they burn, as you see, with a blue flame. Then, p-st, I extinguish the flame and pour this nectar into the coffee, and *voild*, the Café Diabolo is ready."

Little Maxie took a deep drink and set down his cup.

"It ain't true!" he said. "There ain't anything that tastes as good as this! Sweet mamma, what a meal!"

"It pleases me that you are pleased," said Philippe. "But this was but a modest effort. We are still in the kindergarten of gastronomy. In time, you shall taste my fillet of kidney flambé, my soufflé Grand Marnier, my lobster Thermidor, my escargot Josephine, my châteaubriand Lucien Guitry, and from my cellar a 1915 Richebourg, a 1919 Château Yquem, and some passable Musigny, Pommard Rugiens and Graves Olivier; and we shall strangle a parrot together."

"We'll what?" said Little Maxie, thickly.

"It is argot," said Philippe, "for drinking an absinth—which is green."

"Never tasted any," said Little Maxie, "but I've heard it's full of fireworks. And say, listen, frog, from now on I'm going to be here every night around eight."

"Excellent. It is gratifying to cook for one so appreciative and capacious."

Little Maxie lifted himself to his feet and struggled uncertainly into his overcoat, aided by Philippe.

"Until tomorrow then?" said Philippe.

"It'll take the marines to keep me away," said Little Maxie.

As he went out he broke into a throaty, off-key version of "How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm, after they've seen Paree?"

Then Angèle pounced on her spouse, her mountainous bosom heaving with ire.

"Are you mad, Philippe?" she cried.

"Yes, a little, as all artists are," said Philippe. "But compose yourself, my adored Angèle."

"Kind of a turnip! Tripe brain! Tonight you have poured down the throat of that hyena pure gold! You have made for him a king's feast. Pieces of rusty iron stewed in gasoline are too good for that one. Is it that I have married a lunatic?"

"It may be," said Philippe. "But the lamb must be polite to the wolf."

Little Maxie came early to the Victory Restaurant the next night. He marched straight to the back room. His eyes held a hungry look.

"What's the lay-out tonight?" he asked.

"Business—fair," said Philippe.

"Aw, I mean, what you goin' to feed me," said Little Maxie.

"Ah," said Philippe, "tonight I have a program which I trust is not without its charm. To commence, you will sample a Green Dragon—a beverage of undoubted virility."

"I'm in your hands, frog," said Little Maxie.

"The Green Dragon," said Philippe, "is a concoction made up of one-third green crème de menthe, one-third cognac of a voting age, and one-third absinth. I have known two of them to make a senator of France steal home and rob his own trunk, and three of them to cause a certain grand duke to attempt to purchase the Tour Eiffel to use as a watch fob."

"Bring 'em on," said Little Maxie.

He drank three.

"For the dinner," said Philippe, "here is what I have prepared for you. First, a pâté de foie gras Souillac; then a bisque d'écrevisse—which is a thick cream soup made of crawfish; then a raie—which you call a skate—in black butter, to be washed down by a small bottle of Barsac; then, for the *pièce de résistance*, a terrine de lièvre—which is a hare cooked with discretion with pork, liver and the least touch of garlic—and some haricots verts, and potatoes au gratin, accompanied by some distinctly palatable red wine—a Tavel Rosé—to aid digestion; and then a salad of alligator pears and grapefruit, with French dressing; and then, the whole performance, as the old playbills used to say, to conclude with a pêche Condé, a gorgeous peach, with rice and raspberry sirup, with which, it follows, one serves a half bottle of Pol Roger, *brut*, and after that black coffee and a *fine champagne*, which tonight shall be an Armagnac of 1888. I profoundly hope Monsieur Little Maxie approves."

"You can bet Boul' Mich' against an alley in Cicero he does," said Little Maxie. "Now put on your silencer, frog. Don't speak to me. I'm not talkin'. I'm eatin', and nothin' but."

Some two hours later, Philippe Bissonette, with reluctant assistance from his wife, conveyed Little Maxie to a taxi and deposited him therein.

"And now," said Angèle, closing the restaurant door with a bang, "I am sure you have lost what little reason you had. This spider will fasten on us now. He will suck from us our lives."

Philippe seemed hardly to hear.

"As a consumer of food," he remarked, "this Little Maxie displays gifts extraordinary. Three helpings of hare. Such a stomach! One marvels. And one sees him grow more stout under one's eyes. It is most flattering."

"Creature with less intellect than a sponge," cried Angèle, and went to bed.

During the long winter, Little Maxie Tondorf came regularly to the Victory Restaurant.

"An' I'm not bringin' any of my pals, see?" he said. "Let 'em scoff their ham-and in beaneries. This is my find, and I'm going to play it."

At first he came to dinner three or four nights a week. Then he had dinner there every night. Then he began to drop in for lunch; then for breakfast. Always Philippe greeted him cordially; nor did the zeal and deftness of Philippe in cooking wane. He attained new heights.

Little Maxie Tondorf ate copiously of poulet l'estragon—a chicken stewed in estragon leaves; of blanquette de veau—a dish of veal with its cream and mushroom sauce; of eggs Bercy; of galettes Normande—those regal pancakes stuffed with apple butter and whipped cream; of onion soup, laden with toast; of pâté de Périgord—those ravishing pies in which partridge, pork and truffles are blended; of potatoes in a score of guises; of beef à la mode, hot and cold; of pieds de mouton à la poulette—sheep's trotters with cream sauce; of chicken Marengo—an astonishing dish made with chicken, truffles, fried eggs and toast; of chicken cocotte, stewed with tomatoes and other things; of quail, lark, woodcock, and wild boar; of cheeses, hitherto unknown to him, or even suspected—Porte Salut, Pont-l'Éveque, Petit Suisse and Gruyère; and of the whole gamut of sauces, Béarnaise, Béchamelle Financière, Piquante, Mousseline, Madére, Chasseur—white wine, onions and mushrooms—Rémoulade, and that exotic, insidious sauce Bissonette, into which bay leaves, red pepper, gin and curry powder entered. Also, he drank without stint, developing a nice taste in *apéritifs*—Mandarin, Pecon, Pernod, Raspail and Dubonnet. He consumed quantities of wine—of Burgundy and Bordeaux—and, to amuse him, Philippe devised sundry strange mixtures. The one consisting of equal parts of brandy, champagne and Calvados—a Norman applejack of singular vigor—seemed to please him most; though, as a regular beverage, he appeared to prefer absinth.

The taking of Little Maxie to his taxicab became a nightly function of some importance. It was necessary to raise him gently from his dessert, into which he had slumped, and bear him out into the night. In this process Angèle assisted protestingly. But on Saturday nights Little Maxie was invariably able to examine the books of the restaurant with small, shrewd eyes and to collect and pocket his half of the weekly takings. On this score he had no cause to complain. His share, though not large, was paid in full. On another score, Little Maxie did sometimes complain, and with reason.

"Look at this suit," he said to Philippe. "Cost me a hundred and twenty fish. Twice, now, I've had to buy a whole new batch of clothes. Even my hats don't fit me no more. I'm swellin'. Got a honey-dew melon under my belt; when I walk, I waddle; when I hurry, I puff. But I don't care. It's worth it, frog. I'm livin'. I've put on twenty-nine pounds. Who cares? Say, what am I goin' to eat tonight?"

"A simple meal," replied Philippe, smiling. "Just a few blinis—pancakes with caviar and whipped cream—then some potage St.-Germain—which is thick pea soup—then a bit of langouste—which is a species of lobster, with sherry sauce—and, for your dinner, a goose stuffed with bread crumbs, oysters and scallops, with potatoes mixed with onions, and a stout red wine—Volnay—and then, an endive salad with Russian sauce, and Gorgonzola; and some French pastry, assisted by a bottle of Mumm, 1921, and afterward, coffee and kirsch."

"That lunch of guinea hen, that Mercurey wine, and the rice pudding are still with me," said Little Maxie, "but I should fret. Trot out what you got. I'll give it a good home."

After they had helped him to his taxi, Angèle turned on Philippe.

"I have no more patience with you, cousin to a sick monkey," she said. "For months, now, you feed this useless one who takes what is rightly ours and gives nothing but the appetite of a whale. Must we, all our lives, be saddled with this vampire? Our savings dwindle. Our little Marcel, whom we hoped to see a governor or a President, will have to leave his school with uniforms and play a bass drum. We grow thin, and this Little Maxie—he grows fat. It causes one to scream and use bad words."

"Patience, my dear Angèle," said Philippe. "We are lambs, remember. He is a wolf. That is the way fate has arranged it. A philosopher submits to fate. Come, now, let us go to bed."

On the day after Easter, Little Maxie presented himself at the Victory Restaurant at eight on a mild spring evening. That day he had had breakfast there—stewed figs, liver and bacon, potatoes fried in olive oil, and, because he was still feeling a bit dizzy, he had added to his coffee some generous libations of a venerable brandy. He had come there for lunch, too, and had accounted for a luncheon of Italian derivation—some gnocchi, some ravioli, and a fritto misto, abetted by vermuth and Asti Spumante, ending with zabaione and some certosa. He was genial as he greeted Philippe Bissonette.

"How's business?" he asked.

"Light. But one must not be downhearted, is it not?"

"I'm not," said Little Maxie. "I muscled in on a couple of laundries today. Well, frog, I ain't exactly hungry, but you can always tempt me. What's the bill of fare today?"

"Ah, something at which you will not sneeze, Monsieur Little Maxie. First, there will be some eggs, stuffed with substances straight from heaven; then a trout, with small potatoes and parsley; then an infant turkey, filled with—well, I'll not tell you what, but you'll like it—then a lettuce salad. Of course, with the trout there will be a Chablis, and with the roast there will be a glowing Hermitage from the banks of the Rhône, and a pudding steeped in apricot liqueur, and absinth."

"I'll put it all away or bust," promised Little Maxie.

Philippe urged him to take a third helping of the turkey. At twenty-seven minutes after nine he took it, and his face, grown florid, became again the color of an old newspaper. He made a few unhappy sounds and sank forward, his nose near the turkey. Philippe came hurrying from the kitchen.

"Quick!" he cried. "Summon a doctor, Angèle! Monsieur Little Maxie has fainted."

But Little Maxie had not fainted. The doctor told them that, in the presence of Diamond Belt Jake Camp, who had also been summoned.

"A plain case of overeating," the doctor said. "He'd been stuffing himself for months. I warned him."

"So did I," said Diamond Belt Jake. "Well, we'll give him a swell funeral. A good, useful guy—Little Maxie—but no self-control. It's too bad."

"One must be a philosopher," said Philippe Bissonette.

THE DREADFUL DINNER

WE TALK about chance equalizing things," said Wistlethurst, "but sometimes chance unequalizes things, as when a number turns up ten times in succession on the roulette wheel."

"That is true," said Petworthy. "I remember once ——"

"I am reminded of that experience which I shall think of always as the Dreadful Dinner. Do you know the Dodds?"

"Oh, very well," said Petworthy. "About a year ago, I remember ——"

"Then you know that the Dodds pique themselves on doing things properly. So, when I was bidden to a little dinner on my birthday, I accepted with glee. One doesn't decline a dinner at the Dodds'. Such gay and jolly people!

"Seven-thirty, Elizabeth Dodd had said. I was there at 7:30. And apparently I was the last to arrive. Everyone looked at me with the air of tigers when the keeper is late with the horse meat."

"I know," said Petworthy. "I used to know the curator of a zoo. He used to let me go into the baboon's cage. There was a funny thing ——"

"But I was sure Elizabeth had said 7:30. Well, Conrad Dodd went immediately to the cocktail shaker and gave me a glass. He tipped up the shaker; the ice rattled cheerily and four drops emerged. The pigs had finished it. Of course I insisted that he shouldn't make any more. After all, a fellow is well-bred or he isn't. Elizabeth brought me some appetizers—crackers with caviar. Perhaps I clutched them too eagerly; perhaps the crackers had been injured or they had developed flaws like those innocent-seeming steel rails that send express trains to their doom. At any rate, two crackers crumbled in my hand and the caviar rolled away on the floor like B B shot.

"Dinner was announced, so I laughed gayly and refused more appetizers. I was seated between the hostess and that nice Miss Tortoni. I felt unusually bright, amusing and hungry.

"I was saying something to Miss Tortoni when the soup was served, in very fetching little dishes with covers on them.

"We removed the covers; I dipped in my spoon. Funny; the soup was not only colorless but tasteless. I took another mouthful. It was hot water.

"I glanced about the table. Everyone was eating with gusto. Their soup was a thin, almost colorless consommé. I understood. The cook had been in such a flurry!

"Well, it wasn't worth making a fuss about. I pretended to take a few mouthfuls and put the cover back on the dish when Elizabeth was looking away.

"I really needed food. There was a little individual dish of nuts at my right. I would nibble a few of those; there is a surprising amount of nourishment in nuts. But as I reached toward them Miss Tortoni's hand began to play among them. Evidently the nut dishes were at one's left. There was indeed one at my left. But Elizabeth Dodd was up to her wrist in it.

"The main course was English mutton chops, great and fat, artistically decorated with bacon. How I gloated over mine as I watched for Elizabeth to give the eating signal! I wondered if I dared to beat the gun.

"But Elizabeth, the perfect hostess, leaned toward me. 'Why, you poor dear, what have you done with your kidney! Everyone is supposed to have a kidney and you shall have one!' She eyebrowed the maid, and after a moment my plate disappeared. Then the pantry door opened, the maid emerged, got caught in the edge of the carpet, tried a hurdle and failed, and came down with a crash. The mutton chop shot under the sideboard. The maid reached for it. It was gone well beyond arm's length. I don't know how they ever retrieved it,

(Continued on Page 86)

Paul Hauck
Nebraska

What's In This Column For You?

Let's put that question another way: What would you most like to have this winter? A warm suit and overcoat? An all-electric radio? New furniture? Something for the kiddies?

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WALL STREET AND WASHINGTON

(Continued from Page 7)

the rate of interest again, committed what Wall Street called an act of frightfulness. In a public manner it called attention to "the extraordinary absorption of funds in speculative security loans," and to the fact that the credit resources of the Federal Reserve System were beginning to be involved in the maelstrom. In its way of saying this must cease, there was an ominous threat. What it threatened was that such banks as it had been complaining of—namely, those that loaned their own credits away to stock-exchange speculators and then went to the Federal Reserve Banks for money to satisfy their commercial borrowers—would be cut off from access to the resources of the Federal Reserve Bank System.

Wall Street was for a moment appalled. Did the Federal Reserve Board mean it? That was a very grave question. For if it did mean it, the end of the bull market had come. Would the Federal Reserve Board really dare to kill a bull market, and such a bull market as this one—the most colossal, dangerous, magnificent structure of its kind in all the history of like events?

Senator Glass Speaks Up

The tower at this time was already so high that everybody—even the Federal Reserve Board—feared the consequences of a crash. Yet it was necessary to choose between letting it crash then or building it higher and higher. What an absurd dilemma! Persons supposing themselves to be eminent in finance gave interviews to the press accusing the Federal Reserve Board of treason to the nation's prosperity.

For several weeks nothing happened. Then one day in March the interest rate for call money on the New York Stock Exchange rose to 20 per cent. Call money is money loaned to stockbrokers from day to day. Tomorrow it may be called back, whence the term "call money." The stock market that day had a bad fall. Commenting on it the next morning, the New York Times said:

> The policy of restricted credit for speculative purposes espoused by the Federal Reserve Board and now concurred in generally by bankers throughout the country was the prime factor behind one of the most drastic shake-outs the stock market has ever experienced.

Yet the tower was saved. Wall Street had too much in it at the top—Wall Street itself, and not the credulous public alone. The head of the largest national bank in Wall Street proclaimed his intention as follows: "So far as this institution is concerned, we find that we have an obligation which is paramount to any Federal Reserve warning, or anything else, to avert, so far as lies within our power, any dangerous crisis in the money market."

This national bank, setting an example for others, thereupon went to the Federal Reserve Bank of New York with good commercial collateral in its hand and demanded money in very large sums. Because the collateral was legal in character, it loaned the money at 6 per cent, on the ground that it could not lawfully refuse. Other banks did likewise. The stock market brilliantly recovered. The Federal Reserve Board was defeated.

The next day, Senator Carter Glass, a member of the Banking and Currency Committee of the United States Senate, said: "The whole country has been aghast for months and months at the menacing spectacle of excessive stock gambling, and when the Federal Reserve Board mildly seeks to abate the danger by an administrative policy, fully sanctioned by law, rather than by a prohibitive advance in rediscount rates which might penalize the legitimate business of the entire country, an officer of the system issues a defiance and engages in an attempt to vitiate the policy of the Federal Reserve Board."

The banker referred to was a director of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, and therefore a sworn officer of the Federal Reserve System.

The stock-exchange quotations for common stocks at this time contained no sense whatever of either investment or speculative value. Regarded as investments, the annual yield upon common stocks in dividends was less than savings-bank interest—less than the interest yield on government bonds. Common stocks more valuable than government bonds!

And regarded from the point of view of speculative value, the case was that if prices only stood where they were, going no higher at all, it would have required another era of seven sound economic years with an uninterrupted progressive increase of production, consumption and profits, to make them reasonable. That is to say, the prices then prevailing for common stocks had already devoured seven years of the future, and it was an ideal future, such as in no probability could be realized. That was the height of the tower then—in March, 1929. Nevertheless, common stocks were to go very much higher still, and did—some fifty points, some one hundred points, some even more.

When it comes to be viewed from a distance, in perspective, what happened after March, 1929, will seem incredible. Wall Street itself will remember it only as a delirium, for all the time it was quite out of its head. It will stare at the record and say: "Did these things really happen?"

During the crash, which was the sequel, it did not know what was happening. Afterward it could not say what had happened.

The basic delusion was that we had entered a fourth-dimensional economic world. The wonderful feature of this new world was that all possibilities of increase were infinite. There was no longer any limit upon the increase of material wealth, therefore no limit upon earning power and profit, and therefore no limit upon the rise of common stocks. Since this was so obvious to everyone, it followed that common stocks could not fall. How could they fall? There was no reason for people ever to sell them. How else were you to participate in the unlimited increase of the country's wealth but to buy and forever hold common stocks, with their possibilities of unlimited rise and unlimited dividends?

The Optimist's Delusion

On September 30, 1928, brokers' loans on the New York Stock Exchange stood at five and a half billions. On September 30, 1929, brokers' loans stood at eight and a half billions, which was an increase of three billions in twelve months; but by that time Wall Street bankers were saying that brokers' loans might be easily and safely increased to twelve billions, and that when they had increased to twelve billions the wealth of the country would have increased to such an extent that a further increase of brokers' loans would seem perfectly natural.

There was the delusion, you see, that for once in this new economic world, credit for the uses of speculation was inexhaustible. Indeed, the abundance of it could be regarded only with amazement. The Stock Exchange by this time was attracting call money from all over the world so much from London that at last the Bank of England, at the expense of all British business, was obliged to raise the price of credit to stop the flow of funds from London to Wall Street. Another source of enormous supply was in the treasuries of great American corporations, who found it more profitable to lend their surplus funds on New York Stock Exchange at call than to leave it on deposit in the banks. Many corporations very shrewdly took advantage of the opportunity to sell new common stock for future capital purposes, and then, having more capital than they could immediately employ in business, they loaned on the Stock Exchange the proceeds of these stock sales. So again the supply of credit for the uses of speculation was increased.

For some time a strange anxiety had been rising unawares. Suddenly it took form and became acute. What of opportunity itself? Might not that be the one exhaustible thing in this new economic dimension? Obviously, if everybody went on buying common stocks at this rate, a time would come when all the common stocks in existence would be owned by people who would never sell them. What then?

The question was solemnly debated, especially by those professors of economics who had been called to Wall Street out of their college chairs to make speculation scientific and dignified. Their conclusion was that although the problem was real, still the anxiety about it might be too easily exaggerated. New ways would always be found to increase the supply of common stocks.

Replenishing Stocks

This, as it turned out, was the one sound conclusion arrived at during this time in Wall Street. The only inexhaustible thing, in fact, was the supply of common stocks. The ways in which it was augmented to allay the people's anxiety were mainly these:

1. Direct sales of common stocks for purposes of new capital and to retire bond issues by old corporations.

2. The process of splitting. That was to convert one share of old stock into two or more shares of new stock in order that more and more people should be able to participate.

3. The process of merger. That was to swap together the stocks of any number of similar corporations, such as public-utility companies, and issue thereon a great quantity of new common stock to represent present and future earning power.

4. The process of invention and manufacture. Wall Street banking houses sent agents up and down the land seeking out new opportunities whereupon to issue common stocks. If they found a man successfully operating some retail stores, they said, "Here is the opportunity for another chain," and out of that would come a new chain and a new issue of chain-store stock. The chain idea was enormously productive of common stocks. It might be groceries, drugs, novelties, laundries, theaters, department stores—almost anything. There were opportunities also in hundreds of private industries that had never been capitalized.

5. Then investment trusts. The sudden rise of investment trusts was the last and most heroic effort to hold the door of opportunity open to common stocks.

The idea of the investment trust, as it developed in England, was to meet the problem of the small investor who, with only a little money to invest, could not properly distribute his risks among a variety of things. The investment trust did that for him. The small individual investor bought not one share of stock or one bond; he bought an investment-trust certificate, which represented a fractional participation in each of maybe a hundred different stocks and bonds. Some of the investment trusts recently formed in Wall Street represented that sound idea. These are aside. There were two other kinds, fundamentally different, though wearing the same face. One was the kind formed by men who wished to control large properties without the cost of owning them. So they would gather up the stocks of such properties as they wished to control, put them into an investment trust, and sell out the shares of the trust to the public. By controlling the trust as trustees, they controlled the properties, and that was what they wanted.

But it was a third kind of investment trust that multiplied in the last year of the delusion. This kind of trust was nothing less than a pool to operate with other people's

money on the Stock Exchange. Such trusts were organized sometimes as fast as two or three a day, often with Wall Street names attached; and the idea was that if you put your money with this or that investment trust you had nothing more to think about. The trust would play the market for you, knowing always when to buy and what to buy. The trustees were on the inside. Moreover, the operations of the trust, besides being informed, were to be scientific in the very latest sense. The bankers who put their names to it provided the information; professors of economics, who studied charts and geometric curves, provided the science.

Excitement over these trusts ran very high. In the last year of the delusion people put more than two billions of dollars into them. Their shares or certificates, or whatever they were called, sometimes sold at a stiff premium on the day they were offered to the public.

The Great Tower Falls

On August fourth, the New York Times said:

> The investment-trust idea has taken hold of the financial community to such an extent that virtually one-half the banking houses of Wall Street are interested directly or indirectly in it or in the marketing of investment-trust securities.

In September an eminent professor of economics wrote an essay for publication in Wall Street, on the thesis that "the participation by the investment trusts in the market has largely taken the risks out of common-stock investments."

Delusion had almost no further to go. Not only was speculation and stock gambling respectable at last; it was safe. The professors of economics said so. Simply by putting your money with investment trusts, you could hire great bankers to make you rich on the Stock Exchange.

The lion is the lamb and the lamb is the lion. There is a new law in Wall Street: Make money for one another.

Only, the wonderful price tower now is ready to fall.

Before it falls, have one last look at it. No one of this generation may see the like of it again. To millions of people it represents the expectation of wealth without exertion. Everyone has money and profit in it—brokers, speculators, corporation executives, their clerks and secretaries, artists, writers, preachers, women, college professors, wage earners, barbers, waiters. For all it has cost in money, in time turned from work and enterprise, in the moral effects of universal gambling, and for all it will cost when the crash comes, in bankruptcy, suicide and economic demoralization, it has added not one dollar to the actual wealth of the country. In every sense it is a pure liability. Yet when it falls nobody will be responsible.

With that calamity daily imminent, the state of the country, nevertheless, was extravagantly good. It would have to be. Only a very rich country could afford the spectacle.

A few weeks before this, the Financial Chronicle had said:

> The composite balance sheet of American industry at the close of the first half year reveals a strength and liquidity of position surpassing anything ever achieved in the past.

The American Bankers Association Journal had said:

> All three of the mainstays of the present era of prosperity continue to give a good account of themselves, with the steel industry operating at the rate of fifty-seven millions of tons annually and the auto industry aiming at an output of over six million vehicles. . . . A score of other industries of scarcely less importance have established new high-production records in the period.

Prosperity was running higher than ever before, and there seemed hardly a blemish in it. Nobody knew of any reason, in fact, why it should not go on running higher and higher. That was the common expectation. Nevertheless, in September, the common-stock price tower began to wabble. Scarcely anybody believed it would fall, or could. Had it not wabbled before and then recovered its balance?

In October it crashed.

What caused it to go over?

Some will say it was that the Bank of England raised the price of credit again. Others will say the action of the Massachusetts Public Utilities Commission, in calling attention to the inflation of the common stocks of public-service companies and denying one of them permission to split its shares, was that curious kind of incident which, in certain circumstances, like the weight of the last straw, produces an effect out of all proportion to its specific importance. But the strongest rope will part of its own weight, if you let enough of it out in free space. A solid cast-iron column, raised higher and higher, will at a certain point crush itself. The stock market crashed of its own weight. That is what happened. As the height of it was, so the fall of it was—amazing, incredible.

Stocks suffered differently by groups. The total value of one group was halved. The total value of another was reduced two-fifths; the total value of another one-third.

The difficulty at this point is to scale the disaster, because so few events have been of comparable magnitude.

Take the cost of the World War to be the scale. The shrinkage in the market value of stocks on the New York Stock Exchange alone was more than the whole cost of this country's exertions in the World War. The imagination does not easily seize this statement. That was on the New York Stock Exchange alone, to say nothing of the New York Curb Exchange with more than seven hundred securities on its list, and other exchanges throughout the country.

Almost before the debris had settled, newspaper headlines on Wall Street were displaced by headlines on the news from Washington telling of the efforts of the Administration to mobilize the will, the intelligence and all reserve power of enterprise in the country to prevent the collapse of the stock market from reacting in a disastrous manner upon general business. Prosperity itself was in danger.

Air Holes in the Market

One of the very strange revelations in the sequel has yet to be explained. Wall Street itself was caught. The great bankers, the great executives, the great capitalists, the great investment trusts, professional speculators, the normally wise and forever gullible—they were all together caught in the ruins. The delusion had been vertical and reached all the way to the top. This had never happened before. And it partly explains why men who are called leaders in Wall Street behaved in the manner of mechanical figures trained to utter reassuring sounds and powerless to act. They kept saying the country was sound, that there was nothing the matter really, and that people ought not to be selling their common stocks. Above the uproar could be heard also the voices of those professors of economics who had been seated high in the market place, and they seemed to be saying that, in a scientific sense, it was impossible for what was happening to happen; therefore it must be a nightmare, and if people had only the presence of mind to hold fast to their stock, they would be all right when they came awake.

The panic was in its second phase before anything was attempted to be done in the name of Wall Street leadership. Then some of the principal bankers came together and constituted themselves a consortium. At least that is what the newspapers called it. What it did or what it meant to do, nobody ever quite knew. At the close of its first meeting, a member of it asked the waiting newspaper reporters if they had heard of anybody in trouble, and then told them solemnly that the bankers were giving the situation very careful attention. The stock market, he said, was not in a strong technical position. There were air holes in it—and one of the things the consortium would do would be to mind these places.

It is to be remembered that Wall Street itself was in at the top and had itself to save. For that reason, it would have been impossible, perhaps, to organize a group of bankers either willing or quite able to steady the market by the simple method of buying heavily what the public had been seized with a panic to sell. Not only were bankers unable to stay the general stock market with adequate supporting orders; many were unable, where they were not unwilling, to support the stocks of their own institutions. In bank stocks, too, there had been speculation, and these went down along with everything else.

Back From Fairyland

Merely minding the air holes in the general stock market apparently exhausted the consortium's buying power. For the rest, it relied upon exhortation. Its one fixed and futile idea was each day to appeal to people to stop selling. After one meeting it announced that several of the very large banks would lend money to brokers on stocks up to three-quarters of their market value.

Having used up all of its own words, which, for obvious reasons, had very little authority, and also the academic words of the scientific professors, the consortium implored the Administration at Washington to save the situation by telling the people stocks were cheap. This the Administration very properly declined to do. It did say the country was fundamentally sound; but everybody knew that already.

From his mansion on Pocantico Hills, the richest living investor, now a very old man, as to whom a legend of silent infallibility had long existed, was observing the stock market by ancient habit. The consortium remembered him and what his word might do, and it asked him to do what he had never done before. That was to make a public statement about the stock market—a reassuring statement. He did, and it was this:

> My son and I have for some days been purchasing sound common stocks.
>
> (Signed) JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

On this the market rallied as from an electric shock. A week later many common stocks were lower still, the sound and the unsound together.

What stopped it at last was the horizontal ground. United States Steel Common paying 8 per cent and selling at 261¼ was dearer than a government bond. United States Steel Common at 150, still paying 8 per cent, was somewhere near the earth. And so with everything else. Prices in general had returned to a region of reality.

That problem had solved itself by a law of measure for measure, acting at last in a violent manner. The next problem was how to turn the mind of the country back from a fantasy of dream wealth to thoughts of creative work. There was at first an idea that this could be done by chanting all together a propaganda of denial, like the childish savages who, on meeting a lion in their path, would say, "He is not there," thinking they destroyed him by denying his existence. The propaganda to be intoned was something like this:

Where is what the people have lost? Was it money? If it was money, then all that can have happened is that the money has changed hands. Somebody still had it. But of course it was not money. It was only the idea of money. The people who think they have lost it, never, in fact, had it, because it was nonexistent. Therefore they cannot have lost it. Really nothing has happened. We were thinking prices were wealth, and that was a delusion. All the wealth there was is still here, intact. Even Wall Street, now suddenly sane and chastened, joined in these sayings.

But it was by no means so simple. It was true that a sudden shrinkage of thirty-five or forty billions of dollars in the market value of Stock Exchange securities represented no change whatever in the sum of the country's actual wealth; no more than the inflation of securities by thirty-five or forty billions of dollars had represented any

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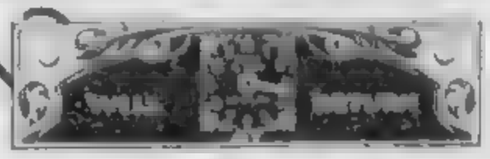

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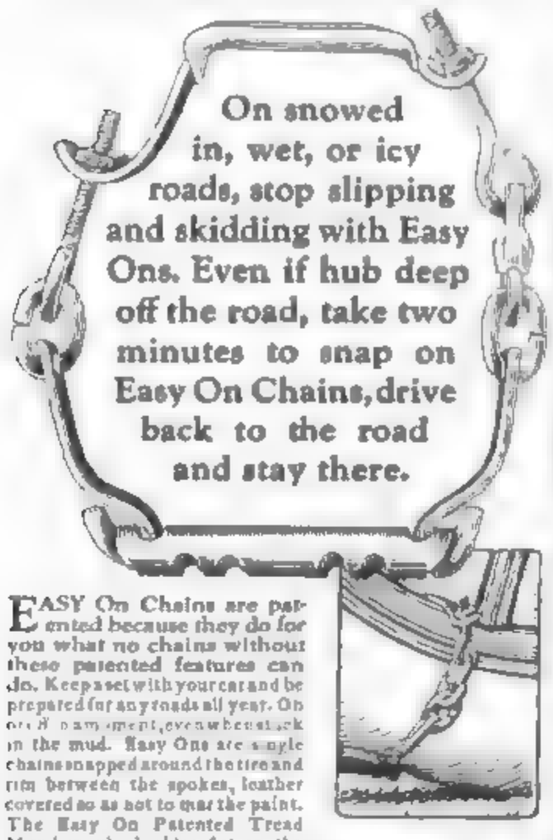
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Nevertheless, it was true that those inflated security prices gave people not only a delusion of wealth but temporarily also the power of it. They could actually spend it, and they really did spend a great deal of it, without knowing how ephemeral it was, and that if they spent it they would have to make it up later by work, industry and thrift.

Think what it meant for a million people or more all at once to have profits at the stockbroker's office. That was the case at the height of the ecstasy. They did not withdraw their profits; if they had done that, the rise would have stopped. All the same, they could spend their profits, and did. They bought more expensive goods, they went into debt for luxurious things they would not otherwise have bought, they raised their scale of living generally—all with the idea that these expenditures were balanced by their profits with the stockbroker. They took holidays in Europe, and found, on their return, it had cost them nothing, because in their absence their increase of profit with the broker was even more than they had spent.

The effect of all this spending was to create in the country an appearance of consuming power which, in so far as it rested on stock-market profits, was fictitious and illusory. Industry was deceived by it, and so forgot the principle on which the seven sound years had been founded—namely, that progressively to increase consuming power, it is necessary progressively to cheapen the cost of goods to the consumer. This means that as the profits of industry increase, they must be divided with the consumer in the form of lower prices; else presently, with increased production, you will reach the point of saturation where demand fails. Misled by the increase of spending throughout the country, industry forsook this principle, maintained prices to the consumer and permitted its profits to be capitalized in common-stock prices on the Stock Exchange.

Spending the Profits

Then the ecstasy explodes. Those profits people had with the brokers—the profits they have been spending—suddenly vanish away. In place of profit, many of them now owe the stockbroker money. They are in debt to the future, mentally and actually. There is a collapse of spending power, as a thing distinct from consuming power. Then it is seen, how in grasping at the illusion of dream wealth, people have forgotten how to save. Not only had they been putting less and less money into savings banks and into building-and-loan associations, betting it in Wall Street instead, but when their stocks began to fall they drew heavily on their savings to meet the broker's call for more margin money.

Already, in the last year of the delusion, the construction industries and the building trades were depressed because the bond market was so poor. Mortgage money was dear and very scarce, because people were running with their funds to common stocks. You or your broker, or both of you together, could borrow any amount of money in Wall Street to buy United States Steel Common when it was dearer than a government bond, easier than you could borrow ten thousand dollars to build a house. So it was that the building of dwellings and bridges and roads and all works of construction needing to be financed with bonds and mortgages fell into decline because there was small demand for bonds and mortgages. Yet common stocks could go on rising in a fabulous manner on the Stock Exchange and people could be spending imaginary wealth for luxuries and richer living.

So now for the return to reality. The way generally is slow and full of distress. None so poor as those who have lost suddenly the sense of being rich. Their first impulse, naturally, is to stop spending. The demand for goods to that extent is diminished. Industry thereupon begins to curtail production. Then unemployment begins. And by that disaster the demand for goods is further diminished, with the effect of more contraction and more unemployment, all to the other extreme, until at last you may have a bear market in Wall Street that will carry stocks below the line of reason.

The President Acts

One extreme is no less absurd than the other. How now to avoid the other is a proper national anxiety.

Fortunately, at this time there was a President who understood both what had happened and the natural law of its consequences. He had the imagination, moreover, to see that, although the law of consequences could not be suspended, nevertheless, there were certain powerful influences that might be set in action against it. On taking stock of the situation, it appeared that there were saving factors of immense importance. Such factors were mainly these:

1. The power of an understanding Administration at Washington immediately to organize and inspire those forces of national resiliency which, although they may be trusted in time to organize and inspire themselves, may take too long about it.

2. There was at last no credit panic. The free credit resources of the country for all legitimate and creative purposes are still enormous. Thanks for this to the Federal Reserve Bank System.

3. There had been no speculative inflation of commodity prices. This was most unusual; in fact, quite without precedent. Always before, it had been that commodity prices and security prices advanced together in one voluptuous whirl. A boom in business and a bull market in Wall Street were twin evils inseparable. Then, when the bull market had collapsed, those who might be thinking to go ahead with productive works were obliged to say: "But of course we shall have to wait until commodity prices have been liquidated"—meaning the cost of lumber, steel, cement, and so forth. There is at this time no such necessity to wait. There had been no boom of commodity prices, business for once and for the first time having found its maximum profit not in booming up prices but in a stable rhythm of great production and great consumption, with prices in a state of equilibrium. That is to say, business had been resolved to eliminate speculation from its affairs, and in degree as it succeeded in doing so, its profits increased. And these were the profits Wall Street capitalized in its own security boom. Wall Street has never learned—perhaps it never will learn—what the cost of speculation is. The price of boom is depression.

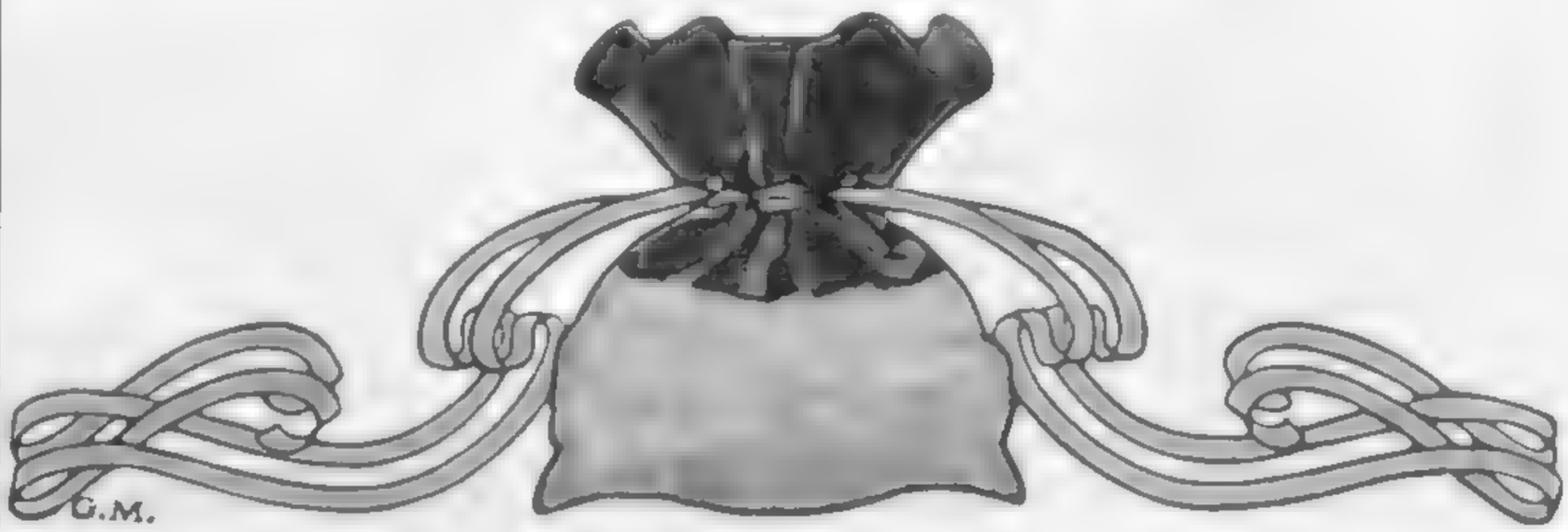
4. From forehandedly selling enormous quantities of common stocks for capital purposes beyond their immediate needs and to retire bond issues, and also from having built up extraordinary reserves of free working capital out of profits, the great corporations of the country have among them a latent spending power not unreasonably to be estimated at two billions of dollars. This is capital in hand, available to be laid out at once on new works, new plant, new equipment, every kind of new wealth-creating means. It is true these corporations may say: "But why should we be in haste to increase our capacity, with the state of demand in doubt for perhaps a year to come?" The answer is that, as in the past ten years, industry had to make itself over in the competitive scheme of continually reducing the cost of human satisfactions, so in any case it will have to do the same thing again during the next ten years, the same law of necessity continuing to act; and it is obvious that corporations that begin doing it at once, instead of waiting, will presently find themselves in positions of ideal advantage.

5. In the field of public and semipublic works there is another large reserve of spending power to be estimated at not less than one and a half billions of dollars a year—perhaps that much for roads and bridges alone. Works of this character have been held in suspense, owing to the very unsatisfactory state of the bond market. But after such an experience as they have had in common stocks, it may be supposed that investors, large and small, will turn again to bonds; it may be supposed, also, that bankers will encourage that impulse. And then, with the credit resources of the Federal Reserve Bank System so liquid, there ought to be no difficulty whatever about restoring the market for bonds and mortgages to a normal and robust condition.

Basic Material of Wealth

With all these fundamental factors to the good, with so much skill of enterprise latent among us, why should the country pass a year or two of remorse in a hair shirt? For the shrinkage of thirty-five or forty billions of dollars in Stock Exchange securities nobody is any poorer but on account of things possessed and consumed too soon. There is in that sense a debt owing to the future. The sooner our powers of creativeness are released to the utmost, the quicker the debt will be paid.

Such were the thoughts proposed by President Hoover to those representing industry, transportation, agriculture and finance whom he summoned to Washington in November. He put it up to them squarely. With all this basic material of prosperity to work with, had they imagination and courage enough to save the country from the natural consequences of the worst Stock Exchange crash in the history of human stupidity? If so, let them do it.



LIGHTER THAN AIR

(Continued from Page 35)

"The eyes of the entire country will be upon you," he was saying. "Every word, every gesture you make will be under the critical eyes of a multitude of people from all walks of life." He outlined the various duties that were to be performed. He spoke of the danger involved in the handling of hydrogen-filled ships. "Our first duty is to keep the ship safe," he declared; "a photographer, thoughtlessly snapping a flash-light picture, might send her up in flames." Finally he emphasized the extreme need for patient courtesy and proper results, and then swung into a less oratorical but more impressive vein. "And so help me Saint Peter," he concluded, "if anyone does the wrong thing, I'll have him hanged."

The lanky sergeant of the guard was stopped by Zarnick as he pushed his way out of the crowded room.

"You got a break," confided Zarnick. "I been doin' a little gum-shoe work, an' I find everybody was so busy all evenin' they wouldn't give Hathaway a chance to make his report about you."

"Well, that's somethin'," nodded Stobie, without much elation. "But did you look at the station bill? I'm sergeant of the guard again tomorrow, an' this guy Hathaway has got himself a fancy job called coördinator. He supervises my guard an' the ground crew an' ev'rything else. That's young Breen's work, stickin' his name in there. And Breen got himself a soft billet drivin' the major's car all day."

"Gee, that's tough. What are you goin' to do about it?"

"Like it. An' get what sleep I can tonight," returned the other. "It's way after midnight an' reveille goes at four."

"Four? What's the idea? The Zepp ain't due till noon. What will there be for us to do at four in the mornin'?"

"Stick around, fella. You'll see."

Day broke over a scene of orderly activity. In the public parking areas on the only road leading into the station, two groups of marines had untangled last night's mess of early arrivals and were now shunting cars to either side of the road in steadily extending straight lines. At the guardhouse, a fresh corporal and two privates answered telephone calls and visitors' questions. Beyond the hangar three neatly uniformed men presided over the special parking area, demanding passes before allowing any car to enter. Around the hangar a sentry guarded each of the many doors leading to shops and offices built into the walls. Inside the gigantic structure two full squads protected the Navy aircraft from too-ardent souvenir collectors. Across the fields, at the several road junctions, double sentries could be seen waiting to begin their task of keeping the expected traffic moving. From the direction of the marine barracks appeared the head of a long column of troops, moving in brisk cadence toward the hangar.

In spite of lack of sleep and the clothes-griming travel some of them had just performed, faces were fresh and eager, and uniforms were neat and clean. Stobie, immaculate in spite of only two hours' rest, entered the guardhouse and slid into the chair behind the desk. Hathaway, offensively alert this morning, came around the corner of the little building and looked in through the upward-swung windows.

"What's that outfit for?" he asked, jerking his head toward the approaching column.

"Ground crew," answered Stobie, without looking up.

"Ground crew," repeated Hathaway, rubbing his chin. "What do they do, now? What do they do?"

"Lay on the ground, mostly," answered the sergeant. "Until the ship comes in."

"Don't get fresh. Don't get fresh." Hathaway put his hands on his hips. "Look here, now. I've been pretty easy with you. I didn't make any report against you yesterday, after all. I decided to give you another chance. But I may as well say that I don't like your methods, and if your work doesn't satisfy me, I'll certainly make a report of it today. Now I want to know what the ground crew does. I have to coördinate these things."

Stobie sighed. "Well," he began, "the ground crew waits near the hangar till the ship's in sight. They're all divided in ground groups of about eighteen each. They take their place on both sides of where the ship's goin' to land, some for'ard an' some aft. She drops two main lines from her nose an' two groups anchor 'em to the ground and pull her down. Then the other groups hooks spider lines onto cables along her sides an' they let loose the main lines an' walk her away."

"H'm. Now, how about your traffic detail down in the parking area?"

"Aw, they're all right."

"I'm going down to see. If anybody wants me, tell them where I am."

A plump and aggressive young matron towing three goggle-eyed children jockeyed Hathaway from his place at the window before Stobie could reply.

"Is this Zeppelin coming in at noon as it's supposed to, young man?" she asked.

"We're doin' our best to see that it does, ma'am," answered Stobie politely, as he watched Hathaway start down the long ribbon of asphalt.

The ground crew had passed between the guardhouse and the hangar, to fall out and await the ship's arrival. The plump matron, satisfied with the sergeant's meaningless answer, moved away to see what the ground crew was doing. The early-morning crowd, delighted with anything that promised to relieve the monotony of a long wait, had already gathered round to stare at the khaki uniforms and listen to the good-natured banter.

Stobie decided that it would be excellent policy to keep an eye on Hathaway. He slid out of the guardhouse and headed for the parking area. He was surprised to note that the stream of people pouring into the station was so great that Hathaway, bucking the current, was hidden from view in its midst.

Not all of the sight-seers were headed for the hangar or for the roped-off spectators' area on the right. He noticed that very few had any consideration for the frequent signs reading, Visitors Not Allowed Beyond This Point. They drifted on foot from the general parking area far ahead of him and haphazardly left the road to sprawl in groups on the short grass, opening lunch boxes, producing books or otherwise settling to pass the hours of waiting.

He trudged onward and tossed a nod of encouragement to a sentry who vainly droned "Keep on the road, please" as visitors flocked past the gap in the long rope that marked the limit of the parking space. Just ahead was a commotion of cars and people. Stobie hurried forward, and in the center of the hubbub discovered his traffic corporal, two privates, a state trooper, and Hathaway. The smartness of the marines' uniforms was already somewhat dulled by the dust that rose steadily like thin smoke from the churning automobile tires, but it was obvious that the men's spirits were as yet undimmed. Stobie decided that Hathaway, who looked on approvingly from the side of the road, had just reorganized the traffic detail.

The corporal and two privates, some forty yards apart, were on the road, all three energetically waving the steady stream of incoming cars to the left and right toward men placed at intervals down the long expanse of parking space. Each of the three was armed with a whistle, which he was trying industriously to wear out, and each was gloriously oblivious to the activity of the other two. Only the stupendous effort involved and the holiday atmosphere that still prevailed with the visitors kept the result from becoming downright disorder. The state trooper, a leg thrown over his motorcycle, watched the fascinating spectacle with amused interest.

Hathaway caught sight of Stobie. "Look here, sergeant," he criticized. "Your methods will never do. They'll never do. You had only one man on the road to handle all these automobiles. Now I put two more on and things are running smooth."

"I can see they are," said Stobie quietly.

Hathaway rubbed his hands together. "Now that I've got this organized, I'm going up to the hangar and look at that detail inside. You shouldn't have left your post at the guardhouse, Stobie, but since you're here, you might stay for a while and learn how to keep this traffic going." He strode off.

Stobie waited long enough to take the two extra men off the road and reissue his original instructions. He told the corporal to keep one man on the lookout for Hathaway, so that systems could be changed again in case he reappeared. He wondered if he would have to follow the gunnery sergeant all day in order to keep things running properly. Well, the detail inside the hangar wouldn't matter much, he decided. There was nothing Hathaway could do that would mar their program.

The guardhouse was surrounded by impatient visitors when Stobie got back. They wanted to know when the Zeppelin would arrive, why some cars could park near the hangar while theirs was stopped way back there, what one had to do to get a pass, what time it was, and a great many more things. The lanky sergeant dropped behind the desk and began patiently to satisfy them.

The Zeppelin, he stated, was expected about noon, cars without passes couldn't park near the hangar because space was limited, no one could get a pass unless one had been mailed to him, and the clock right there on the bulkhead was about right.

A blustery little individual rushed up and asked where the commandant of the station could be found. Stobie informed him politely that the commandant was very, very busy today, but that, perhaps, if the gentleman was an intimate friend, his card could be sent in and the commandant would let him know if he could spare a few minutes. The gentleman had left his cards at home. That was perfectly all right, Stobie assured him; if he would just scribble a little personal note, word would come back immediately. The gentleman decided that he was not in a hurry right now, but would see the commandant later.

Another civilian said that he had a letter for the commandant. Stobie smiled when he saw the document, and said that he was sorry, but he couldn't do a thing about it. Hathaway entered the guardhouse just in time to see the letter handed back to its owner.

"What's this? What's this?" he demanded.

"Gentleman's got a letter from a congressman, but it don't mean anything," replied Stobie.

"From a congressman? Then why doesn't it mean anything? Let me see it."

The visitor parted with the paper a second time.

"Why, this looks important," said the gunnery sergeant. "It's addressed to the commandant."

"Just the same, it don't mean nothin'," insisted Stobie. "If you want to play with it, go ahead, but don't tell me to send it in to the Old Man, because I won't do it."

"Why not? Why not?"

"Take a good look an' see. It's a form letter with a rubber-stamp signature sayin' the undersigned will appreciate courtesies to the bearer. It don't even name the bearer. Why, the politician that give out them letters just sent 'em promiscuous, so's to catch himself some votes next election. He must have run off three thousand of 'em, from the number I've turned down this mornin'."

"We'll see about that." Hathaway took the letter and, with the owner following him, hurried off toward the hangar. Ten minutes later he returned, red-faced, but with no comment to offer.

The day wore on. The crowd swelled and became impatient. In tens and twenties they assaulted the guardhouse and bombarded Stobie with questions. Hathaway popped in now and then, becoming a little more unbearable each time. Down in the parking area the dust rose high and thick. Rank on rank of parked automobiles stretched as far as one could see. An airplane sped into view and part of the ground crew had to be called out to clear sufficient space for it to land. At eleven o'clock depression settled on the crowd when the giant amplifiers on top of the hangar announced that the Zeppelin would not arrive until early afternoon.

By two o'clock the crowd was unruly. They scattered papers and bottles over the landing field, insulted the sentries, and tried to sneak their cars into the special parking area by speeding across the open field where few sentries were posted. When they were caught and sent back, they argued spitefully.

"What right have you got to tell me where to go?" was the usual complaint. "I'm a taxpayer and this is government land, ain't it? You marines can't order me around on my own land. Why, I even pay your salary."

At three o'clock it was announced that the Zeppelin would be delayed until about six

The crowd became an ill-tempered mob, seeking only to make others as miserable as they themselves felt. The marine command, jostled, disobeyed, and sneered at, became equally ill-tempered. Every one of them had been routed out of his bunk at four in the morning and had been on his feet ever since. There had been no noon meal other than sandwiches and questionable coffee. Now there would be no evening meal, either; for, even though the big ship landed at six, it would take at least five hours to clear the station of visitors. Duty was performed doggedly, but in a changed manner. The sentry who early in the morning had been droning "Keep on the road, please" was now barking "Get over where you belong!"

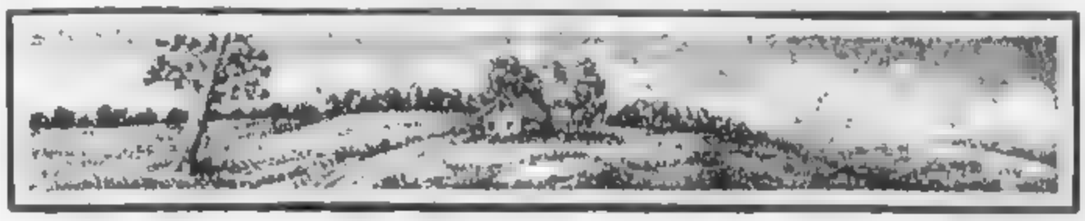
Stobie, red-eyed and weary, was hanging on to the last shreds of his temper at the guardhouse. These eternal questions! Hathaway bobbed in for the hundredth time. Stobie bit his lip.

"Now, sergeant," said Hathaway importantly, "when the ship comes down, there'll be only certain people allowed inside the lines. I want you to be especially careful about fire hazard. Use force to keep the Zeppelin safe. Any newspapermen with flash-light cameras ——"

"Speakin' of newspapermen ——" began Stobie, but his senior interrupted him.

"Don't talk while I'm telling you what to do," he snapped.

"You go to ——" Stobie snapped back unexpectedly. He gripped the edge of his chair viciously, but his voice became low and steady: "Hathaway, I've taken a lot of slop from you today, but I ain't goin' to take any more. When you go out that door this time, you stay out, an' any more you



got to say to me, you can say it by sendin' an orderly in. If you get off this station all in one piece, you can blame it on my havin' good control of my temper."

Hathaway's face became purple. "You say that to me? You say that to me?" he shrilled. "Stobie, I've been watching you all day, and I'm not only dissatisfied with your work but you're insubordinate, and I'll see that you lose your rating. I'll make a report on this in person, and I'll insist on making it"—and he backed out the door.

Stobie relaxed and laughed ruefully. "Well, there goes all my chances for more pay," he sighed. "I'll prob'ly be a corporal again by next week, but I couldn't hold it in any longer."

It was fully dark when the big Zeppelin was finally sighted. As her running lights became visible, pandemonium reigned on the field. The tensity of a full day's waiting broke on the air in a wave of wild cheers, cat-calls, whistles, and the frantic blare of automobile horns. Flood lights from the hangar suddenly threw their brilliance across the field and revealed the ground crew, already in place. The crowd surged toward the lighted area. Automobiles from along the entire parking area started to jolt cross-country over the bumpy ground. Marine sentries, abandoning traffic, parking, and all other unnecessary activities, raced to the front to join Stobie's guardhouse detail in throwing a cordon around the landing space.

The silver sides of the monstrous ship, unbelievably immense, settled into the eerie light. A searchlight played on the craft's blunt nose and two coils of rope shot downward. There was rapid but silent activity in the ground crew. Slowly the big hulk came to earth, surrounded by antlike forms who strained at their lines to hold her steady. A landing platform was pushed to the cabin under her bulging sides and the customs officials stepped aboard.

Stobie watched from under the enormous keel, nervously tense lest the crowd break through his sentries. Three civilians, the leader carrying a boxlike apparatus, stepped through the lines near the landing platform. Stobie glanced at them and turned his attention back to his sentries. The sound of running feet behind him jerked him about. It was Hathaway, in great excitement, rushing toward the three civilians who had just claimed Stobie's momentary attention. Hathaway yelled something in which the words "fire," "flash lights," and "hydrogen" were intelligible. Stobie vainly shouted, "Don't, Hathaway!" Couldn't the fool see the wires? Hathaway, talking and gesticulating excitedly, shoved and jostled the civilians toward the sentry line. Then two naval officers, attracted by the commotion, darted out, seized the gunnery sergeant and pulled him away. One of them caught sight of Stobie.

"Here, marine," he ordered. "Stand guard over this man. He's under arrest."

Hours later Stobie and Zarnick settled down to enjoy a cup of hot coffee in the guardhouse.

"He'll lose his rank," Zarnick was saying. "That's how much it pays to fool with these top-notch newspapermen. And it would only be justice if they handed that pertic'lar vacancy to you. There'll be no reports about you, now that Hathaway's in Dutch."

"An' to make the day perfect"—laughed Stobie—"my fat friend Breen ran the major's car into a post an' wrinkled a fender. The major ain't goin' to jerk his stripes, but he's kickin' him outa the office."

"Say," said Zarnick, "who was that guy out there that Hathaway mistook for a flash-light photographer?"

"It's Hathaway's own bone-headed fault," replied Stobie. "I tried to tell him this afternoon, but he shut me up. That was this high-pressure journalist, Fred Gibson, broadcastin' the Zepp's arrival on a portable short-wave radio."

Yum!

Its real woodsy flavor never fails to please

TRY Vermont Maid Syrup on pancakes tomorrow! It is prepared for your table in the famous maple center of the world. Pure maple sugar, the choice selection of the entire crop, is blended with pure cane sugar to give that smooth, subtle, true maple flavor that never fails to please.

You'll find that Vermont Maid Syrup recaptures that good old maple tang you remember so well from childhood. You'll invent occasions to use it oftener. Pancakes, waffles, corn bread and mush, all taste like special delicacies when they're served with this remarkable Vermont Maid Syrup.

Order it from your grocer in attractive glass jugs. Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.

Pour Vermont Maid Syrup over tender golden pancakes with crisp, brown edges and judge its smooth, subtle, true maple flavor for yourself.

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PACKED IN VERMONT BY VERMONTERS

SEND 10¢ FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE

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Burlington, Vermont

I enclose 10¢ for generous sample bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup and recipe folder.

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

How do broadcasters breathe *in rooms with no windows?*

HARRY RESER'S CLICQUOT CLUB ESKIMOS *in one of the National Broadcasting (WEAF) windowless, sound-proof studios. Manufactured Weather so regulates temperature and humidity here that even fur-clad artists are comfortable, no matter how hot it may be outside.*

WALLS as thick as prison walls. Rooms as sound-proof as a dungeon. How can your favorite orchestra broadcast pleasure under conditions so unpleasant?

It was pretty difficult two or three years ago. Then the artists sat in shirt-sleeves, perspiration rolling down their faces.

Today your favorite entertainers are in evening dress or actually in costume. The studio *still* has no windows, but the air is pure and fresh, the temperature and humidity are perfect for comfort. The magic of the radio has been supplemented by the magic of Manufactured Weather —the Carrier name for scientific Air Conditioning.

A perfect climate indoors— man-made

Carrier Systems create any desired climate indoors by cleansing the air of impurities, automatically controlling its temperature and humidity, and circulating this conditioned air uniformly. Seasonal changes may be totally disregarded once Manufactured Weather has been installed.

Artists and musicians who worked in those studios of the past, which had no air conditioning, suffered the extreme of discomfort; while in studios of today—the air cleansed, the temperature and humidity controlled—they are comfortable at all seasons of the year.

Manufactured Weather for comfort and health and for the profit of industry

The Senate and the House of Representatives at Washington, theatres—large and small—throughout the world, great department stores such as Macy's in New York, Hudson's in Detroit, Filene's in Boston, and Sanger's in Fort Worth use Manufactured Weather the year round. The 22-story Milam Building in San Antonio is equipped with Manufactured Weather from top to bottom—in every office. Four floors of the main building and annex and five floors of the "Telephone" building of the Chicago Title & Trust Company have Manufactured Weather. The Northern Trust Company in Chicago uses Manufactured Weather in the sub-basement, basement and six floors. The Frost National Bank in San Antonio and the New York Trust Company in Manhattan have enjoyed the comfort of Manufactured Weather for over two years.

More than two hundred industries have found it profitable to install Carrier Systems, and cases are on record where the entire cost of an installation has been more than paid for the first year by increase in production. Intangible, but of incalculable commercial value, is the resulting improvement in the health and morale of employees who work in comfort—not discomfort.

Where Carrier Systems are operating they are making industry and workers independent of outdoor weather and seasons—they make "Every day a *good* day."

WEAF and WJZ The National Broadcasting Company, New York City, maintains eight studios, the control room and the reception rooms at temperature and humidity conditions of healthful comfort—winter and summer—through Manufactured Weather.

WABC Columbia Broadcasting System, New York. Manufactured Weather provided in five studios and control rooms. Here artists always work in maximum comfort regardless of outdoor weather.

WLW Crosley Radio Corporation, Cincinnati, O. Four studios and control rooms, the audition room and lounge, and six offices—all have automatic control of humidity and temperature the year round.

KYW and WMAQ The National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System, Chicago, are installing Manufactured Weather in their six studios, clients' rooms, lobby, and in some twenty offices. Here artists and visitors will enjoy perfect indoor weather the year round.

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NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

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JOHANNESBURG

Manufactured Weather *makes* "Every day a *good* day"

CARRIER LUFTTECHNISCHE GESELLSCHAFT
STUTTGART, BERLIN

"Every schoolgirl can be popular when she has money to support school athletics, concerts and other activities," says smiling Mary Ellen. No wonder she is happy!

When Elizabeth Gibson earned her first $5.00 a few years ago it seemed like a small fortune—she was so delighted and happy. Today she regularly earns up to $200.00 a month through our spare-time plan.

Mrs. Ashby (above) has earned as much as $4.00 in an afternoon, $135.00 within a few short months!

Mrs. Slack (below) keeps a charming home, and earns from $10.00 to $35.00 a month in leisure time

YOU, *too,* Can Earn MONEY

Without Being "Tied to a Position"

HOW pleasant to have a purseful of money! Miss Elizabeth Gibson thought it was "too good to be true" when she earned her first $5.00 by our plan. But it led to thousands of extra dollars for her.

Mrs. Ashby easily fills her purse with extra money too. She is a busy mother with only a few spare hours a week, yet she has earned $135.00.

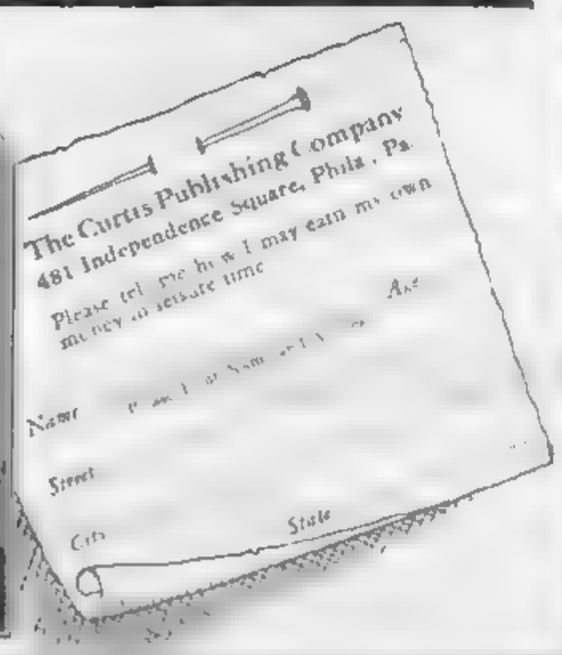
And do you wonder that schoolgirls, like Mary Ellen Barbour, smile happily when they earn as much as $5[illegible] for charming clothes and school good times; when they win such thrilling prizes as a sports watch, a banjo uke, a snug sweater and a brief case!

Sell Your Leisure Time

Aren't you interested in their *success?* What woman nowadays doesn't want money of her own?

We will gladly send you our interesting program. You need no training or experience to be successful with the Subscription Plan offered by *The Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.* You earn in your leisure time.

So why lose a minute in asking about all the interesting details? Simply fill in the coupon below, and we will supply without cost full information and valuable helps.



THE DREADFUL DINNER

Continued from Page 79

unless they got one of these mongooses that hunt cobras out of their holes.

"'Oh, I'm so sorry!' cried Elizabeth. 'And there were just enough chops to go round! Here, you must take mine; I'd only eaten a little!'

"It was the severest test of manhood I have ever had. I know now what it means to be shipwrecked and to have a life belt while the lady next to you has none. I know that I would beg her pardon, hand her the life belt, tip my hat and drown. For I said: 'No, Elizabeth—no! After all I've had already I couldn't eat another mouthful!' It is true that my voice trembled and I could feel that tears were starting to my eyes. And more, when she proposed a shredded wheat in a bantering tone, I refused in a tone that was something between banter and a death rattle.

"We had alligator-pear salad. In my alligator pear was a worm; perhaps a tiny alligator. Some people can eat around a worm. I could as easily eat around a rattlesnake.

"We had a very striking dessert—a sort of great, sugary shell of meringue which you broke, finding inside a delicious cream. Or at least, everyone else seemed to find inside a delicious cream. I found a leak in mine, through which the delicious cream had evidently flowed away into the refrigerator drip pan.

"'My, what a delicious dinner!' said Miss Tortoni. I felt a savage desire to pinch her, to kick her. Most of all, perhaps, I wanted to bite her.

"'Be strong!' I kept saying to myself. 'Think of Robinson Crusoe, think of the Man in the Iron Mask, think of all the great, broken hearts of history. Fortitude, fortitude! Be the captain of your soul!'

"And I smiled, a wan and eerie smile though it was. I turned to Elizabeth. 'What a remarkable dinner!' I said. 'I don't know how you ever managed to serve such a dinner. I shall never forget it. Never, never, never!' I stopped suddenly, for fear my voice would break into a shriek.

"But Elizabeth laughed loudly. 'Congratulations!' she said. 'It was a dirty trick, but it settled an argument about the relative force of good manners and natural instincts. You have a wonderful character, and you have proved it!'

"Conrad opened the doors to the drawing-room, and there stood an individual table set with a birthday cake and a dinner which stands in my memory like the Eiffel Tower."

"Very curious," said Petworthy. "It reminds me of a time ——"

"But all this was nothing to an evening I once spent in Schenectady," pursued Wistlethurst.

Petworthy sighed and reached for the bottle. —MORRIS BISHOP.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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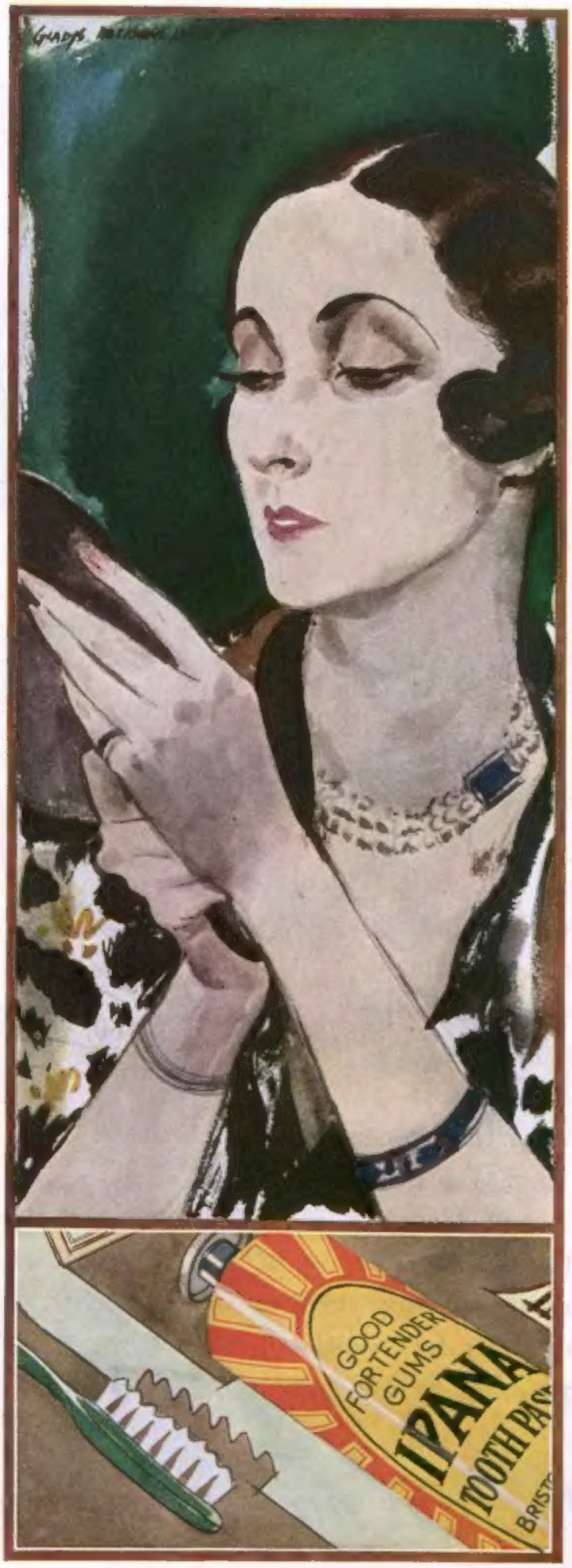
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Publishers also of *Ladies' Home Journal* (monthly) 10c the copy, $1.00 the year (U. S. and Canada), and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly) 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00 (U. S. and Canada). Foreign prices quoted on request

Rout gum troubles – defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

You can do it with IPANA and massage!



THERE is no greater dental folly than to care for your teeth and pay no attention to your gums.

No matter how gleaming your teeth, how pure their color, how free they are from fillings and cavities, it is equally important that your gums be strong and healthy.

Yet . . . all the time . . . you hear of people who have been forced to have seemingly sound teeth extracted. Your dentist's x-ray file contains hundreds of photographs that prove the dire results of gum neglect.

* * *

If ever your tooth brush "shows pink," it's an infallible sign that your gums need attention. Gingivitis, or even pyorrhea, may result unless you take prompt measures to bring your gums to health!

Fortunately, it is easy to care for your gums as dentists say you should. Simply brush your teeth and massage the gums twice a day with Ipana Tooth Paste.

Massage and Ipana rouse the circulation. They help to restore a normal tonicity to the gum walls. They give back the stimulation your gums should get, but do not, from the mastication of hard, fibrous foods.

For modern food is too soft, too yielding; circulation flags, tissues break down, gums grow soft and logy. But massage with Ipana, gently at first, harder later on, restores the stimulation that your gums need so much to keep in health.

How Ipana tones and hardens the gums

Ask your dentist about this. Ask him about Ipana. He will probably tell you how good it is and why. Containing ziratol, a recognized hemostatic and antiseptic widely used by the profession, Ipana exerts a toning and stimulating effect that makes the massage doubly effective.

Don't think, however, that Ipana is only a specific for gum troubles. It's the cleanest feeling tooth paste you ever used! It's about the best tasting. Your teeth will shine with its continued use!

There is a sample offered by the coupon on this page. Frankly, we'd rather not have you send for it. For it's small —and sometimes the mails are slow. Rather go to your druggist today, get a full-size tube (100 brushings) and give Ipana a real chance to show you what it can do. It will clean your teeth beautifully. It will keep your gums healthy.

★ ★ ★ ★

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73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Tooth Paste

43,040 HOUSEWIVES HELPED PERFECT IT

Bond Bakers met the housewife's desire for *fresher* bread

HAVING PROVED to the housewife that she no longer needed to bake at home in order to be sure of home-like texture and flavor in bread, Bond Bakers made it possible for her to have her bread always fresh. They instituted twice-a-day deliveries to the grocer. Each morning and afternoon, alert Bond Salesmen bring their fresh-from-the-oven loaves to most stores within 50 miles of the bakery. Because of the promptness and regularity of this service, Bond Bread comes to your table fresh with all the fullness of its rich, appetizing flavor.

BOND BREAD *is delivered fresh from the oven each day to most grocers within 50 miles of these cities:*

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GENERAL BAKING COMPANY

After all—*there is no bread like* Bond

The *home-like* loaf

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RESOLVED FOR 1930

No More *Hands and Knees* Floor Scrubbing

—"and it's so pretty, too!"

THIS RUG MAKES WORK-SAVING RESOLUTIONS EASY TO KEEP

"I WON'T scrub floors any more." Make that resolution. Then march into the nearest furniture, department, or floor covering store that sells Armstrong's Quaker Rugs and see the pretty new patterns on display.

Notice particularly the lacquer-smoothness of these rugs. That's the famous Accolac Process surface you've probably heard about. That's the surface that makes work-saving resolutions easy to keep. Because dirt, stains, spilled things, grease spots, wipe right off. A broom or mop does it—without your getting down on your hands and knees to scrub.

And in a twinkling the rug is bright and colorful again. Because the only soil is the surface-soil you so easily removed.

How nice to have such a spick-and-span rug that is always ready to welcome visitors! And the price is so reasonable, you can make your selection with only the question "Which pattern?" on your mind.

One thing more: A written promise of satisfaction is given with every Armstrong's Quaker Rug. Right on its pattern side is a Quaker Girl Certificate. This is our agreement to replace the rug free if it fails to please you with its value or service.

Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4580.

Above is Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4652. Made on a sturdy, water-proof felt base. To cover your entire floor, ask to see the pretty patterns in Armstrong's Quaker Floor Covering by the yard—in 6-ft. and 9-ft. widths.

Modern tile pattern with colorful green border. Ask to see Armstrong's Quaker Rug No. 4662.

Armstrong's (A) Product

* * *

FREE: Selection folder showing all patterns. Wouldn't you like to see all the patterns and colorings in which Armstrong's Quaker Rugs are offered? Simply write for the folder, "To Wives Who Want to Stay Young." Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 2913 W. Liberty St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's Quaker Rugs

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

Hear the Armstrong Quakers on the air every Friday night, 10 o'clock, Eastern Time, WJZ coast-to-coast network.

An interesting example

...of how "kitchen-tested" flour simplifies baking

467 WOMEN BAKED THIS "DIFFICULT" YORKSHIRE PUDDING, WITH A RECORD OF 462 PERFECT RESULTS. ONLY 5 MISSED PERFECT SUCCESS THEIR FIRST TRY! A REVELATION IN EASIER HOME BAKING

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MEDAL
FLOUR
"Kitchen-tested"
Betty Crocker broadcasts her Gold Medal Home Service Talks from 36 Radio Stations Tuesday and Thursday mornings. 10:45 A. M. Eastern Time. 9:45 A.M. Central Time. 9:45 A. M. Pacific Time

Eventually Why Not Now?

Thousands of women now successfully bake the cakes that used to bring them their most frequent disappointments. So-called "difficult" cakes are being robbed of their "difficult" features. All home baking has been made simpler, easier, more certain by a recent, scientific development in flour milling.

By the development of an utterly new-type of flour—GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour—baking has been simplified remarkably for the housewife, *and the cause of most baking disappointments banished.*

"Kitchen-tested" means this flour has been *"Kitchen-tested"* in an oven just like yours, for *uniformity of result in home baking*, as every batch comes through the mill. Most baking failures are traced to lack of uniformity in the flour used; two sacks of the same brand often giving greatly varying results *from the same recipe.*

Thus GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour acts the same way with your recipes every time you use it. That is why women by the thousands are flocking to its use.

SPECIAL *"Kitchen-tested"* RECIPES: To further simplify home baking, special *"Kitchen-tested"* recipes have been developed.

These recipes fit *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour exactly, and *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour fits them exactly. Thus they work out to a degree of scientific exactness and perfect uniformity that makes results unvarying. You know exactly what to expect *before* you start your baking.

You will find 12 new and unusual *"Kitchen-tested"* recipes in every sack of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. Recipes that cover cakes, cookies, bread and pastry. The one for Yorkshire Pudding, illustrated above, is among them. Try them. They will prove a revelation.

Get GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour at your grocer's. Use it for *all* baking from bread to Angel Food cakes and French Pastries.

"Kitchen-tested" Recipe for Yorkshire Pudding and 11 Other New Recipes Inside Every Sack of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour

Please accept, free of charge, simplified recipes for 12 of Betty Crocker's most delicious baking creations. Recipes for the daintiest cakes, the finest cookies, the most popular pastries and hot breads.

Famous recipes are *simplified* until thousands of women declare this new method makes success easy.

All 12 of these simplified *"Kitchen-tested"* recipes are inside every sack of GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour. To get a full set today—simply ask your grocer for GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Flour.

Recipes Change Every 3 Months

912

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY

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